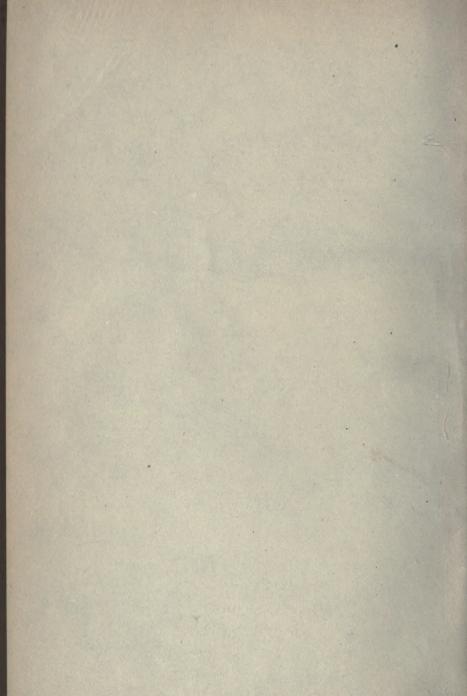
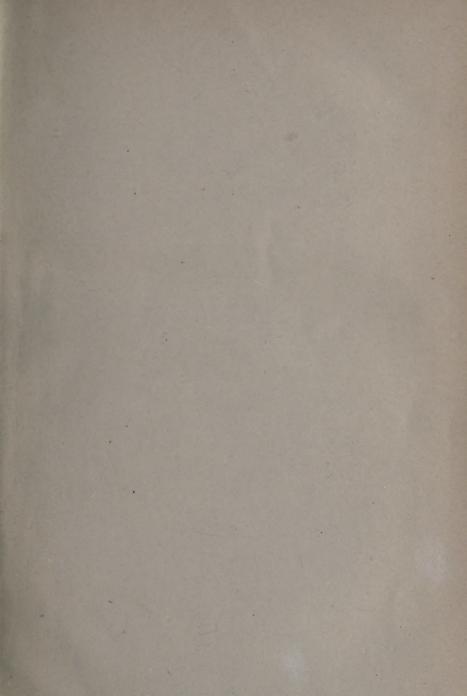




To Fir Daniel Wilson. with compliments of The Author. Buckingham Hotel, New York.







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Guiseppe (Joseph) Micalliffe.

*Our intelligent and faithful Dragoman through Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Part of Asia Minor, Turkey, and some of the Turkish Provinces. (1868 and 1869.) Yoy B

NOTES FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A TOURIST

BY

GEORGE BUCKHAM

VOLUME I

EGYPT, THE HOLY LAND, SYRIA, TURKEY AUSTRIA, SWITZERLAND

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
GAVIN HOUSTON
1890

CENTROLES SO THE COMMENT OF THE COME

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3/4/1890

PREFATORY NOTICE.

This book claims neither novelty nor literary excellence. It is simply a diary of the sights and experiences of several years of travel undertaken on account of the impaired health of the writer's wife, and jotted down for the entertainment and instruction of the author's family, without the most remote intention of putting it into print.

No doubt there are unintentional errors in it, but there is no exaggeration or coloring except what might naturally result from enthusiasm; and, as a guarantee of this, it may be stated that each day's notes, with a single exception, were written before retiring for the night.

I commend my unpretending work to the kindly notice of friends, in the beautiful lines of the late President Woolsey:

"As one who, strolling on some Autumn day
Through woods with Summer's life no longer crowned,
Gathers the treasures fallen from many a spray.
And shows his friends the choicest he has found;
So, little book, do I, in life's decay,
And seeing close at hand its wintry bound,
Bid thee, with silent footsteps, go around
To those that know me best, and whispering say:
These leaves long pressed within the book of years,
From which the colors may not quite have fled,
Seek private audience from kindly ears,
To tell what thoughts my Summer hours once fed.
Receive them with mild silence; scorn them not:
Let him that sends them be not quite forgot."

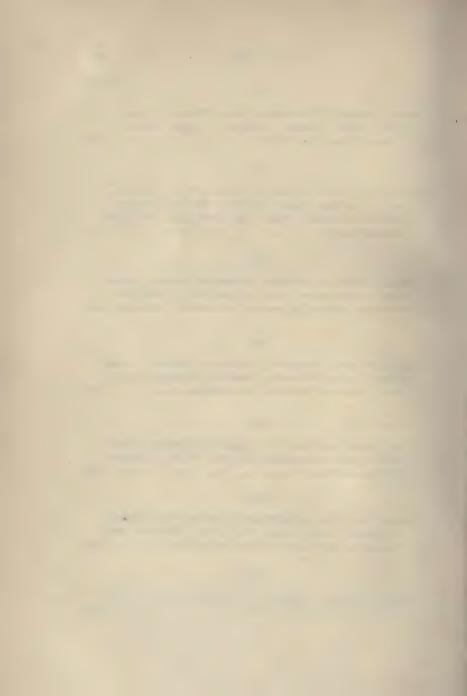
THE AUTHOR.

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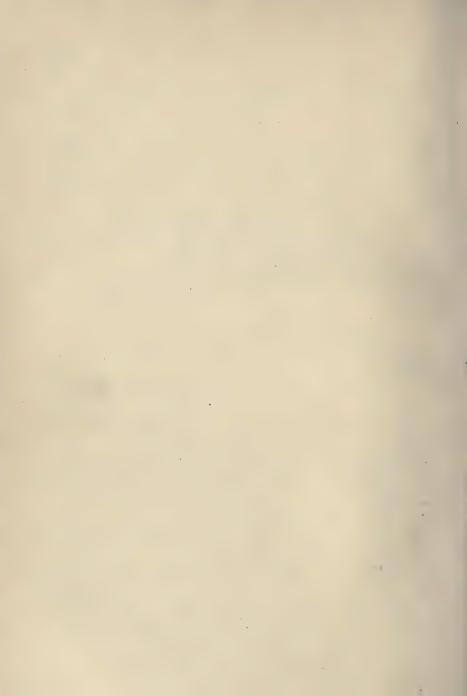
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ERRATA.

- Page 35 Strike out "running" and insert "rowing.
 - " 45 " "expelled" and insert "dispelled."
 - " 102 "hundred of miles" should read "hundreds of miles."
 - " 185 "because that she," omit the word "that."
 - " 240 "reclined in divans" should be "on divans."
 - " 263 "well of Moses" should be "wells of Moses."

 There are two.
 - " 265 "well of Moses" should be "wells of Moses."
 - " 289 And in several other places the word "mosk" occurs. Originally written "mosque," which is preferable.
 - " 305 Strike out "impressive" and insert "impossible."
 - " 337 " "the word "remain" and insert the word "return."
 - " 349 After the words "on which Baalbek" the words ("with the most interesting ruins in the world") should be in brackets.
 - " 350 Strike out ("the Baalbek of the Bible") and substitute ("the Baalath of the Bible.")
 - " 393 Instead of "we had had," read "we have had."
 - ' 404 Strike out "chambers" and read "chamber"; also, instead of "thousands" read "hundreds,"
- " 427 Strike out the word "of" in "Chapels of Chateaus" and substitute the word "or."
- " 505 Strike out the word "and" in "lovely and pastoral" to read "lovely pastoral."
- " 513 Before the word "Baronial" insert the letter "a."



THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT AND EUROPE.

1868-1876.

I.

Leave New York; Nice; Mentone; Oneglia; Savona; Genoa; Bologna; Ancona; Brindisi; Isles of Greece; arrive in Egypt; Alexandria.

October 31st, 1868.—We sailed from New York at 4.30 P.M., in the steamer Pereire, and arrived at Havre, after a very stormy passage, on the 11th of November, at 2.30 P.M. We took the night train and reached Paris at five next morning, and on the 19th started by rail for Marseilles to begin our Eastern tour.

Our journey was continuous till we reached Nice, on the 21st of November, whence we departed on the 24th for Genoa, by vetturino over the Corniche Road, one of the most beautiful in Europe, or perhaps in the world. After a drive of increasing interest and pleasure, we reached Mentone late in the afternoon. On the way we passed in sight of Eza and other noted places, some of which, down to the beginning of this century, were the strongholds of Barbary pirates; at Tarbes (Turbia) we saw some interesting Roman ruins; also passed Monaco, which is said to be the smallest principality in the world. The guide-book says an arrow can

be shot over it in any direction, but small as it is, it has an army. The great gambling establishment of this place is its chief attraction, from which the Prince draws the greater part, if not the whole, of his revenue.

At Mentone, we were lodged at the Hotel Victoria, the beautiful gardens of which extend to the sea beach. Our windows looked in that direction, the ceaseless beat of the waves lulled us to sleep, and the same sounds awoke us at daybreak. The morning was bright and the air soft and mild. I witnessed a very animated scene on the shore: some twelve or fifteen men and women were dragging a net: some plunged into the surf up to their waists, and as the net neared the shore, their excited gesticulations in expectation of a grand haul were most characteristic of the Italian race. I imagined there was a Masaniello among them in the manly form of one of the party who was distinguished from his fellows by a bright red cap and a yellow sash, and I unconsciously began to hum a familiar air from that opera, in which, to my amusement and delight, the party joined.

Mentone is in the most remote southeasterly corner of France, so that in half an hour after starting to resume our journey we reached the Italian Custom House, and soon after that, San Remo, where, as in all other places since leaving Paris, we found our rooms swept and garnished for our reception. After breakfast we rambled through the magnificent gardens of the hotel, which our windows looked out upon. These gardens are filled with a profusion of rare and beautiful flowers which send forth delicious perfume. We took a walk through the town, and were interested in its old double walls, towers, and rusty iron gates. The streets are very narrow, and the houses so lofty as almost to exclude the air and sun. The surrounding country is almost covered with forests of olive; and oranges, lemons, and figs also abound. A little fatigued, we returned, got ready for dinner

and dined at six. Everything was good, including the wine of the country, called Barolo (red), three francs a bottle.

The only fuel in southern France, and thus far in Italy, that we have seen, is olive wood at two and a half francs a small basket; with economy, two baskets are sufficient for an evening and to dress and breakfast by in the morning.

November 26th.—Our courier entered at six and made a fire; at seven we breakfasted and found a beautiful bouquet of rare roses, from the landlord to Mrs. Buckham, at her place, and at half-past eight we galloped off to Oneglia. This is the place and season for sardines, which were served fresh at every meal. We reached Oneglia at 11.30, and refreshed at another "Hotel Victoria," the fifth of that name, I think, since we left Paris. We strolled through this ancient and dilapidated town, which is crowded with groups of idle men. The women are industrious, but all look sad and careworn, bent down with heavy burdens which they carry on their heads. The streets were filled with squalid children, and the whole place and everything in it had a decaying appearance.

Our friends, the De Forests, overtook us here, and, as this is Thanksgiving Day in the United States, we agreed to dine together at the next town, Alassio, where we arrived at four and put up at the Hotel d'Italia, which is said to be an excellent specimen of the Italian hotels. The ceiling of the dining-room is thirty-five feet high, the other dimensions being in proportion. Our bedroom was about the same size, so that no amount of olive wood sufficed to raise the temperature to a comfortable point. The whole interior of this hotel, which had once been a palace, was cheerless and prison-like, the doors were heavy and grated harshly on their hinges. Nevertheless we had a good time at dinner, and got comfortably through the night.

November 27th.—Breakfasted early, and were off for Savona at 8.30, distant thirty miles, where we left our vetturino

and took the railroad. We passed through the ancient town of Albenga, said to be as old as 600 B.C., visited the Temple and Baptistery, both Roman, pursued our journey to Finale, refreshed at the Hotel Venise, formerly another ancient palace, with lofty ceilings and heavily panelled walls. We have been nearly four days on the Corniche Road, and we have enjoyed them very much.

There are forty-four tunnels on the railroad between Savona and Genoa (less than fifty miles), some of which are of considerable length. The gentlemanly Chief Engineer of the road was in our carriage, and gave us much interesting and valuable information on the way. We reached Savona at 3.30 P.M., and Genoa by rail at 6.16, where we put up at the Hotel de Génes.

November 28th.—The market-place is just in front of our windows; we came to an uncomfortable knowledge of its proximity about four this morning, by the braying of donkeys, perhaps their mode of expressing gratitude for being relieved of their heavy burdens. On looking out at daylight, two hours later, the whole place presented a novel and animated appearance; the peasants, in their bright and peculiar costumes, were arranging their wares for sale. Flowers, flowers, flowers all over, made it a most attractive market.

Having little time to spare, we started off early to see the principal sights, among these the Pallavicini Palace, containing a fair collection of paintings and other works of art, also the churches of San Lorenzo, Annunciata, and San Siro; the latter is the oldest in Genoa. All these are stored with paintings, statuary, etc., some of which are pronounced good, but the most rather indifferent. The Annunciata is simply a gorgeous museum. On the door of the San Siro hangs a sign with the words, "Indulgenza, Plenaria Ouotidiana"!

In one of the squares of Genoa there is a magnificent

monument to Christopher Columbus, surmounted by a statue of the Great Discoverer in beautiful Carrara marble.

This evening the opera of "Trovatore" was very effectively performed; the music was faultless.

November 29th.—Heard a young Scotch clergyman at the Vaudois Church. Mr. De Forest spent a couple of hours with us, lent us Mr. R.'s "Itinerary of Egypt and the Holy Land," and gave us a letter to our Consul at Alexandria.

November 30th.—Up at 4.30, breakfasted and left the hotel at 6.30, en route to Florence. In one hour the train entered a tunnel three miles in length, which pierces the Apennine Mountain Range. The weather was beautiful and the air was soft and balmy when we entered this tunnel, but on emerging, we found the country on the other side covered with snow; everything wore the aspect of mid-winter! We passed in sight of many interesting ancient cities, some of them before the present era, such as Placenzia, Parma, Modena, etc. The whole country is singularly beautiful.

After leaving Bologna the railroad ascends the Apennines, the summit of which we reached as the full moon was rising. The descent was exceedingly grand, as the road passes over the windings of the mountains. On one side the overhanging cliffs seem to threaten the destruction of the train; on the other the danger of falling into a tremendous abyss seems equally great. At 9 A.M. we reached Florence and found comfortable quarters at the Hotel l'Europe.

December 1st.—Visited an old friend who assisted me in arranging our passage from Brindisi to Alexandria, and in giving information about this great storehouse of all that is rare and beautiful in the fine arts. Drove through Florence and its environs, visited Galileo's Observatory and other interesting places.

December 2d.—Started by rail for Bologna passed through forty-eight tunnels, some of great length. We were several times transported suddenly from genial, warm, and even hot

weather, into a chilly, keen atmosphere, showing the influence of great mountain ranges on climate. This is illustrated in the varied character and quality of the vegetation. Tropical plants flourish within short distances of places where they would wither. We reached Bologna between 2 and 3 P.M., put up at the Hotel Brun, and took a ramble before dinner. There is an indescribable 'quaintness about everything and everybody here.

December 3d.—Visited the Church of St. Petronius, which stands on a great square where the principal market is held. It was a great market day and large numbers of peasants were gathered, offering their produce, and a sorry lot they were; not a healthful, pleasant, smiling face was to be seen; all were dirty, ragged, and careworn.

The streets have a gloomy appearance, too, which in great measure is owing to the projection of the dwellings over the sidewalks in many of them. Friars, monks, and priests of every order are numerous, from the fat and well-clothed dispensers of plenary indulgences to the bare-footed, pale, woebegone, rope-girdled Franciscans. After breakfast I visited the Church of St. Jaques, Cathedral of St. Patricius, the "Academia Della Bella Arti," and the University. The churches are grand in architecture, and filled with an endless amount of works of art in painting, sculpture, bronze, etc.

The Academy contains many pictures by the greatest artists. The University is deeply interesting as the Alma Mater of men of immortal fame, such as Dante, etc. The School of Surgery is also remarkable. I saw the room where the first anatomy of the human body was attempted, and where Galvani developed his wonderful discoveries.

The library fills a succession of chambers, all communicating, six hundred feet long, and containing, as I was told, two hundred thousand volumes. The walls of many of the rooms are covered with portraits of eminent and illustrious

men, who have gone forth from this great seat of learning for many centuries.

We found grapes here, one cluster of which weighed over two pounds; we measured some of the largest berries and found them three inches in circumference, each with a single seed; color, white; flavor, delicious.

This afternoon we drove to the Campo Santo, one of the most extensive and interesting cemeteries in Europe, about two miles from Bologna. It is, indeed, a magnificent place. The tombs of the great and the wealthy are ranged in long lines of stately arcades, all connecting with each other, so that visitors can traverse the whole great round quite protected from the weather. There is an endless variety of burial places here, in every conceivable style of architecture, and ornamented with an immense profusion of the finest marble The law of this cemetery forbids admission to inferior workmanship, so that these arcades are simply grand galleries of the highest order of Italian art. The great enclosure also contains a very fine church; this, and a number of adjacent buildings, are likewise filled with works of art, such as paintings, bronzes, and marbles. One of these buildings is devoted to the armorial bearings of the nobles. Another is filled with huge iron manacles and chains which were taken from Bolognese prisoners ransomed from the Turks

December 4th.—Our pleasure, while in Bologna, was chilled by cold, wet weather, and we departed this afternoon by rail for Ancona, hoping to find an agreeable change on the shores of the Adriatic. We put up at the never-to-be-forgotten "Albergo della Pace," an old, dilapidated stone house with stone floors and benches, "stone cold," and not a carpet or covering of any kind to be seen anywhere; so we sighed for Bologna again.

I strolled through the town, which has a gloomy and dismal appearance, in spite of all efforts to light it by gas. The streets are very narrow, but rather cleaner than those of other Italian towns. The dwellings look like prisons, and the entrances to them exactly like dungeon doors. We were compelled to remain here thirty-six hours!

December 5th.—We both awoke with colds. Five francs' worth of olive wood was insufficient to keep the chilling dampness from our vault. The Italian dwelling-houses are cheerless: not one of them that we have seen has a wooden floor. After breakfast we drove to see the sights. First, we visited the cathedral, said to be of the fourth century. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and, like all other churches of the same creed, crowded with tinsel and works of art, without regard to order. We visited the crypt by a descent of fifteen or twenty broken stone steps. In a corner, lighted by a single taper, sat a bare-footed monk, in a brown, coarse garment. bound round the waist by a rope, holding a large, black-letter. vellum-covered volume in his arms, and mumbling some Latin words. Prostrate before him, on the damp stone floor, lav a couple of human figures enveloped in rags, and seemingly engaged in their devotions.

We next visited the Arch of Trajan, which is in a good state of preservation. While there, a large company of galley-slaves passed, guarded by soldiers, marching to their midday meal to the music of their manacles, and a hard-looking lot it was: all but one were sullen and malicious looking, while the exception had a very fine face and expression. Several of these were convicted brigands.

On driving through the town we found the streets narrow, cold, and damp, and the people, especially the women, a squalid, sickly-looking, and badly-clothed set. It is wonderfully true, in the case of all Italian towns, that "distance lends enchantment to the view." They all look better on approaching them, and best on leaving.

We started at 9 P.M. by rail for Brindisi, the only through train—a stretch of fifteen hours, nine of them in darkness.

We passed a much more comfortable night in our carriage by ourselves than in any of the miserable hotels on the Adriatic side of the Italian peninsula. The morning opened most beautifully. Southern Italy is a continuous olive forest. Here, also, the aloe and the cactus grow most luxuriantly.

December 6th (Sunday), 5 A.M.—Stopped at a station and got coffee. We were still six and a half hours from Brindisi. The country is very level, and is not unlike the American prairies. It is highly cultivated, and is said to be very productive. On arriving at Brindisi we were driven to the Hotel d'Angleterre in a miserable one-horse voiture, through streets absolutely reeking with filth. Not fancying the rooms assigned to us, we drove to the only other hotel in the place. the Hotel d'Orient, which is in a cleaner and better quarter of the town: there was one vacant room only, which was lighted by a small nine by twelve-inch pane of glass in the roof. which we had the privilege of using for three hours, when, we were told, the "state chambers" would be free. The floors are all of marble, with a small bit of dirty carpet in the front of each bed. A more particular description of this place. which was once the splendid Brundusium of the Romans. would absolutely nauseate and disgust the reader. We looked at each other in mute despair. Is this the place in which we must wait forty-eight hours for the Egyptian steamer?

I visited the American Consul, as much from curiosity as any other motive, to see the individual who had courage enough to live in such a place. He was a very agreeable man. I spent two very pleasant hours with him, and when about to leave apologized for taking so much of his time, at which he laughed heartily and opened a book kept to enter American vessels, by which it appeared that, during his consulate of two and a half years, only two vessels bearing the flag of the United States had entered the port of Brindisi. I ventured to inquire how he and his family made out to live there so long. The answer was: "I lived in Illinois and was

fitting myself for the bar. One day a friend told me I had been nominated Consul to Brindisi. In due time I received my commission and was the proudest of men. I came here with my young wife, and on entering the place our hearts sank within us; but we were too proud to resign, and have held on, hoping that a change in the Administration, or some other cause, would relieve us from exile."

The Consul called in the afternoon and took us to see the sights of the place. Among others we visited some interesting Roman ruins, part of which consist of two magnificent marble columns, one of which was thrown down by an earthquake and lies in sections as it fell—I could not learn how long ago—alongside of its fellow. It is said they are two thousand three hundred years old. Hard by stands all that now remains of the house in which Virgil died after his return from Greece.

December 7th.—We passed an almost sleepless night; our rooms were so cold and damp that we could not sleep. Our windows were dripping this morning with the vapor which runs in streams from them. After breakfast the Consul called and we accompanied him to see other parts of this ancient town, which is said to be older than Rome.

The people are preparing for a great fête to-morrow, and the churches are dressed very gayly inside and outside. We were told that all this is at the expense of an impoverished population, for whose education nothing is done. In one of the churches all the confessionals were full. One of them contained a repulsive-featured priest, to whom a wretched-looking woman in rags was whispering through a lattice. We looked in another direction, and on turning again the priest was rudely repulsing the poor creature, who was evidently hurt by such treatment.

After finishing the churches, Mrs. B. returned with our courier to the hotel, and I accompanied Mr. Hutchings, our Consul, on a visit to the fortresses and prisons. One of these

fortresses dates, as I am told, as far back as the fifth century, and is now used as a prison.

The Consul obtained a permit from the commanding officer and we passed in. The building was filled with convicts, each of whom was chained to the stone floors and engaged in some employment; most of them were making shoes. As we entered each room the prisoners rose to their feet, bowed, and remained standing until we went out. All the rooms and cells were perfectly clean and neat looking, as also were such of the underground dungeons as we visited. These latter were occupied by such as were condemned to solitary confinement, and it was pleasing to see how the faces of this class of convicts lighted up as we entered. I never saw a prison so well guarded; it seemed as though there were as many soldiers on guard-duty as prisoners.

Our steamer arrived at noon, to our great joy, and we went on board to select a room. We found several English army officers *en route* to the East Indies to join their regiments.

In the afternoon the Consul invited us to take the last ramble through Brindisi, and we visited some of the houses of the poorer classes, and abodes of filthy wretchedness; there were donkeys, pigs and chickens forming parts of every family. The people are extremely poor. I learned that under the Bourbon reign the farmers could not live on their farms; they were forbidden by law to do so; that law was abolished some years ago, but now they will not return to their farms, preferring to live in the towns, which may account for the herding of the peasants and their cattle under the same roof.

We embarked in the evening at dinner time, and found a capital dinner-table and most agreeable companions. After dinner the Consul came on board to see us off, but finding that we would not sail till late, he proposed that I go ashore with him and see a grand illumination of the churches. I accompanied him through the dark, winding, narrow, and dirty streets and lanes of the city, and reached the place in

time to see the lights extinguished; so we returned to the ship, and the *Principe Thomaso* steamed out of the harbor at 9.30 for Alexandria, where we hoped to arrive on the 11th.

December 8th.—Up early and on deck. The night had been calm and our rest was undisturbed. The morning was bright and warm—course S.S.E. At I P.M., we sighted Corfu, then Cephalonia and Zante, running so close to these and other islands of Greece as to see objects on shore very distinctly. All these islands are mountainous and rugged, rising from the sea like huge masses of almost barren rocks; such is the appearance of nearly all the Ionian Islands.

We were steaming along the west coast of the Morea, and could see several towns and villages; among them Navarino distinctly, the scene of the great naval engagement thirty-five years ago.

December 9th.—The sea was calm all night and all on board rested quietly. The morning was clear and warm; course of the steamer the same as yesterday. We were running through an almost interminable group of the "Isles of Greece;" they are mostly very small; many of them are huge mountains rising from the sea, whose summits are covered with snow.

8 A.M.—Candia is just visible on the starboard bow. We were running through the most southerly of the beautiful islands of the Morea.

On passing Candia—the Crete of the New Testament—and when opposite Phenice and Fair Havens, one of the party read aloud, at the request of the others, the 27th and 28th Chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, and all agreed that they never enjoyed that narrative so much, or so fully understood the power and beauty of it, as when in the presence of the scenes therein described. Thus, while we "sailed under Crete" we enjoyed Paul's interesting narrative of the same voyage he took. Lieutenant B., one of our fellow passengers, was very happy in his remarks on the voyage of the great Apostle to the Gentiles.

December 10th.—The sea was very rough and all on board passed a restless night. Our ship being small and narrow rolled a great deal, and the breakage of fragile things, such as glass and crockery, was very considerable last night. The morning opened bright and warm in a smoother sea, and the captain thinks that, with a continuation of such weather, we will reach Alexandria early to-morrow morning.

We were greatly indebted to Lieutenant B., who is a nephew of Lord Byron, for past favors, and the offer of aid, on landing, to see us as far as Cairo. He is an excellent travelling companion and keeps the whole company delighted with his wit and good humor. Our course was the same as yesterday. Last night the heavens presented a never-to-be-forgotten spectacle; never before had we seen them so brilliant. We all thought that each star seemed twice its usual size, and all the stars looked as if suspended by cords and let down almost within reach of the deck. The sea is deep blue, and the air is warm and comes in hot gusts as if from burning sands, showing that we are approaching the African coast.

I have been "cramming" as much about Egypt as I can by a pretty steady day's reading, but reading on ship-board is by no means satisfactory, so, closing my book, I determined to trust to luck and a good dragoman to get on in the land of the Pharaohs. A more agreeable and profitable three or four days than the last I never experienced. I have enjoyed everything and everybody. Our fellow passengers, especially the army officers, are men of great and varied intelligence, and I have learned a great deal from them respecting the countries we mean to visit.

December 11th.—The captain prophesied the hour of our arrival on leaving Brindisi, and here we are, at 7 A.M. running into Alexandria! The weather is cold and rainy, the sea is very rough, and the ground-swell so great that it is doubtful if we can land till the storm abates.

Alexandria lies low, and in approaching it from the sea it looks like a thin line of sand. It has no harbor, only a roadstead, which is difficult of access except in certain conditions of the wind and tide. There is a large fleet of vessels riding at anchor in the roadstead. The land view has nothing attractive about it. From a fortress the Turkish standard is flying. A long line of windmills for irrigation crowns the elevated ground. In the distance a huge, unsightly yellow building looms up, surrounded by high walls, with the crescent floating over them; this, I am told, is one of the palaces of the Viceroy. To the right rises a tall shaft; that is "Pompey's Pillar"!

Thus do I realize a dream of my boyhood in this first sight of the city founded by Alexander the Great! My eyes behold the mysterious land of Egypt! The Land of the Pharaohs! We are now running under the guns of an extensive fort garrisoned by swarthy Arabs in the peculiar costumes of the country; splendid, graceful palm trees are seen in lines and groups, with their golden-colored fruit suspended in immense clusters of three or four feet long, a hundred feet from the ground. Everything is new and interesting. At 8.30 we cast anchor, and the ship was at once surrounded by a multitude of small boats full of Arabs, all clamoring in bad English, French and other languages for employment. What a pandemonium!

The agent of the Hotel Abbat came to our relief and took charge of us and of our luggage, and after taking leave of the kind and gentlemanly captain and first officers of the steamer, we got into a small boat and through a heavy rain and a rough sea we reached the Custom House wharf in half an hour, and landed safely in a crowd of Turkish officials, who examined our passports and waved us to places where our luggage was in process of examination, a mere formality, after which we were seated in an omnibus and in another half hour reached the hotel.

The streets of Alexandria are narrow and filthy and crowded with people in every conceivable costume in various colors, and some with very scanty covering. Bright colors such as red, yellow, and blue, predominate. Hundreds of donkeys and lots of wretched, rickety vehicles for hire are to be seen all over

I was disappointed in my first impressions of Alexandria, as I expected to find a purely Oriental city. French and English signs on the bazaars and European dresses in the streets soon dispel that pleasing delusion. The laboring people are a wretched-looking class; the men, especially the boatmen, wear only a turban, or a fez, and breech-cloth, and many of the women are very scantily clothed in rags; nakedness among the children of the poor is almost the rule. Here are seen complexions of all shades and hues, from the ebony Nubian to the swarthy Arab and copper-colored Egyptian. We breakfasted at eleven, and, as we intended to go to Cairo in the morning, we engaged a dragoman to show us the very few sights to be seen in this once world-renowned city.

The Consul-General (Mr. Hale) was in Cairo, but the Vice-Consul treated us kindly; he showed us a telegraphic despatch, dated at Washington to-day, with the news of the recall of one of our foreign ministers.

Our first experience in Egypt did not give us a favorable impression of fair dealing. We were victimized to the tune of thirty francs by a dragoman for a three-hours' round in a miserable vehicle to Pompey's Pillar, Cleopatra's Needle, and the Catacombs. The day was cold and rainy, but, as it was quite as uncomfortable indoors as out, and the temptation to see sights was strong, we yielded, were interested and amused, and none the worse for the exposure. "The people" seem scarcely superior to brutes, and they are filthy to the last degree. All sorts of animals, including domestic fowls, crowd the streets and lanes, and share the dwellings of their

owners. People of nearly all nations and tongues mingle here, and are distinguishable chiefly by dress.

The Catacombs are simply stupendous in our eyes; they are built of enormous blocks of hewn stone, and are said to have a subterranean extent of many miles. The mummies which tenanted them have long since been utilized for fuel or manure. See Jeremiah viii., 1, 2, which will apply as well to this city as Jerusalem. These Catacombs are said to be the most ancient in Egypt, probably four or five thousand years old.

We passed a modern Turkish cemetery which extended beyond the reach of vision, crowded with memorial stones of nearly uniform size and shape, to wit: a small three or four foot shaft crowned with a tarboosh, but not inscribed; they were huddled together in close proximity and apparently without order or arrangement. There is a large military force stationed at Alexandria. The soldiers wear a great variety of uniforms, mostly gaudy in colors and very untidy. All wear side-arms, with bright sashes or belts. The cavalry are a slovenly lot, even more so than the infantry; when not on duty they lounge against walls and on the ground. In addition to side-arms the cavalry wear huge pistols in their girdles, heavily mounted and ornamented according to rank; some have four of such pistols, the barrels of which are not less than ten or twelve inches long.

The women dress according to rank or circumstances; many are closely veiled, concealing all but the eyes. The dress is usually a loose robe of thin, light material and very ample, which envelops the whole person from the crown to the feet.

As may be expected in a country which draws its waters for all purposes of life from the *Nile* (the only source of supply), the water-carriers form a numerous and most important class. They are strange-looking objects, especially such of them as are in the public service; a yard or two of coarse cotton

material envelops the waist, all the rest is bare, and they go along bending under their heavy burdens, which consist of the entire skin of an animal, such as a sheep, closely sewed together and made water-tight, except at the neck, which remains open, so that when full these water vessels are exactly the shape of the animal from which the skin was taken. These vessels are slung over the left shoulder and suspended partly under the right arm, so that the bearer can hold the neck in the right hand to distribute the fluid. For a few paras the thirsty drink from that source, or the water is used to lay the dust, which is done by a swinging motion, so that the entire width of the street is watered to the extent of two hundred or three hundred feet with the contents of a single skin. The economy and dexterity of this operation are surprising. This service is performed altogether by men. For domestic purposes, water is carried in large earthen jars by females. who fill them at the river, and by the aid of two others each iar is placed on the head of the carrier; these jars when filled weigh not less than fifty-five or sixty pounds, and I have seen girls of twelve or fifteen years bending under their heavy loads when first placed on their heads, and then, slowly and steadily raising themselves erect until the jar is well balanced, walk off with great apparent ease.

The column of Diocletian (Pompey's Pillar), and the obelisk known as Cleopatra's Needle, are too familiar to old and young to require description. The first sight of the latter surprised and disappointed me. I had followed my guide in the search for it through the most miserable parts of the city, the abodes of the poor and the wretched, and expectation was raised to a high point, when suddenly the guide paused and pointed with an air of contempt to a huge monolith, half concealed by the drifting sands of the adjacent desert. My credulity was sorely taxed. Is this, I asked myself, the famed obelisk, which, with its fellow, since removed, graced the grand entrance of the magnificent royal palace?

Now, only half its fair form is visible, not, as many thousand years ago, as one of the ornaments of that grand palace, but now a solitary witness of regal splendors, the site of which is now occupied, as if in mockery, by the wretched hovels of squalid poverty. This obelisk is eighty-five or ninety feet high; it is of that peculiar red granite or syenite which is found only at Assouan, the first cataracts of the Nile, nearly eight hundred miles above this city.*

When one remembers the ancient grandeur of Alexandria, once the most splendid and wealthy city in the world, and once a famed seat of learning to which philosophers resorted, and the possessor of one of the most magnificent libraries, he can hardly believe that such a city stood on the spot now occupied by modern Alexandria. There is abundant evidence in the masses of ruins, which extend far beyond the limits of the modern city, that ancient Alexandria was a city of great magnitude. These ruins are now nearly all covered by the desert sands. How has the glory of this splendid capital departed! The magnificent temples have crumbled and given place to miserable mosks and minarets, and where splendid palaces once stood, are to be seen the wretched hovels of poverty.

In wandering through the narrow streets it is curious to observe portions of the ruins of antiquity built into the modern houses, making a ridiculously incongruous appearance. After all, there is nothing to detain the traveller here, and so we are planning to be off to Cairo (of which Alexandria is only now the port) as soon as possible.

The most of our fellow passengers are at the same hotel with us. As I before remarked, they are going to join their regiments in India, and here they have met a large number of their brother-officers returning on leave of absence to England. Last night and to-day at meal times these gentlemen

^{*} Lately removed and now standing in Central Park, New York City.

have met in the dining and drawing-rooms, and we have been greatly interested in their conversation. Tiger-hunting in the jungles is the only subject discussed, and they talk about it in the most familiar and business-like manner, as if these amusements were the every-day occurrences of their lives and their sole occupations.

The returning party showed many trophies and instruments of their wild and fierce adventures and conflicts with tigers, bears, boars, etc. Among these instruments shown was a very heavy iron pike, which had been bent and twisted as if it had been a toy of tin.

Early this morning one of those hurricanes which come down so suddenly and fiercely in the Mediterranean visited Alexandria; the sea was dreadfully agitated; many ships have grounded, and others, anticipating the coming danger, put to sea in time to avoid it.

December 12th.—We started at 8 A.M. by rail for Cairo. and engaged Giuseppi Micalliffe, a Syrian, as dragoman, to accompany us, intending, if satisfied, to retain him on our contemplated voyage up the Nile. The proprietor of the Hotel Abbat recommended Joseph very highly. From the start on the railway our interest in everything was continuous through the journey to Cairo. Everything we saw had a strange fascination about it. The whole population along the road seemed impoverished and degraded, but at the same time cheerful and good-natured, with the exception of a few rare instances: the men, women, and children were covered with rags and dirt. The whole region from the sea to Cairo is a vast prairie, with an alluvial soil of black, rich mould, deposited by every inundation of the Nile, without which Egypt would become a desert. The whole country on both sides is in a high state of cultivation and covered with grain, Indian corn, cotton, and other crops. Few trees are to be seen; the most numerous and attractive are the date-palm, the aloe, acacia, olive, pomegranate, orange, banana, fig, and

other tropical trees and plants which grow luxuriantly. The verdure of the fields has a peculiarly bright, lively appearance, most refreshing to the eye, and altogether more brilliant than the green in other countries.

The only offensive sights are the wretched mud huts of the fellaheen, as the Egyptian peasantry are called. The wretched creatures are huddled together in groups on the sunny side of their mud huts, or wandering about in listless laziness; each hovel has also its feathered family, all sorts of domestic fowls go in and out, and flocks of pigeons literally cover the roofs. There is also a variety of wild fowl, many of them having beautiful plumages. The cattle are of a dirty, bluish color, and are lean and ill-formed; dogs with wolfish heads are very numerous, and donkeys and camels are seen on all sides.

Great caravans are now forming at Cairo for a pilgrimage to Mecca, and the roads are full of people on their way to join them. Besides the Moslems from many Eastern countries, there are numbers of Jews of several nations, and many Greeks, who always go to Cairo on such occasions to turn an honest penny. The roads thus present a very animated sight, all these being in the various costumes of the nations to which they severally belong. Many are on foot, others on horses, a few of which are fine, others on camels and donkeys. Thus the motley procession marched along to muster in the Egyptian capital, and form one grand caravan of many thousands, for the great and dreary desert journey to their holy shrine.

We came up to a large camp of Arabs, consisting of eighty or one hundred tents, and the train slowed up as we passed through the straggling groups on both sides of the road.

Just beyond, there was a Bedouin camp of twenty or thirty tents, but we saw few of their occupants; there were some nice-looking horses tethered to tent-pins, which looked as if they might make good time in a race. All along the Nile, at short distances apart, are to be seen the "drawers of water." The process is primitive and simple, and not unlike the old mode of drawing water from a well at home. Two men, who sit or stand opposite each other, five or six feet above the water, use wicker baskets for this purpose, which they empty in a trough on a level with their heads; on a higher elevation two others stand and pass the water to a trough on the level, to be watered. From the upper trough ducts are formed to all parts of the land to be irrigated; and thus work is continued till the whole plantation has been watered. This operation is rapidly performed, and I was told that two men can water an area of twenty-five or thirty acres a day. And the process must not be suspended, the work goes on night and day, for the reason that the soil on drying becomes as hard as a brick.

Some ten or fifteen miles before reaching Cairo we discovered the Pyramids of Gizeh. Sure enough, there they stand, mysterious, stupendous structures!

Cairo: Hotels, population, sights in, slavery, palaces, gardens, kiosks; Heliopolis; the Ramadan; Old Cairo; Boulak; Nile boats; Mosk of Tayloon; Egyptians and the Viceroy.

At one o'clock on Saturday afternoon, December 12th, we reached Cairo. The station fairly rang with a babel of voices almost deafening. A crowd of donkey-boys and others clamored to take us and our luggage to a hotel. What were we to do? We had no guide or interpreter. Joseph had to wait for the next train. Fortunately the runner of the Hotel du Nil hove in sight, with the name of the hotel on his tarboosh, so we seized him and were conducted to the hotel carriage, jostled about on all sides, and we were soon on our way to a resting-place.

After passing through densely-crowded, crooked, and narrow streets, not over clean, our vehicle stopped at a dirty lane about six feet wide, through which we followed our guide some five hundred yards, threading our way through a squalid crowd of humanity intermingled with donkeys, camels, dogs, cats, fowls, etc., through dark archways, round sharp turnings literally reeking with filth and garbage, when suddenly we emerged and entered the grounds of the Hotel du Nil, which cover a square of ground surrounded by tumbledown houses on all sides. And this is to be our resting-place! We were followed by a procession of half naked Arabs, each carrying some article of our luggage, large or small, and each clamoring to be paid for his services. It was amusing to view this company of Arab porters, numbering some four-

teen or fifteen. I think they must have been in partnership as they had divided the things, so that each carried something, and each was entitled to and claimed his wages. He that carried a rug demanded and received as much as his fellow who bent under the weight of a trunk.

The hotel is built on four sides of a quadrangle, on three of which it is only one story high and on the fourth, three stories. The interior of the square is a beautiful garden full of rare trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, so that we were most agreeably surprised on entering it. The polite host conducted us to our apartments which open into the garden on the ground floor; they were clean and comfortable and very nicely furnished. We breakfasted at half past one, and took a ramble through the Mooskie, which is the principal street—if it can be called a street: it is about eighteen feet wide with no sidewalks, and unpayed. On both sides were bazaars or little shops, each with its turbaned owner sitting cross-legged in front, and as far as manner and expression showed, not caring a jot whether he sold his wares or not. But step up and ask for something, and as the bundle is taken from its shelf (for not a thing is exposed to view until it is called for) notice the rapid change in that impassive face. The Eastern merchant always has two prices for his wares; if the asking price is five dollars, offer half and in most cases the article is yours. Purchasers in other parts of the world, whose delicacy would induce them to decline the seller's terms rather than beat him down, need not hesitate in the East, where he would be thought a fool if he gave the asking price. .

The Mooskie is daily crowded with people of all nations and complexions, with an endless variety of costumes. The fair-complexioned European, copper-colored Asiatic, and ebony Nubian are jumbled together working their way through crowds of burden-bearing animals, such as donkeys, horses, cows, and oxen, some with loaded backs, others before

vehicles of all sorts of queer shapes; such a huddling together is, perhaps, not to be seen elsewhere. On turning around, I was kissed by a camel, and on getting out of his way I was jostled by a donkey carrying sacks of lime on his back. At the next moment the crowd opened right and left as if by magic, and I heard the clear, ringing voice of a man dressed in a long, loose, flowing white toga, and red and yellow turban, and red morocco shoes, and holding a long rod with a silver head, calling out to clear the way, in words which were translated to me by my guide, such as "O man, beware!" "O girl, stand aside!" etc. etc.

This outrunner was at least a hundred feet ahead of three footmen similarly dressed, immediately following whom came an elegant carriage drawn by six splendid horses with outriders and postilions in gay liveries. This, I was told, was the carriage of the Viceroy.

But how shall I describe Cairo? I fear it is not in my power, so I will simply note down my daily sights and experiences. I begin to realize that I am indeed in the land of the Pharaohs, surrounded by witnesses which testify the events which occurred long before the time of the first Joseph! On every hand something confirms my faith in the Bible, and throws a flood of light on its hitherto imperfectly understood narratives and doctrines. Here sit the "money-changers," calling attention to their vocation by jingling their coins. Here water is called the "gift of God." How forcibly does this remind one of the Saviour's words to the woman at the well: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldst have asked of him and he would have given thee living water."

December 13th (Sunday).—The headquarters of the American mission (the only one now in Egypt) are in Cairo. Divine service in Arabic and English is held morning and afternoon in the chapel. We were shown up several flights of broken stone steps, and found a congregation of Copts in



Vendeur d'eau.



the midst of communion service. Outside of the door were the shoes of the worshippers, a custom which, I suppose, dates as far back as Moses (Exodus iii., 5). The chapel was filled with an attentive congregation of men. In an adjoining room, separated by a heavy curtain, sat the women; neither congregation could see the other, while both were visible from the pulpit.

While we were waiting at the door for the other service to begin, we were shown into the family room of one of the missionaries, and learned that this mission was supported by the United Presbyterian Church of America, and that it was in a very flourishing condition. We subsequently had ample confirmation of this on visiting some of the other mission stations in Upper Egypt, where there are large and well-conducted schools for children of both sexes. We were credibly informed that, though it is very doubtful whether many converts to Christianity are thus made, it is equally certain that the education thus imparted has greatly improved the moral condition of the people.

After the close of the Arabic service, which was done by the singing of a hymn in one of the old familiar tunes, in which every voice seemed to unite with a harmony and beauty that might make some of our home congregations blush, the English service began; a very good sermon was preached from Job xlii., 5. We breakfasted at 2 P.M. and afterward went out for a walk with our dragoman through the Coptic quarter of the city, and found it very interesting, but very dirty.

We then went to Boulak, the port of Cairo on the Nile, where the fleet of dahabeahs is moored, and returned to our hotel after a walk of about six miles.

December 14th.—After breakfast we moved to Shepherd's Hotel, where we have friends, and found excellent accommodations. This hotel is in the grand square, recently opened, called the Esbekiah; our room overlooks the city

and a portion of the surrounding country. The celebrated Citadel is also seen, which is famous among other things for the massacre of the Memluke Bevs in 1811 (I think) or 1812 by Mohammed Ali. On the way to our hotel we were delayed by a procession of great length, the first act of the fête which precedes the renowned Fast of the Ramadan. This is the greatest of all the Mohammedan institutions, and begins tomorrow and continues one month. The Moslems observe a strict fast all day and eat at certain hours during the night. Those who composed the first section of the procession carried long staves ornamented with cloths of various colors: they sang the praises of Allah, and invoked his favor in a year of plenty. Many rode richly caparisoned horses, the saddles and saddle-cloths were magnificently embroidered, and Joseph assures us that the stirrups and other mountings of several of the officers are of gold and silver. Many wore camel's hair shawls and scarfs as turbans or waist-bands. Then followed the military division which made a fine appearance. especially the officers, whose clothing and equipments were brilliant with gold and jewels. There were several bands of music, composed of brass instruments, bells, and drums of peculiar shapes. All, with the exception of one of these bands, played airs quite incomprehensible to our ears: the exception played a piece from one of the operas exceedingly well. The Turkish music is very monotonous, composed of not more than two or three notes, without order, to European or American ears, but not wanting in a certain kind of harmony. Neither was there any order in the whole procession. except the military part of it; all the rest crowded through the already crowded street with wild and enthusiastic gesticulations as they went.

A scene occurred opposite our windows which at first alarmed us and looked as though it must end in the death of some of the actors. This was "a free fight" between a party of eighteen or twenty Turks and Arabs; sticks were broken on heads, and bodies were dashed on the ground with great violence and some were stripped almost naked. But, incredible as it may seem, the mêlée ended by a general embracing and kissing among the combatants, and all retired from the field, many very badly damaged, but seeming quite friendly with each other. Our dragoman says such occurrences are frequent, and so we found them.

We drove to Boulak to select a dahabeah, and visited a New York friend, who, with his family, are "All aboard" their boat and ready to start. We looked at several, but made no choice. The remainder of the afternoon we spent in visiting the Government Museum of Egyptian Antiquities, the largest and most perfect of its kind in the world. In this great collection there are many articles of gold, heavy and massive, which were found in the tombs of the kings near Thebes, and in some of the pyramids and other places.

There is a teeming population at Boulak, which crowds the narrow and dirty streets and lanes. The town is on the east bank of the Nile, about two and one-half miles from Cairo. The bazaars are well stocked, and there is a great deal of business activity in the place. The people are by no means idle or lazy; all seem to be occupied. The better class have a haughty bearing, but at the same time they look good natured; many have fine heads and faces. Joseph took us to a place where there were several Circassian and Georgian women, who, he said, were for the harem, but they were so closely veiled that all but the eyes was concealed

December 15th.—Up at 6. Read New York papers received yesterday, thirty-six days old, but none the less interesting to those who are at this distance from home.

As "baksheesh" is an indispensable necessity, I bought a napoleon's worth, for which I received eighty pieces of twenty-five centimes each; but I soon found I was taken for a lord or a nabob, and was induced by an experienced friend to reduce my benefactions to a coin of a much smaller denomination, which answered the purpose quite as well and made my napoleon go five times as far.

We made a pleasant visit to some American friends on board their boat just as they were starting up the river, and accepted their invitation to dine at Thebes when we met. We then drove through Boulak and ancient Cairo to the farfamed and magnificent Citadel, part of which is very ancient; additions have been made to it by various sultans, one of whom was the famous Saladin.

Many things combine to make the Citadel very impressive, among them its antiquity, strange, eventful history, great height and massiveness of its walls, contrasted with the light and airy grace of its tall and tapering minarets which seem to pierce the sky.

On entering the outer court, we were met by the Turkish doorkeepers, who put red flannel coverings over our shoes, and we were allowed to enter. We followed our guide through massive bronze gates to the court where the Memlukes were treacherously butchered by order of Mohammed Ali in 1811. The place was pointed out where the gallant Emin Bey, one of that brilliant and devoted band (and the only survivor), which only an hour before the execution of that brutal order passed those same gates with so much pomp, took his frightful leap over the battlements; his horse was instantly killed, but the rider escaped amid a shower of bullets!

From the walls and towers we had a most extensive view of the whole city of Cairo, a considerable part of the Nile and surrounding country, a circuit of about forty miles, including eleven of the seventy-odd pyramids. In spite of distance and a hazy atmosphere, the well-defined outlines of those huge mysterious piles, whose summits have been pointing heavenward for thousands of years, are clearly seen. It is said that sixty miles of the river are visible from these walls. Its course is very serpentine, and it threads its sluggish way

through a level country at the rate of a mile and a half an hour.

The city is commanded by the guns of the Citadel, which could reduce it to ashes in a short time.

In front of the Grand Mosk there is a beautiful court, with a fountain in the centre, around which were seated the faithful followers of Allah, washing themselves before entering the place of prayer. This entire court, which is very extensive, is laid in mosaic, with a variety of different colored marbles, so harmoniously blended as to produce almost the effect of a painting.

We entered the Mosk, and found it to be a very imposing structure, and by no means easy to describe. It is a vast circle, covering an immense area, and crowned with a huge dome of, I should think, not less than a hundred and fifty feet above the floor. Several columns of alabaster, said to be much the largest of that rare material in the world, support the dome, and the walls are lined or plated, with the same material. The ceiling is gorgeously frescoed in the Persian style. From the centre of the dome is suspended a widespreading chandelier, from which myriads of lamps are hung. The entire floor was covered with soft, thick Persian rugs. so that the solemn and oppressive stillness is not disturbed. Many worshippers were on their knees in all directions over this immense area, all engaged in their devotions, with their faces toward Mecca. This floor is exclusively for men; the women occupy a place elevated above the floor, and cut off from view by means of latticed screens.

We next visited what tradition calls "Joseph's Prison," which is also within the walls of the Citadel. It is a subterranean vault of some two hundred feet below the surface of the enclosure. We did not descend, because it is said to be cold and damp, and the external air was very warm. This is regarded by high authorities as the veritable prison of the first Joseph, whose memory is held in the greatest venera-

tion by the natives to this day. The Coptic boys are familiar with his history. A little fellow, whom we met afterward at the public examination of the great Coptic school in Cairo, was greatly interested in Joseph, and related the history of his imprisonment with entire accuracy. These boys are taught English in the public schools.

On leaving the Citadel we met a large band of prisoners, heavily ironed, returning from work, with a numerous guard, each of whom carried a pistol in his right hand. We returned to our hotel through the "Tunis Bazaar," to describe which would be simply impossible; no account of these Oriental scenes can carry even a faint idea of the reality. We drove through narrow streets crowded as usual with men and animals, our driver clamoring vociferously all the way for the crowd to give way, cracking his whip at the ears of all who obstructed him, and inflicting a lash now and then upon others: a few angry words was the worst consequence of this rough treatment, followed frequently with good-natured smiles! In this respect, this people set an example worthy of imitation; truly, they are a patient, kind-hearted race. We turned into another quarter of the city, teeming with groups of scowling Turks and Arabs, dangerous-looking fellows; but I am told they are only so in appearance.

This being the commencement of the great Fast of the Ramadan, Joseph proposed to devote part of this night, between ten and two, to visiting the Arab quarter. Our Maltese cook, whom we have engaged for the voyage, is to accompany us, for greater protection. The Arabs do not eat, drink, smoke, or speak between five in the morning and the same hour in the evening, during the thirty days of the fast. At five in the evening the fast is broken by smoking very strong tobacco, opium, or hasheesh, according to the circumstances of the individual. The opium and hasheesh are, of course, powerfully intoxicating, and the smokers become either stupid or delirious with excitement; some are seen

stretched on the ground as if dead, others gesticulate vigorously, others harangue, others are pugnacious, and others throw their arms lovingly around those who are nearest. Such were some of the sights I witnessed on traversing the Arab quarter between my dragoman and cook.

We went into lanes as dark as Erebus, narrow, crooked, and dirty, crowded with people whose shadowy forms were scarcely visible till they jostled against us. In dark, duageon-like places, which we would not consider fit for animals, groups of Arabs were seen by the lurid glare of torches, an apt illustration of the infernal regions. In several places we heard instrumental and vocal music, all of the same sad, monotonous character already mentioned. In other places we heard Greek music on strangely formed instruments, which were equally unintelligible; there was, however, more variety, elasticity, and life in it than in the music of the Arabs, which never varies. The Greeks are very numerous in Egypt; they are all engaged in trade and are noted for sharp bargaining.

One of the musical bands was composed of seven instruments and seven vocal performers; these were all Greeks. Their instruments were all stringed and wind, resembling the harp, flute, shepherd's pipe, flageolet, bagpipe, tambourine, drum, castanets, cymbals, and bells. A large party was gathered round this band, whose music was evidently appreciated, judging from the applause and paras contributed.

We next visited the resorts and dens of the thieves and pickpockets of the great Egyptian capital, where we saw crowds of "roughs" in tarbooshes and costumes of various styles and colors; some were gambling with dice and cards, and a game quite new to me; others were drinking; all were smoking. These persons are under the constant surveillance of the police who patrol the neighborhood in force.

While the fast continues the domes and minarets of the mosks are illuminated with variously colored lights which

burn all night; the interiors are also lighted as well as it can be done with tallow candles.

Until to-day, I supposed that all traffic in Circassian slaves was a thing of the past: not so, however, as Joseph assured me, on pointing out one of these unfortunates offered for sale in the public streets. It was a female chattel, but so enveloped that nothing but the eves could be seen. Perhaps no people on earth adhere so closely to ancient manners and customs as do the Egyptians: they seem to spurn innovations. and do things to-day just as they were done in the reign of the Pharaohs. With the exception of the telegraph, steam, locomotives, etc., there is absolutely nothing new under the sun of Egypt. As one reads of these people in the Bible, so they appear now, and this is really the great charm of a visit to this wonderfully mysterious country. As before remarked, water is carried in skin and earthen jars. In every room of the hotel is placed a small, rude, unglazed (so made in order to cool and filter the water, which at first is unfit to use) jar of clay, which is filled with drinking water and placed in a bowl to catch the water which exudes from it. I have seen the contents of one of these jars almost entirely transferred to the bowl in a few hours. The mechanic arts are in a very primitive state, and mostly carried on just as we read of them in the Scriptures. The mode of making pottery is unchanged. The distaff and hand-loom have no substitutes as vet. Water is drawn from the cistern by a pitcher attached to a wheel (Ecclesiastes xii., 6); such sights constantly arrest the attention of the traveller and bring forcibly to mind the Bible narratives.

"What a crumbling, ruinous city this is!" I said to myself, as I wandered through its most thickly populated quarter to-day. A large part of Cairo is in fact little better than a mass of ruins, teeming with a population of more than four hundred thousand! the most of which inhabit these waste places, living on and under them in dens and dismal cham-

bers, compared with which the pens of our animals are comfortable; this is literally true. Brooding over these abodes of misery and wretchedness are seen numbers of birds, which seem to be quite at home here; the jackdaw, the owl, and the raven are familiar associates in these haunts of poverty, and the broad-winged hawk sails complacently overhead and descends so low that one can see his eyes.

Yesterday I saw a pelican lying before the entrance to a café, seemingly asleep. I would not have recognized it as "a thing of life," if Joseph had not told me what it was. At first it looked like a heap of clay. Joseph stirred it up with his Soudan club and it flapped a pair of wings, each of which was not less than three feet long.

December 16th.—I began to-day to look about for such things as are required for travelling on the Nile and in the Desert. The Mooskie is the great shopping street of Cairo, and thither I went to find my needs. Among other things I purchased a hat for protection from the sun, shaped like a Roman helmet, with double walls, to allow free ventilation, and an ample brim, shading the face and neck; it was by no means handsome, but so comfortable! I am thus particular, so that any who read these notes will be benefitted by this bit of my experience. In fact, after wearing the hat aforesaid, I deem it so essential to a traveller in hot countries that I advise him to place it at the head of his list of articles du voyage.

Again we drove to Boulak in search of a dahabeah, but returned as before, without finding one to suit us. A good, comfortable boat is an absolute necessity, when it is considered that it is to be one's home for two months or more. The remainder of the day was devoted to a visit to the Palace and Gardens of the Shoobra.

The great highway to this celebrated resort is called the Shoobra Road; it is not quite so smooth as the Corniche, but, nevertheless, it is very beautiful; besides, it is the fash-

ionable drive, where all Cairo that is worth looking at, from the Viceroy down, are to be seen every fine afternoon. "The Shoobra" is completely shaded by a double row of ancient acacias on each side. At the terminus we dismounted, and walked to the bank of a stream, over which we were ferried by Arab boatmen, who sang one of their peculiarly sad, but not unpleasing, songs while pulling their oars.

A walk of a few minutes brought us to the great bronze gates of the palace, where, on presenting an order kindly furnished by Mr. Hale, we were admitted.

The appearance of the gardens greatly disappointed us; they were not in such a condition as we expected to find the grounds of royalty. A rank growth of fruit trees filled the place, and an almost endless variety of bright and fragrant flowers filled the air with perfumes; but there was also a rank growth of weeds, and the paths and grounds had not been dressed for a long time.

We were conducted to a magnificent kiosk, through elegant bronze gates, at the top of a flight of broad marble steps. Before ascending, our sable guide motioned us to scrape and clean our feet well. On entering, we were surrounded by a scene of Oriental enchantment such as one reads of in "The Thousand and One Nights." The floors were laid in mosaics, and the walls partly in marbles of various colors, and partly frescoed in a peculiarly rich and brilliant Persian style. The most tempting divans and lounges in satin extended along the walls. We passed out of this superb chamber into an extensive quadrangle, and found that each corner of it was ornamented with a similar kiosk. In the centre of the quadrangle was an immense sheet of bright, pure water, kept constantly fresh by a large number of fountains in fantastic shapes, such as crocodiles, etc. Multitudes of fish were swimming in this great basin, and on its surface beautiful birds were sailing, undisturbed by our presence. There are also beautiful boats in fancy shapes floating on the water, and

there are velocipedes on the splendid marble pavement which surrounds the quadrangle on its four sides. Here the ladies of the harem amuse themselves vying with each other in running and riding. Another of the kiosks was fitted up as a dining-hall, a third as a billiard-room, and the fourth as a grand drawing-room. Our eyes were dazzled with the Oriental splendors of these spacious chambers and grounds, which we were informed are expressly devoted to the use of the court ladies. A number of eunuchs, neatly and elegantly dressed, were lounging about listlessly; all these fellows are as black as ebony, all Nubians, and much above the ordinary height; they are the slaves of the harem.

We returned on foot along the margin of the Nile to our carriage. The evening was serene, the western horizon was bright red with the setting sun, and standing in bold relief against it were the two largest Pyramids in full view.

On the shore, within a few feet of us, stood a row of storks quite regardless of our approach, and on the glassy surface of the river some heavily-laden boats were slowly floating down the stream to find a market at Alexandria. Each view of the Pyramids strikes the beholder with a feeling of awe as surely as if he had never seen them before. Oh, how that feeling grows upon one in viewing the Pyramids, especially in such a light as we see them now, calm, serene, mysterious, majestic! Sublime sight indeed, one that can never be forgotten. In talking with intelligent persons in Egypt I find but one opinion prevailing as to the probable use or purpose for which the Pyramids were built, and that is, that they were designed for and are tombs for kings and members of the royal families.

The streets of Cairo, except one or two in the new part of the city, are not paved; they are very uneven and rolling, full of undulations easy to ride over, being very elastic or spongy. They are never cleaned except at very long intervals, and then, after the accumulations of years to the thickness of a

foot or two, they are dug up with pickaxes and crowbars, and the surplus earth and droppings of animals is carried away. A multitude of children of both sexes is employed in this work. Men loosen the compact mass, and the children put it into baskets and carry it off on their heads, forming in lines and marching to and fro with military regularity, and cheering each other by songs and choruses. The best evidence of the purity of the air is, that not the least offensive smell arises from these masses even under the intense heat of the sun.

December 17th.—I started early, accompanied by Joseph, to visit Heliopolis (City of the Sun), a few miles from Cairo, on the edge of the desert. We rode on donkeys, which are easy and safe animals until the inexperienced imperceptibly shift toward the fore-shoulders of the animal (which all are apt to do), when off they go. As long as the rider remains on the hind-quarters he goes along surely and pleasantly.

Some five or six miles on the way stands the tree under which, tradition says, Joseph and Mary, with the infant Saviour, rested on their flight into Egypt. The well, also, where they refreshed themselves is hard by. It is not worth while to question the truth of this tradition. The tree, by its enormous size and general aspect, has most certainly the appearance of very great antiquity; its huge trunk and branches are gnarled and of unexampled girth, and covered all over with names, initial letters, and inscriptions in Arabic, Greek, Latin, and English. It is of the sycamore species, still flourishing, and fully fledged with a dense and heavy foliage. The natives regard the tree with the greatest veneration, and I am told that, to express a doubt that this is the identical spot on which the event aforesaid happened, is to be guilty of unpardonable heresy. To this strong credulity is due the care which has preserved this wonderful tree.

The well also has the appearance of very remote antiquity. The water is raised by large, rude cog-wheels, on one of which there is an endless rope, whereon, at short spaces apart, earthen jars are fixed which descend empty on one side and ascend full on the other side, discharging the water into a trough, from which a variety of ducts carries it to great distances until the neighboring fields are irrigated. The wheel was driven by a cow which traverses a circle and thus raises the water. This machine is called a sakia

We remounted our donkeys and soon reached the site of the ancient and once famous city of Heliopolis, the Bible name of which is "On" (Gen. xli., 45). Here, it is said, the first Joseph lived and was married while he was Prime Minister of Pharaoh.

As I gazed in mute astonishment on the Obelisk, the only remaining relic that marks the site of the once grand city, which now lies in long and circular lines and heaps of rubbish and débris, and reflected that Joseph had looked upon the same Obelisk (it was erected before his time and is said to be three thousand seven hundred years old), my dragoman broke silence thus, "Man no stay; Obelisk, yes!"

On our way back to Cairo we visited the Tombs of the Caliphs, where we dismounted and lunched under the shadow of one of the great domes with which each is crowned. There are eight of these tombs standing on the edge of the Libyan Desert in gloomy grandeur and rapidly falling to decay. These buildings are in the Byzantine style, the walls are in alternate courses of red and drab granite. The domes are about a hundred feet high, and the minarets rise, perhaps, fifty feet higher, each surmounted with a crescent. These great ruined mausoleums admirably typify the purpose for which they were erected in their present condition, standing as they do in the midst of a sea of sand. They cover an extensive area and are very rich in the finest bronzes and marbles, which would, no doubt, have been plundered long ago were it not for the sacred character

of these buildings in the esteem of the Arabs, who regard it as sacrilegious to touch anything.

Many Arab families live in these ruins. A girl brought me some water in an earthen jar, which she placed in the sand at a little distance from me and ran away. On leaving, we were surrounded by a clamorous crowd of Arab children, most of them quite naked, calling "Baksheesh, Baksheesh."

We next visited the tomb of Fatima, the sister of Mohammed. It is a splendid ruin. Before entering the mosk a priest met us at the gate, and putting slippers over my boots, waved his hand to enter. The interior is ornamented with an almost interminable variety of beautiful and highly polished marbles, and although nearly the whole roof has fallen in, it is still used as a place of prayer by the Moslems.

This once magnificent pile, still magnificent as a ruin, is surrounded by mud huts, and is approached through narrow, dirty lanes and crumbling archways, where groups of scowling Arabs sat or reclined in the sand sunning themselves.

Outside the enclosure which surrounds Fatima's tomb and mosk, there was a large encampment of Bedouin Arabs from the region of Mount Sinai, with their camels reposing in the hot sand, each loaded with its burden of corn and other provisions, on their homeward march, if Bedouins can be said to have homes. To me it was a novel and interesting spectacle to see so many of the wild children of the desert. They had a haughty bearing, scarcely deigning to notice us as we passed through their camp ground.

On passing one of the lofty crumbling minarets, among the tombs of the Caliphs, I looked up and thought I saw a large stone falling just over my head; in the next instant I saw it was a huge hawk which came to within a few feet of me before he changed his course, and then darted swiftly off toward the desert.

After emerging from these tombs our road lay through a succession of Egyptian, Turkish, and Arab cemeteries. What

a vast assemblage of sleepers was there! In all directions and as far as the eye could reach the desert was covered with tumuli and headstones.

On passing the high ridge of sand which separates Cairo from the desert, we were speedily transferred from a great city of the dead to almost equally as great a city of the living, with its teeming multitudes crowding and choking up its narrow thoroughfares.

December 18th.—After transacting some business with our Consul-General, touching our Nile voyage, we drove through the two most important business streets called the Old and New Mooskie, on a shopping expedition to Madame Barbot's "Fashionable Millinery and Dress-making Establishment." The carriage stopped at the head of a narrow, filthy lane, and we followed our guide to a door, over which was suspended an enormous open-mouthed crocodile, not an inappropriate emblem, thought I, for such an establishment. So, in we went. It was the most fashionable, and for that reason, the only place where ladies should go for what was wanted. Shopping in Cairo is full of interest and well worth the money expended.

Here I first saw the Banyan tree, stretching on all sides from the trunk to an extent of perhaps two hundred feet in a circuit; there were numerous small trees growing down from the branches of the parent tree, till on reaching the ground they struck their roots into it, and thus in the process of time, if not arrested, this tree would cover the whole country.

During the Ramadan (i. e., the ninth month, when Mohammed affirmed that he received his first revelation) a gun is fired from the Citadel every evening about sunset; whereupon the Mohammedans begin to eat, drink, smoke, and speak. We had several opportunities of observing the effect of the evening gun in our carriage drives, when out for an afternoon ride. They seemed to wait impatiently

for the signal, and when it was given their hands were thrust into their pockets and their mouths were filled with what they had provided. At half-past two o'clock at night another gun is fired and the faithful break their fast; a third gun follows at half-past three A.M., and the fast begins and continues till the evening, and this is kept up for thirty days.

We drove to old Cairo, and visited the place in which tradition says the infant Saviour was hidden by his parents. It is a deep, subterranean cell, reached by a double flight of stone steps, into which we were conducted by Arab guides with lighted candles. Whether this is the true hiding place or not, it certainly bears evidence of great antiquity. roof of the cave is supported by heavy stone columns, which have been frequently repaired and are now nearly worn through in the centres. Over the cave a church was erected. and is yet standing, though in almost a ruined condition. We were told that it was built in the second century to commemorate and protect the sacred spot. The great marble columns of this edifice attest their age; they are so much worn and attenuated at their bases that it seems wonderful how they continue to sustain the superstructure. The Conts. who are nominally Christians, worship in this church. This is the oldest building I have ever seen, and it is very interesting aside from the traditions referred to.

This church is reached through a long, crooked, narrow and dirty lane, in which groups of old persons sat on the ground playing a game like checkers. There is a large Coptic population here, the entrance to whose huts looks more like the mouths of dens or caves than the doors of human habitations. We drove through Old Cairo to the river, where we were ferried over to the island of Rhoda by Arab boatmen to the spot where Moses was found by Pharaoh's daughter. This island has always been the property of the Egyptian monarchs, who delighted to live on it; but since the time of Mohammed Ali it has not been used as a

royal residence. Here we wandered through the gardens of an ancient and deserted palace, rapidly going to ruin. All its former grandeur is hanging in tatters in its silent halls, and lizards of enormous size are the sole monarchs of these once beautiful grounds.

We here saw the Nilometer, a machine which has been in use for many centuries to indicate the height of the annual inundations of the great river. Forty feet is said to be such a rise as will ensure the most abundant harvests in Egypt.

Thus far my experiences in Egypt have been very impressive, especially in viewing the sites of once renowned cities, such as Heliopolis, where Joseph lived, and Moses studied and fitted himself to be the great leader and emancipator of Israel. Jeremiah, when a captive here, wrote the Lamentations; here Plato lived, and here also Herodotus and Dionysius the Areopagite are said to have pursued their studies. There is now nothing to mark the place of this renowned city, the oldest in Egypt, except the Obelisk and vast heaps of rubbish, which clearly indicate where once stood "its temples, palaces, and piles stupendous."

Heliopolis was (according to history) built in circular form, with the Temple of the Sun in the centre, where also stood a large number of obelisks like the present sole survivor. I went to the highest summit of the great circular mound, and with the aid of a powerful glass saw what I considered sufficient evidence to prove the above historical statement. The sands of the Libyan Desert now completely environ the outer edges of these mounds, and the whole scene is one of awful solitude, with not a sign of animal life, except some huge broad-winged birds that sailed over our heads, and some jackdaws and rooks whose chattering disturbed the oppressive stillness.

December 19th.—Accompanied by Joseph and the cook, I again visited Boulak to select a dahabeah for our voyage. It was market day at Boulak and there were thousands gath-

ered together on a vast plain, with a great variety of country produce and merchandise of almost every kind, so that when purchasers and idlers were added, some idea of the immense assemblage may be obtained, my first view of which was from a piece of rising ground. We found it very difficult to force our way even at a slow pace through this dense multitude. There was a mixture of Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, Greeks, Nubians, Syrians, and others. The babel of tongues was deafening; all were clamoring to sell their wares, a partial catalogue of which is as follows: Cattle, sheep, goats, fowls, donkeys, horses, camels; grain of several kinds, piled in heaps on the ground; fruits, sugar-cane, coffee, eggs, bread, implements of agriculture, and many other things. Here and there sat the money-changers, attracting attention by jingling coins in their hands. The whole scene was intensely animated. The dresses were in great variety of style and color, and not a few had scarcely any dress at all.

Here also were necromancers and snake-charmers with serpents dancing to music; others had serpents coiled around their necks and bodies; some put the heads and tails of serpents in their mouths, and one of the performers proposed to eat a living snake for a napoleon. The reptiles thus used are, naturally, very poisonous, but are rendered harmless by having their fangs extracted; some of them were several feet long. They are found in abundance in the deserts on both sides of the Nile.

It took us an hour or more to work our way through this multitude to the boats; we examined a dozen or more of the best-looking among them, the captains (reis) showing them with great apparent pleasure. Out of the whole fleet there were only two to select from. The cause of the scarcity of the best boats is that they have been taken up by Englishmen who will be here in unusual numbers to accompany the Prince of Wales on a Nile voyage he is soon to take. Preferring not to encounter the difficulties and risks of again

passing through the market, we returned to Cairo by a circuitous road. My dragoman says that the Arabs, who are there in great force, are dexterous pickpockets.

We visited the house of our dragoman's brother, where we saw a large and very interesting collection of Egyptian curiosities, and we spent the rest of the afternoon among the bazaars. When in one of them, a Nubian runner came in; he was upwards of seven feet high, very thin, as black as ebony, and had a mouth full of the whitest teeth. He could reach a shelf which men of ordinary size could not touch without a step-ladder. None present understood his language. When he started off he went on a run, and we thought that a fast horse might stand an even chance with him.

The annual inundations of the Nile and their consequences have always been a mystery to me No account I had ever read of them had been satisfactory. I never had a clear idea of them, but since I have visited Egypt observation has partly cleared up the mystery. I never could comprehend why the cultivable portion of the valley of the Nile. which owes its fertility entirely to these inundations, should not, when the waters subside, be in turn covered or inundated by the sands of the great deserts, which hem it in on both sides. These sands are blown about in dense clouds and piled up like snow-drifts; but the fact stares one in the face, when on the edge of these deserts the lines of demarcation are clearly defined. You may stand with one foot in the sand which blights and kills every blade of vegetation, and with the other foot in the rich black loam which produces all that feeds Egypt. Some one has said that there is a perpetual warfare for the mastery between the Nile and the deserts: but old Nilus has reigned supreme over his own dominions for thousands of years. Long may he do so. An invasion of his dominions by his old enemy would be death to all Egypt, and his Majesty the Nile would ever after pursue his silent course

to the Mediterranean—a still mighty king, whose power would be limited to his own element; but he would be bereft of the myriads of loyal subjects and worshippers who cover his banks extending over a dominion of three thousand three hundred miles in length from north to south.

December 20th (Sunday).—Went to the Mission Chapel. Sermon by Dr. Barnett, one of the missionaries, on the words "Repent ve." The afternoon was hot and dusty and we remained in our rooms, which command a fine view of the Esbekiah and the great drive leading to the Shoobra Road. The Vicerov's splendid equipage passed twice, preceded by out-runners in long, loose white robes, and flanked on both sides by a guard of cavalry. His Highness is a short, stout man, in European dress, all but the fez or tarboosh which covers his head. A great number of fine carriages passed during the afternoon, all preceded by out-runners dressed as above. They keep about one hundred feet ahead and pass like the wind. Every movement is graceful; they run with head erect, elbows as if fastened to their sides, arms projecting forward, and carrying in the right hand a rod, which they lay lustily and effectively over the donkeys or other animals in their way, and crying out with a clear, ringing voice in Arabic such words as "O man, beware!" "O girl, take care!" They throw their feet straight forward, and alighting on the toes, with an exceedingly elastic and graceful motion, bound forward like greyhounds. Several grand carriages also passed, containing the ladies of the Vicerov's harem, so thinly veiled that we could see their faces. Some of the Georgian and Circassian women have regular features and fine eyes and complexions, and all seemed gay and happy. This day is one of amusement solely, all business is suspended on Sunday, and the whole population abandon themselves to pleasure and fill the places of amusement.

We were introduced to a gentleman who has lived in Egypt twenty years as a member of a banking-house, and we obtained much information from him, chiefly in reference to local matters. He spoke of the strange sight of the harem, as described, and added that the faces of the ladies had never been seen in public till this day. I had already noted this in my journal, and as it strongly smacked of the incredible, I determined to strike it out, thinking I might have been imposed upon.

December 21st.—By this time it will be manifest that it is no easy matter to find and secure a dahabeah; as before remarked, the best boats were either engaged or reserved in anticipation of an unusual demand occasioned by the expected visit of the Prince of Wales. Again we spent the forenoon at Boulak, and determined to charter the Membhis. which we instructed our dragoman to do without delay. Later in the day Joseph called to say that the Memphis could not be secured, except on impossible terms, which made another visit to the Wapping of Cairo necessary, and after a long palayer between owner and dragoman we at last engaged a boat, giving ten napoleons to the owner to bind the bargain. An hour or more was then occupied in giving instructions as to the necessary repairs, alterations, and additions to be made for the convenience and comfort of the party during a two months' voyage, and we began to realize that we had nothing more to do but prepare to embark, a delusion soon to be expelled, as the sequel will show. Joseph engaged to take the party of four persons to the first cataract and back to Cairo for six pounds sterling a day, all things included except wines, liquors, cigars, and a few other articles to be provided by ourselves, and to this we agreed.

December 22d.—The forenoon of this day was occupied in preparations for our voyage; among other things, calling on and consulting with our Consul-General, who will prepare a contract between ourselves and the dragoman. Later in the day, the contract was drawn and its terms agreed to by both parties, and we paid Joseph a hundred pounds, one-half the

amount of the contract, the balance to be paid at the end of the voyage. We next scoured the bazaars for things required for the trip, and, as we had no interpreter, we found it not the easiest shopping, but at the same time it was very amusing and interesting. The Arabs are quick of perception, and we were soon able by sign language to understand each other. Price was the greatest difficulty to get over, the custom being to demand at least twice as much as each article is worth. My sign in that case was to tear a bit of paper in equal parts, whereupon the seller gave a nod and a grunt, and the contract was closed. An Arab seldom chaffers when he is caught at over-reaching, but closes the bargain at once.

On the way we saw a Jewish funeral. The procession was headed by twenty boys, dressed in white tunics, each carrying a lighted candle in his left hand and a book in the right hand, from which he sang in a very plaintive solemn strain. These were followed by other persons in ordinary dress who also carried lighted candles. Then came the relatives, and after them the corpse in a coffin covered with black muslin and trimmed on the edges with white, borne by carriers in broad linen bands. It was an impressive sight, especially to observe the awe with which the people looked on as it passed.

In Egypt there appears to be no middle class between the rich and the poor, and from appearances it would seem that by far the largest part of the population is extremely poor, although when I spoke of this to my dragoman, he pointed out in the course of our walk several beggars, who, he says, are rich, so that here, as elsewhere, pauperism is a profession. The dwellings of the masses are indescribably wretched externally. I visited some of them, entering by dungeon-like doors, and found the interiors equally wretched. They have no windows or fire-places; fires are made on a few stones in the middle of the apartment, with no exit for the smoke or

ingress for the light of day, save the door; a rude resemblance of a table and as rude a bench or two formed the entire furniture; there was not a bed or even a mat to be seen; but on the bare ground in all of these abodes lay a man sleeping soundly, enveloped in the same clothing he wore in the streets, except his feet and legs, which were bare. It is very common to see persons of both sexes lay themselves down in the dirty streets, cover their heads, and sleep in the hot sun.

December 23d.—We visited the tombs of the Janizaries, also the tombs of the Pashas and of the family of the present Viceroy. Those of the Janizaries, or Memlukes, are surrounded by a dilapidated stone wall. On knocking at the gate we were answered by the braying of a donkey, and on entering, found several of these and other animals ranging freely among the sepulchres of the gallant, dashing, murdered band of 1811. The whole place was in a wretched plight; many of the tombs, which were fine, are now crumbling and half ruined.

The tombs of the Pashas are much better preserved; all are under domes, the floors are covered with Persian carpets, and we were required, before entering, to take off our shoes and put on slippers which were furnished by the attendants. These tombs are very peculiar in structure, rising by step-like gradations for about fifteen feet and surmounted by a square column of five or six feet. They are painted in gay colors and very elaborately gilded, and an Arabic inscription completes the whole; in our eyes they were inappropriate and unsightly. The attendant informed us that many of these tombs cover the remains of women of the harem, from fifteen to twenty of whom are often laid together. The most distinguished of the Pashas entombed here is Ibrahim Pasha, whose monument was exceptionally fine.

Our way to this great cemetery lay through a street filled with bazaars and workshops in which artisans were plying their various trades and occupations. All was bustle and animation on the whole line of this long and crowded street; at the end of it stands the stupendous mosk of Sultan Hassan, now a grand ruin, said to be one of the most massive piles of the kind in the East. I could not learn its date, as all sources of information on the subject of antiquities are very contradictory, but it is thought to be about the end of the seventh century. In the outskirts of the city we passed through the camel market where large numbers of these animals were offered for sale.

The plains outside the city are dotted all over with interesting ruins. Here may be seen beautiful pointed arches, one of which, in particular, is immense, standing with stately dignity in the desert sands as a solitary witness of some grand building that once covered the spot, while there may be seen mosks in ruins standing in gloomy solitude. In another place, towering up some two hundred feet or more, is a minaret, which like its neighbors, is rapidly going to decay. In another direction the broad expanse of the desert is covered with tombs in close order, as far as the eye can reach, and among them several Arab huts, the living and the dead mingled together, as I have never seen them before. In many parts of this vast necropolis there was not a sign of any kind of life (not even a blade of grass), except now and then some broad-winged birds of prey which sail solemnly over the region.

Our dragoman gave us another surprise to-day. We thought he was in Alexandria purchasing stores for our voyage, and so he had been, till he received a telegram announcing that the *Memphis* could not be obtained, which brought him suddenly back. Poor fellow, he was almost dumb with anger and mortification, but there was no help for it; and so we again trudged off to Boulak and engaged the *Belzoni*, a much larger and better boat, at an advance of twenty pounds.

I mention all these disappointments, to show how little reliance is to be placed upon the people of Egypt.

In the afternoon we again visited the heights beyond the Citadel to the south of Cairo, and saw a more magnificent and extensive panorama spread out before us than was visible from the walls of the Citadel. These heights are called the mountains or hills of Mokattam, whence we saw numerous ruins of castles and once grand and extensive buildings. To the west is seen the great aqueduct, the ruins of ancient Cairo, the Nile, the Island of Rhoda, Gizeh and the Pyramids, and beyond, the illimitable Libyan Desert; away off, in another direction, we saw the brilliant green fields of the Delta, the Land of Goshen, and almost at our feet, the "City of the Four Hundred Mosks."

In the East tradition is always busy finding absurd localities for great events. As instances of this, our dragoman showed us the spot where the Ark rested after the Flood, and the place where Abraham built the altar to sacrifice Isaac!

When I was among the Arab sailors to-day, at Boulak, I observed that several of them had lost the index finger of the right hand. On inquiry, I was told that it was customary a few years ago to chop off that finger to avoid being drafted into the military service! This statement was confirmed by a gentleman who has lived in Egypt many years.

December 24th.—We again spent much time in the shops and bazaars, getting ready for the voyage. The experience thus gained, though at the expense of a good deal of perplexity and trouble, is, nevertheless, both interesting and useful. The trouble could better be realized on referring to the long and curious catalogue of things wanted and things to be done by ourselves, our dragoman, the reis, the owner of the dahabeah and others. Woe betide the Nile traveller who depends on any of these characters for a fulfilment of their contracts; there is no safety except in self-reliance and formal attention

to all the details before starting. The natives promptly assent to every demand without intending to keep their promises. The "all right" of our common phraseology comes out as flippantly with them as with us, but not with the same good faith; these are almost the only English words at their command.

The weather is so summer-like that we do not realize we are on the eve of Christmas. On our visit to the *Belzoni* we found the owner on board with a full force of men preparing her for our use. He was most obliging and promised to do all we required. We then visited some friends, who are already embarked on board the *Magdala*, in the middle of the river, from whom we learned our first lesson of hospitality on a Nile boat. We were most agreeably entertained in true Oriental style.

On returning to Cairo, through Boulak, great crowds of market people blocked the way, and it was with some difficulty that our runner, a bright, graceful youth of fifteen or sixteen, could clear the course for his carriage. Our next visit was to the Mosk of Tayloon, now almost in ruins, having been built early in the ninth century. It covers an immense area. The main building is roofless; it abounds in those beautiful arches which belong to the age in which it was built. It bears the name of the sultan by whom it was erected, and it is now used as an alms-house, and is full of the most wretched-looking objects to be seen on the face of the earth, which makes it hazardous to go through it, as the appearance of strangers is a signal for a general rush, which can hardly be prevented by the keeper's whip.

It is in the form of a hollow square, each side being four hundred and fifty feet in length. In the centre of the quadrangle there is a dome-covered fountain, which still bears evidence of its ancient splendor. Many of the paupers were gathered around this fountain, some washing and others praying. One of the most attractive features of this extensive palace is the ruin of a once magnificent minaret, with an outside stairway winding around its lofty walls from bottom to summit, by which the Sultan Tayloon was accustomed to ascend on horseback!

This royal establishment is defended by a wall of unusual height and strength which completely surrounds it, and which no power short of modern gunnery could overthrow. Our visit to this grand and stately ruin was shortened, much to our disappointment, by the crowd of paupers which pressed us on all hands clamoring for baksheesh.

We then drove through streets and lanes, so narrow that two such carriages as ours could not pass each other, to the mosk of the Sultan Hassan (our second visit). This is more modern than the mosk of Sultan Tayloon, having been founded in the twelfth century, but it is by far the grandest ruin in Cairo. I am reluctant to attempt a description of it. because, added to my ignorance of architecture, I can command no words which can possibly give an adequate and correct idea of such a building. In magnitude and massiveness and at the same time in lightness, airiness, and gracefulness. it excels any human creation I ever beheld. It is in the Saracenic style, built in alternate layers of red and drab stones. The interior is very lofty and has examples of pointed arches, well preserved, of immense size and admirable proportions, which strike the beholder with amazement. Here, as in all other sacred buildings, we were required to put on slippers before entering. At one extremity of this stupendous ruin and under a dome of great height and magnificence is the sepulchre of Sultan Hassan, enclosed within a high bronze railing. There is nothing remarkable about the appearance of this tomb, which is said to contain not the remains only but also the extensive library of the deceased Sultan

December 25th (Christmas).—This not being a holiday here, and the weather being so warm, we cannot realize that

it is the most delightful of all the festivals in Christian lands. Many of the bazaars are closed because it is Friday—the Mohammedan Sabbath.

We were again among the shops getting things for our trip, and at the banker's to make arrangements for the storage of our spare luggage during our absence. In the afternoon we drove on the Shoobra Road and saw a great turnout of the "upper ten" of Egypt, from the Viceroy down. There was an unusual addition to the equipages of the ladies of the harem to-day. Each carriage was flanked on both sides by Nubian guards with ebony skins, flat noses, and thick lips, and mounted on beautiful and richly caparisoned horses.

From all I see and hear I think that the people are quite as much in bondage to the Viceroy as were the Israelites to the Pharaohs. The poor are heavily taxed, and if unable to pay, they are bastinadoed, or, if able and unwilling, they are imprisoned. This seemed so incredible that I did not note it until I was assured of its truth by a gentleman of respectability who has lived many years in Egypt. Nor are the taxes regularly levied and collected. I am credibly informed that whenever the Viceroy requires money, the collectors execute the orders of the despot, aided by a military force.

When any great work is to be carried through, such as the Suez Canal, an order goes forth for the necessary levy of men from this or that district, and the poor slaves are allowed only rations for themselves and families, if dependent solely on them. And this is the way in which that great enterprise was carried to completion at a time when money could no longer be obtained from abroad to finish it! And the world resounded with the fame of Ismail Pasha's liberality and public-spiritedness!

Such is the condition of Egypt to-day—a country of unexampled fertility, which, were it in European or American

hands, would astonish Christendom with the abundance and variety of its products.

December 26th.—Made my second visit to Heliopolis, accompanied by my wife. There is a strange fascination which induces the traveller to linger at a spot like this, even although there is nothing to be seen except the Obelisk and great masses of rubbish, which mark the site of the city. I was not less moved on my second than I was on my first visit. From the top of one of the highest mounds, with the aid of our glasses, nothing was to be seen but the dust-heaps of the "On" of Genesis (Genesis xli., 45). In Jeremiah xliii., 12 it is called Beth-Shemesh, that is, Temple of the Sun. In Ezekiel xxx., 17 it is called Aven, which is synonymous with "On." The Arabs called it Ain-Shems, Fountain of the Sun * All these names come from the circumstance that the city was the ancient seat of the Egyptian worship of the sun. This city must not be confounded with the Heliopolis of Coele-Svria, now Baalbec, which will be described hereafter. Looking toward the dismal Sahara, we saw dense volumes of sand carried along by breezes which did not reach us; on the contrary, the air was hot and almost stifling where we stood. Such phenomena are frequent in the deserts, we were told. On the west appeared the blue, shadowy outline of the Pyramids: in another direction the Citadel and many of the minarets in Cairo.

A regiment of cavalry, mounted on splendid Arab horses with grand trappings, each rider wearing a bright scarlet fez, and carrying a brighter carbine slung across his back, is wending its way, as we were told, to a distant Arab town, to remind its rebellious population of the Viceroy's power. Away in the dim distance, on the burning desert sands, a camel caravan is seen. There are some palm trees, a little way off, whose graceful branches are fringed with a brilliant

^{* &}quot;Dictionary of the Holy Bible," published by the American Tract Society.

halo of phosphorescent light, probably caused by the great purity of the atmosphere.

An indelible impression has been made on my memory of the two visits to this place, where stood and flourished a city made famous by men whose names will remain to the end of time. Now, that city and all that made it glorious is a mass of dust and rubbish, whose solitary witness, that has survived three thousand six hundred years, still stands erect, to mark the site. Nothing disturbs the death-like silence of the place except the bleating of a few sheep, or the croaking of ravens, which seemed to regard us as intruders on their domain. The Arab village of Mattaria stands on the outskirts of Heliopolis, where it is said Cleopatra introduced the Balm of Gilead, which for centuries afterward was produced in great abundance here. And it was under the shadow of the Obelisk where the first experiment to grow cotton in Egypt was made. Nearly all the products of the tropics are now raised on the banks of the Nile

December 27th (Sunday).—Attended the old Mission Church. An old English resident in Cairo told me to-day that the administration of justice in Egypt is simply a farce, and he assures me solemnly that he who pays the most baksheesh always gains his suit!

There is an irresistible conflict between the government and the people, especially the producers, who are compelled to make up large amounts of the revenue, while the Viceroy's income is considered the largest of any man's in the world. His receipts from the sugar factories alone are stated at twelve millions sterling! and this is but one of the many commercial enterprises in which he is engaged.

December 28th.—We witnessed another funeral to-day. The procession was headed by about twenty-five or thirty boys, singing a most plaintive air; next came four men carrying the uncoffined corpse, covered with a crimson cloth,

on their shoulders, then followed a large number of women on foot, wringing their hands, throwing dust on their heads, and wailing piteously. This was one of the humble rank.

The most of this day was occupied in finishing our purchases, inspecting our boat, and making parting calls on the missionaries, as we embark to-morrow.

Embark on the Nile; Our Boat; Life on Board; Copts and Villages; Beni-Hassan; Manfaloot; Es-Siout; the Sakia and Shadoof; Kineh; Karnak and Luxor.

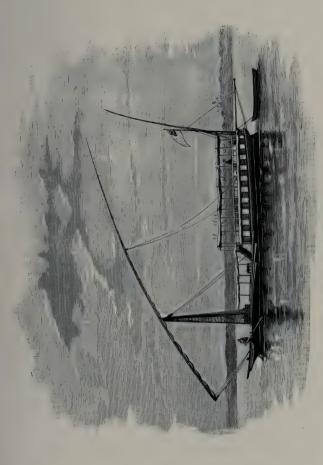
December 29th, 1868.—The contract with the dragoman was signed this morning at the office of the Consul-General, and all things being ready, we left our hotel in the afternoon and went aboard the *Belzoni*, which is to be our home for two months. Mr. Hale came to see us off, and, at our invitation, remained to dinner, which was eaten while on the way up the river. He went as far as Old Cairo, about eight miles, where we sent him ashore.

The sailors entertained us after dinner with some wild Arab music, vocal and instrumental. They were ranged on the deck in a circle, and seemed to enjoy the performance as much as we did. On raising the huge lateen sail they sang a cheerful song, which greatly amused us. All their work, such as hoisting the sails, and especially when a strong pull was required, was accompanied with a song, in which all the ten joined heartily.

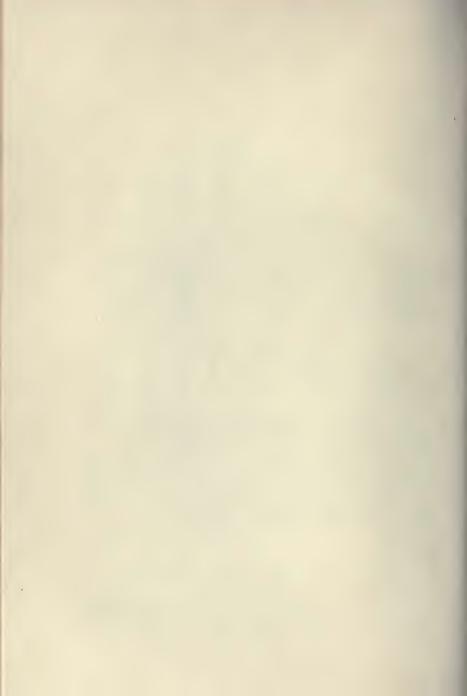
The Arabs have very fine voices, but very rude ideas of music, which consists of only two or three notes; but in spite of its monotony, we were never wearied with it.

Our crew is a fine body of men; some have good faces, all are over the ordinary height. They dress in costumes of the provinces from which they come, and which, by its variety, gives our decks a very picturesque appearance.

Our dahabeah is about eighty feet long by eighteen broad.



Dahabeah—The Belzoni—(Our Nile Boat).
Capacity, eight passengers.—Reis (Captain), Pilot, Cook, Waiter, Boy, and ten Sailors.



It is divided amidships, the after part being enclosed in the style of a canal boat, except that the ceiling is much higher, the roof being the quarter-deck, which is protected by an awning extending down the sides and open at both ends, thus excluding the sun and admitting the cool breezes. This section of the vessel belongs exclusively to the party, except that the pilot and reis have the right to pass, when necessary. The reis (captain) has a place about three feet square in one corner of the upper or quarter-deck, where he sits a la Turk, to supervise the crew and issue his orders.

The upper deck is covered with a velvet carpet, and is furnished with two large, broad divans, with cushioned seats and pillows; a marble top centre table and a few foot-benches complete the outfit of the quarter-deck.

The enclosed part of the vessel is divided thus:

1st. Large-sized stateroom at the entrance, right and left.

2d. A saloon of ample dimensions for dining, etc.

3d. Bath-room, which may also be utilized as a spare room, in case of necessity.

4th. Opposite, a stateroom, same size as bath-room.

5th. A dressing-room.

6th. A closet.

7th. Aft of all and running to the stern, there is a double stateroom, which we occupy.

These rooms are all furnished and carpeted, with the usual fittings of bed-chambers. The saloon is fitted up in cabin style, with table, chairs, lounges, divans, mirrors, centre lamp, shelves for books, etc. Our companions occupy the forward staterooms. Joseph occupies the bath-room, and all the rest is used for trunks, etc.

The forward deck, which comprises the other half of the vessel, is thus divided: between the foremast and the bow is the cook's galley or kitchen, aft of this the sailors' deck, between which and the saloon is the "canteen," over which the waiter presides. The canteen comprises all the table

utensils, such as glass, crockery, cutlery, etc. Such of the sailors as are not on watch, stretch themselves on the deck and sleep. One of them is constantly stationed at the lateen sail holding the hawser, so that in case of a sudden squall, which is not infrequent on the Nile, he can let it run.

Our first afternoon and evening on board were perfectly delightful; the moon was full, the sky was cloudless and brighter than we ever saw it elsewhere in our lives, the atmosphere was summer-like. Our dragoman says his supplies and stores will last six months. We have a trip of great interest before us; what more could we ask to make us entirely happy? The thermometer at noon was at seventy-eight degrees, and at 8 P.M., in the saloon, sixty-eight degrees.

December 30th.—Our boat was not properly ballasted, and keeled over during the night, which disturbed our sleep; but we made great headway, a much better run than was expected, considering the narrowness of the channel, the bends in the river, and the frequent changes of the wind, which made it necessary to be up for two or three hours. Early in the morning the sail was raised again and we shot up the river, in fine style for a couple of hours, when we were obliged, by a lull, to tie up again. I availed myself of this opportunity to take a walk, and went toward a flock of sheep which were tended by some Arab children, who fled as fast as they could, crying piteously. This was afterward explained to me thus: The tax-collectors often come down upon the fellahs suddenly and seize everything. These children took me for one of the gentry.

The first day was divided thus: Breakfast at 9.00, luncheon at 1.00, and dinner at 5.30. Our meals were well cooked and well served; in short, excellent.

The Arabs are expert sailors; they manage the *Belzoni* with great skill; they are a fine-looking set of men, goodnatured, always singing and cheerful. They are very devout,

praying several times a day, before which they wash their heads and feet. They all eat at the same hours out of a large wooden bowl, sitting round it in a circle and helping themselves with the two forefingers and thumb of the right hand.

So much of the country as we have seen thus far is level and prairie-like, with here and there extensive tracts of sand blown over from the desert, which is very near. We have been in sight of the "False Pyramid" nearly all day. This is said to be a natural formation. The river here is so serpentine that the traveller is unexpectedly surprised by frequent sights of this pyramid, apparently on opposite sides of the river; now it is on the right, and in a short time it is on the left. As we progress we find the palm trees increase in number; they are most attractive objects; the eye never wearies in looking at them. The scarcity of these trees is accounted for by Joseph, who says that each is taxed annually a piastre and a half.

December 31st.—After a good night's rest I was up at six and on deck at seven. The morning is bright and warm. We have just reached Bibeh, an Arab village beautifully situated on the eastern slope of a high sandstone bluff; near the centre of the village stands a mosk embowered in palm trees. Both banks of the river abound in palms, which are planted in lines and groves and form a sort of framework for fields of the richest green. Many boats are in sight, all laden with produce for the Cairo market. The grain is transported in bulk with no covering over it. Some boats are entirely filled with it, and in order to increase their carrying capacity, boards are fastened on the sides of the boats. The milk for our use is obtained fresh every morning; a sailor is sent ashore for it.

We are just abreast of one of the great sugar plantations and factories of the Viceroy. The Arabs carry their crops of sugar-cane in boats to these factories and sell them readily; but as the Viceroy monopolizes the trade, he also fixes the price on the raw material, which the producer is compelled to accept.

We are in shallow water and the sailors are "punting." While so engaged they have a song adapted to it, which amuses and interests us; indeed, all their songs and every sight and sound is interesting in this strange, mysterious land. The land, air, and water here are full of birds of all sorts, colors, and sizes; but, with the exception of the raven and a small bird like a wren, many of them utter not a single note; all are as mute as the tombs which cover Egypt.

It is useless to attempt a description of the river scenery where we now are (Feshn). The land is highly cultivated and laid out in squares, circles, or parallelograms, many of which are bordered with palm trees. Perhaps the brilliancy of Egyptian scenery may be accounted for in part by the near presence of these beautiful green fields to the dismal, lifeless desert which surrounds them.

There are many natives in sight who are hard at work. Some are cultivating the land, others are drawing water, filling large earthen jars and carrying them on their heads, others are watching sheep and cattle. We see no idlers here, except a few old men and women who are basking in the sun.

This is market day at Bibeh, and I accompanied our dragoman and some of our sailors to procure some supplies. On the way we saw several groups of Copts sitting on the ground engaged in their devotions.

Large numbers of children surrounded us here and, as usual, clamored for baksheesh. As I approached the market, people covered their wares and refused to sell. On inquiry, I found I was taken for a tax-collector, so I kept at a distance, and then Joseph bought chickens, eggs, and other things freely.

We met the Sheik of the village on returning to our boat; he was attended by some of his officers, who were on their way to the market to keep the people in order, settle disputes, and see that justice was done.

The Sheik is the governor of the town, and is regarded with awe and respect by the people. The one before us is a large, broad-chested man of very dignified bearing, clothed in a long white toga over a black undergarment, and wearing an ample white turban and red morocco slippers. Two attendants walked, one on each side of the Sheik, similarly attired and having the same dignified and grave deportment. The three walked on in silence, with measured step, their eyes straight forward and noticing nobody. At the river we saw a Coptic priest washing his garments; he was a man of gigantic stature, a perfect model of human beauty, an Apollo Belvidere. He smiled at us as we passed and appeared desirous of a better acquaintance.

The river banks, as we ascend, present a curious appearance for some miles. Long ranges of high bluffs and curious tumuli of sand meet the eye. Many have an artificial appearance, but on inspection with a field-glass they are seen to be natural formations. Here the ranges of hills stretch beyond the reach of vision; they are perpendicular and not unlike the Palisades of the Hudson River.

Fancy never drew a lovelier picture than that which was now spread before us. On the left bank, in the foreground, there was a level, highly cultivated piece of ground, of perhaps two hundred acres, laid out in squares of vivid green, margined by sand on three of its sides and on the fourth by the river; along its entire inner line and both ends double rows of stately palm trees stood, a beautiful frame for a most splendid landscape.

We were now passing under a lofty range of limestone bluffs which stretch for several miles. They are worn into strange shapes, strongly resembling columns and other architectural designs and surmounted by pediments. On a steady and long examination with an excellent glass they looked amazingly like Egyptian architecture on a colossal scale, and one might almost conjecture that the architects of Egypt borrowed suggestions from them. This entire day has been one of unalloyed pleasure, passed altogether from early morning till after dark on the quarter deck, except when at meals in the saloon. The air has been genial and calm, the sky perfectly clear, thermometer at 3 P.M. seventy-eight Fahr.

The sailors entertained us in the evening with Arab vocal and instrumental music. They were ranged in a circle on the deck and gave their performances with decided spirit. Joseph translated some of the songs for us; they were chiefly on religious subjects. One of them recited a pilgrimage to Mecca in a dialogue between husband and wife at parting. The wife tells her husband what he must take for his journey; what to eat and drink; what clothing he requires; what prayers he must say for himself, wife, children, and friends, and if he never returned (which often happens), expressed the hope that they would meet in the good world and be no more hungry and tired with work.

At 9.30 P.M. the wind left us entirely and we dropped anchor. The whole ten of our sailors are on the yard of our lateen sail, furling it and singing one of their wild songs. The yard is about a hundred feet long and stands almost perpendicularly; how they hang on puzzles us.

The scenery on the river at this hour surpasses description; the water is mirror-like, reflecting the minutest objects. The moon is full, the land is fringed with palm trees; nothing can be more picturesque; it is indeed an enchanting sight; every object stands out with a sharpness and clearness of outline such as I did not think possible by moonlight, which at the same time mellows and softens the fairy-like scene. With this picture photographed on my mind, I reluctantly went below for the night. Thus I spent the last hours of 1868 in unspeakable enjoyment.

1869.

January 1st.—New Year's Day opened brilliantly. We reached Gebel-el-Terre, which is perched on the summit of a high bluff of limestone rocks. This is a Coptic village of sand-huts. Some of the natives, with the agility of monkeys, descended, clambering down the face of an almost perpendicular rock, plunged into the river, and swam off to our boat. They came on board perfectly naked, and called for baksheesh. Our sailors threw their garments over these wild men as they sat on the gunwale of our boat opposite the cabin doors while we were at breakfast. Joseph gave something to each; they asked for empty bottles, with which they went away quite delighted. As they received the bottles they threw them into the river and themselves after them, and catching them in their mouths, swam ashore.

The air, water, and land here were literally filled with birds in great variety; among them were swans, herons, geese, ducks, and pigeons, but they cannot be reached with ball. Some years ago a party of young men ascended the river with a swivel, which they used in a wholesale slaughter of birds, since which time they have kept too far from boats to be reached except at very long range.

A boat full of slaves from the interior passed us on the way to Cairo to find a market. The deck swarmed with them. All this is done in open day, under the eyes of the Viceroy, who is a party to a treaty with other nations to abolish this horrible traffic!

The banks on both sides are thickly settled. Mud villages are seen at short intervals. Each has its mosk and minaret.' All these villages are teeming with inhabitants. They are highly picturesque, embowered as they are in groves of palm trees and olive yards. The fellahs, or farmers, do not live on their plantations, but in towns and villages, a custom of antiquity, for the purpose of defence against the Bedouins and

other wild Arab tribes; hence the population is scattered over the fields and on the shores of the river all day cultivating their lands, or drawing water to irrigate them or for the use of the villages.

The right bank, thus far, and as far also as we can see, is one continuous sandstone bluff, curiously weather-worn into strange shapes, many of them, as before remarked, strongly resembling the ancient architecture of the country.

Our bread is home-made, baked by our cook. He has just been apologizing for the failure of his first attempt, but assures us it shall not occur again.

The crew have their own cook, who prepares their lentil porridge twice a day in a large pot; it is then emptied into a large wooden bowl, half full of black bread, broken small, which is eaten when sufficiently cool.

It is wonderful to observe the strict regularity of the Moslems in washing their feet, hands, and heads before and after eating, and before prayers, and it is also wonderful to observe how regularly they perform their devotions, no matter where they are, afloat or ashore. It is also curious to see them take off their shoes before praying, whether in the mosk or out of it. The shoes are left a few steps off from the place of prayer in every case. Verily these Mohammedans set an example of devotion that is worthy of imitation.

Joseph has just called my attention to a magnificent sight: Before us, on the right bank, there is a grand natural amphitheatre, formed in an immense rocky bluff, which opened suddenly and fully upon us as we came in front of it. The walls are lofty and nearly perpendicular, enclosing within their semicircular embrace a piece of nearly level ground, sloping gently toward the river, of perhaps fifty or sixty acres, covered with brilliant grass and enclosed in a framework of palm trees, the whole presenting an exceedingly effective picture. On the left bank there are fields of sugar-cane, with here and there water-wheels, called sakias, in active operation, each

driven by a cow with bandaged eyes; these are for irrigating the fields, and are precisely the same style of machines that have been used for thousands of years in Egypt, as is amply proved by the sculptured historical records found in many parts of the country.

We reached Minneah at 3 P.M., and I accompanied our dragoman to the town to purchase a few things, and called at the post-office for letters. The population is said to be about sixteen hundred, but the Arabs are so migratory that it is difficult to settle the question of population of any of their towns or villages.

We visited the bazaars, which seemed to be doing a good As it was market day in Minneah, vast crowds of natives from distant villages were mingled here with Arabs of the desert, making an animated sight with their varied costumes. Large groups were formed here and there to see some show, such as snake-charming, and it was slow work to get through. The people manifest great curiosity at the sight of strangers, as if they had never seen any before, but they are civil and always return one's smile. We found the usual mechanic arts carried on here very industriously, and saw few or no idlers, except those who surround the shows. The streets and lanes are very narrow, and so crooked that none of them are a hundred feet in a straight line. In one of them we saw a United States Consular sign over the entrance to a small hut, but we could not enter, as a donkey filled up the passage. The holder of this dignity is a Copt, as we afterward learned. He was absent, no doubt, "on leave," as it is difficult to comprehend the use of a Consul in such a place.

The river here is about three-quarters of a mile wide, the limestone bluffs already mentioned stretching to and beyond this point on the opposite bank. The plain between the river and the rocky bluffs is elevated perhaps ten or twelve feet above the water and runs back to the wall of limestone, some two or three hundred yards, covered with a splendid

growth of sugar-cane, and bordered with long lines of palm trees; a more lovely panorama cannot be imagined.

January 2d.—The dragoman called me this morning to look at something which, in his experience of twenty-five years on the Nile, he had never seen or heard of before. I went out and found the crew gathered around the deck-table, on top of which the night dew had frozen. None of them had courage enough to touch it, never having seen ice before! The men were all pinched up; no bare legs or feet were to be seen. Every available thing had been put in requisition to warm them, but to little purpose; nor did they seem to comprehend that a little activity, which I suggested through Joseph, would warm them better than wraps.

An accident happened during the night, which gave us a shock, and came near proving very disastrous, if not fatal, to the crew. All hands were ordered on the yard to furl the lateen sail, when it fell, precipitating some on the deck and others in the water, but, strange to say, without harm to any.

There is a dead calm this morning, and all the sailors were harnessed to a long hawser which is made fast to the boat, and we are being towed along at a walking pace. The scenery continues to be so fascinating that I can hardly spare time to go to the saloon for meals. From, say, fifty miles above Cairo to where we now are both banks of the river are picturesque in the highest degree; they are one continuous panorama of beauty. It is useless to attempt a description of life on the Nile; to be appreciated it must be experienced. The traveller passes through a mysterious land whose history is imperfectly known, and his mind revels in a sort of dreamy maze.

After breakfast Joseph invited me to go hunting with him. The sailors carried us from the boat to the shore on their backs. Our ramble lasted three hours, in the course of which we passed through an Arab village of mud huts, where we were beset by the natives, who showed as much curiosity as if they had never seen a white man before. While I walked

about the town, Joseph skirted it for game. Among my sights was one where about a dozen women were seated on the ground weeping bitterly, some wailing and sobbing as if their hearts would break. I found I was also getting a little tender, until Joseph came up and told me that all but one of these heart-broken mourners were paid, a custom which had always existed in the East, and is mentioned both in the Old and New Testaments. The exception was, of course, the only real mourner, because a relation of the deceased person.

We returned to the boat with an ample game dinner for the party. So abundant are the birds of the Nile, that it is quite safe to rely on the fowling-piece for table supplies through the whole voyage. The boy that cooks for the crew was my attendant when hunting to-day; he played the part of a pointer dog, to find and show me the birds. We saw great numbers of them. I blazed away, but gave him very little trouble to pick up my prey. I discharged both barrels into a flock of pigeons without ruffling a feather, and he kindly encouraged me with "Mallesh, mallesh" (Never mind, never mind), and when I accidentally killed anything, he exclaimed, "Quiesketeer!" (Very good).

The palisade-like rocks of Beni-Hassan were now towering in full view. They are much higher than the Palisades of the Hudson River, with a smoother surface, and instead of brown are nearly white. They rise in awful grandeur, and present a gloomy appearance, with their numerous openmouthed tombs gaping in full view. These tombs are said to be the most ancient in Egypt; they are cut in the solid rock, and some of them contain many chambers penetrating far into the rocky mass, which must have involved an immense amount of labor.

The ruins of an ancient Turkish town were in view, and hard by was a village of Bedouin Arabs, inhabited only by the very aged and the very young, the able-bodied being in the military service, or scouring the neighboring country and the desert, as robbers. They also go among travellers on the river sometimes. Joseph says he always puts his arms in order, and keeps them so, until he is well clear of Beni-Hassan.

Within two hundred yards of us, and ranged along the shore, were several enormous birds, which Joseph calls "Condoro." I think they were eagles of immense size. There they stood staring complacently at us, quite immovable, till we got a long way off.

Our Arab crew entertained us this evening with their wild and plaintive music. One of them leads in the song and the others join in a sort of chorus, and keep time by clapping their hands. They use a sort of drum or tom-tom, and an instrument resembling our tambourine. They are very jolly and cheerful, in spite of a hard day's work in tracking and punting.

January 3d (Sunday).—Last night was very cold, and, as there was no wind, we "tied up" till 12, when, a breeze springing up, we were again under way. At 7 A.M. the mercury stood at forty-four degrees. Both banks of the river were concealed by a dense fog. We were progressing finely, and passed a dahabeah that had probably started a week before us; a defective contract was the cause of delay. Our contract is for the trip, while that of our friend is by the month, a difference which I note for the benefit of all intending Nile voyagers. The fog cleared, and opened to our view a long range of perpendicular limestone cliffs, perforated all over with tombs cut out of the solid rock about half way up the steep face.

The Nile continued to be very beautiful; both banks showed a high order of cultivation. A great number and variety of irrigating machines were seen, worked by animal and steam power and also by manual labor. There are very few worked by steam, those only which belong to the plantations and sugar factories of the Viceroy.

We are now passing a range of high cliffs of limestone formation, which Joseph calls "Gebel-el-Said." They are also full of caves and grottoes, which were appropriated to the burial of sacred animals, such as crocodiles, cats, dogs, and jackals.

The setting sun of this evening cannot be described; it is sinking on the vast expanse of the sandy desert, from which a flood of yellow light rises. The air is mild, and the evening is serene and calm. The river is like a mirror, and an awful stillness reigns, which is only disturbed at intervals by the wild, sad song of the people on shore, who are working the watering machines.

Here the right bank is exquisitely fringed with palm trees, and gum-arabic trees, and carpeted with a brilliant green. On the edges of the stream and at short distances apart men are raising water for these lovely garden spots. Oh, how magical are these scenes! they must be visited; no language can do them justice.

It is quite impossible to describe the afterglow, which at sunset lights up everything around with indescribable glory! Then chimes in the sad chorus of the sailors, and the traveller is lost in a pleasant reverie, from which he is rudely roused by the chilling air which follows the sunset, and drives him to his cabin. Most reluctantly he leaves the deck, even though pleasant companions surround the centre table of the cheerful saloon, which is furnished with every appliance for his comfort and amusement.

January 4th.—The morning is foggy and chilly, and according to my experience of the climate thus far, I would caution all intending visitors to this country to provide against the sudden changes of temperature which characterize the mornings and evenings.

During the night one of the Government boats disputed the channel with our reis and dragoman, and as we were numerically the stronger, and lawfully entitled to the channel, we established our right at the expense of our lateen sail, which was badly torn, while our antagonist lost his mast and his temper, and his reis and some of his crew got a thrashing besides; this delayed us some hours to repair damages. While the boat was tracking, Joseph went ashore to shoot our dinner, and got all he wanted in less than an hour. The birds were fat and in excellent condition.

We are approaching a long and lofty range of limestone cliffs, which skirt the right bank for many miles; they are nearly perpendicular and the river flows at their base. Here are to be seen the Tel-el-Armana grottoes, which are also hewn in the solid rock and ranged in long tiers of three or four deep. These are sepulchres of the dead, and are full of mummies. As we pass in front of them, we can distinctly see, with the aid of our glasses, that most of them are empty, and contain several chambers within each other. Here multitudes have reposed for thousands of years! It is marvellous how the bodies were placed in these caverns, which are at a great perpendicular height from the water level, and equally far below the surface of the mountain of rock.

At noon we reached Manfaloot, and went ashore with some of the crew, to visit the town and purchase provisions. This is one of the most important towns on the Nile; it has a very large population, and does an extensive business with the interior. A few years ago it was half swept away by an extraordinary inundation of the river. We walked through the business streets, looked into the bazaars, and found them stocked with the same kinds of merchandise as in other places, and the same classes of people as to dress and habits as elsewhere, except that here the women wear rings in their noses with coins appended, and many of the children were quite naked.

Among the noteworthy things I saw was a group of Arabs gathered round a man who was writing on paper placed on the palm of his hand, with an ink-horn in his belt. The peo-

ple about him were all talking and gesticulating vehemently; having no interpreter at hand, I conjectured that this was a Court of Justice, as one of the number was evidently under arrest on some charge.

At another place, a double file of men were seated on the ground in clean white turbans and dresses. The larger of them is in the centre, each has a string of beads in his hands, and they are evidently holding a consultation; one only is speaking in an ordinary tone, and the rest are attentive. I was told these are Copts (who claim to be descendants of the ancient Egyptians). All are fine-looking men, and some are strikingly handsome, with regular features and coppercolored complexions.

A little farther on was a company of Mohammedans engaged in their devotions, which do not seem to be disturbed by a furious quarrel going on between two Arabs at their side. While we were looking at this spectacle at a little distance off, others joined the combatants, and "a free fight" was the result, in which I feared some of them would be killed from the violence of the blows; but the contest came to a sudden termination, the originators of the quarrel kissed each other's hands; some of the others embraced, and they were all friends again. I have seen just such occurrences before, and am told they frequently happen.

Having loaded a camel with charcoal, chickens, and eggs, we returned to our boat. Here I first saw the mode of treating these indispensable animals in loading and unloading them. A word or rather a grunt from the driver makes him kneel down on his haunches, and he is hobbled with his rope bridle, which is passed under one knee of one of the forelegs, which effectually prevents him from moving while receiving his load.

The sunset this evening is gorgeous. The entire western horizon is illuminated with a rich golden light, which changed every few minutes, until the sun had sunk out of sight, when innumerable brilliant rays shot up toward the zenith. The evening was pleasantly spent, one of the party reading aloud Lady Duff Gordon's book on Egypt. The mercury at 3 P.M. stood at eighty.

January 6th.—The morning is delightfully mild. Yester-day at seven the thermometer marked forty-four, this morning at the same hour it marked fifty.

The wind left us at midnight and we again tied up until dawn, when the song of the Arab sailors was heard hauling up the great lateen sheet, and we shot ahead soon after, as the rippling of the water at the bow proved.

When I went on deck at 6.30 we were near Siout or Ossiout, the capital of Upper Egypt, where the Nile is at least one mile wide. The right bank for several miles presents great activity; it is alive with fellaheen, the farmers of Egypt, all engaged in various agricultural pursuits, such as drawing water for irrigation, or ploughing; and in another place there is a long line of at least thirty men thrashing grain. We landed at a point two and a half miles from town, and rode to it on donkeys. This is a very large and important place; its bazaars are like those of Cairo, well stocked with rich Oriental goods. We purchased turkeys and pipes and prepared to return, when a bright-eyed boy put out his hand, and inquiring if I could speak English, said his brother was United States Consul and would be glad to see us. We promised to call on our return down the Nile.

The instruments of agriculture are very primitive, especially the ploughs, which are made of hard wood, and the manner of using them is also primitive. We saw one drawn by a camel and a cow, and another by a donkey and a buffalo. When the earth is kept properly irrigated—for that is a process which cannot be suspended for twenty-four hours—the tilling of it is easy; but when it begins to dry and cake, it requires great labor to break it up, and when it has remained unwatered a few hours it is not possible to plough, as the

whole mass becomes baked and as hard as a brick, which can only be opened up after the next annual inundation of the river. Hence the absolute necessity of incessant irrigation, which is kept up day and night.

Siout is said to occupy the site of the ancient city of Lycopolis. It is a place of great importance to the traders with the interior of Africa, who find here a market and obtain their supplies. Large quantities of valuable African productions are piled up on the ground, apparently unguarded, waiting transportation to Cairo. There is said to be a population of thirty thousand, an estimate which may be correct considering the crowded state of the place. So great is its business activity that it requires much time to push one's way through the streets and thoroughfares. The city is beautifully placed on the left bank of the river, and lies in one of the most fertile valleys of Egypt. Its western boundary is a long range of lofty hills which guard it from the sands of the great desert. and has served as the great cemetery of the city for ages. will notice it hereafter. Through this valley a canal runs to the interior, a distance of four days, and, by its alluvial deposits from the Nile, forms the "Fayoom," which, in fact, is a great oasis in the desert and supports a flourishing population, thus proving that wherever it is practicable to lead the waters of the river, the desert is fertilized and becomes highly productive.

There are many mosks and minarets, and other public buildings, such as the Governor's Palace (which is defended by high walls), in Siout, and which give the city a fine appearance at a distance; but Arab buildings do not gain on close inspection.

Our flag attracted the American missionaries who are stationed here, and some of them visited us. They said that the first sight of the Stars and Stripes so delighted them that they almost cried. They gave us much useful information, and invited us to call on our return to Cairo.

January 6th.—We were again becalmed during the night, but the wind sprang up early this morning, and we are making six or seven miles an hour, which is considered fair sailing against the current. We went on increasing our speed until we ran on a sand bar. In an instant there was great excitement among the Arabs, who went to work vigorously, and soon we were afloat again. We then ran rapidly before the wind, and hoped to reach Girgeh at sunset.

After this we sailed past a high range of hills with a perpendicular, rocky face, perforated all over with grottoes for the dead. The entrances are all open, and it is said that the tenants have long since been ejected to furnish the museums of the world, or to fertilize the fields of Egypt.

Two miles astern, an English dahabeah rapidly overhauled us. She carried the Union Jack and a blue and green pennant with a private signal. We were now about four hundred miles from Alexandria. The temperature was warm, and most of the fellaheen were at work with no other covering except a cloth wrapped around their heads.

Our reis is a very devoted Mohammedan. He prays regularly three times a day on deck. When thus engaged to-day, a sudden gust of wind sprang up. He roared out his orders to the crew; then resumed his devotional attitude, and finished his prayers.

I have said that machines for irrigating the fields are strung along the river at short intervals. These are of two kinds: the sakia is formed of cog-wheels which are turned by an animal; these are attached by a shaft to another wheel over which runs an endless band to which large jars are fixed, and which descend empty on one side and return full on the other, pouring their contents into a trough, which supplies numerous ducts running to the field to be watered. The other machine is called a shadoof, which is exactly like the old machine used among the American farmers to raise water from wells. It is evident, from the sculptures in the ancient

tombs, where men are seen working exactly such machines, that no change has ever been made in the method of irrigating the fields of Egypt. It is done to-day just as it was done in the days of the Pharaohs, the only innovation being by the present Viceroy, who has introduced steam-engines for that purpose on his own plantations.

We have made a great run to-day, but cannot reach Girgeh as we expected to-night; it is eighty-eight miles above Siout. The evening was delightfully spent in the saloon in conversation and reading aloud.

January 7th.—Our dragoman has been ill some days, but he is "himself again" this morning. He is very grateful for medicines and nursing. While he was confined to his room our decks were somewhat neglected, and it occurred to us that things might not go so smoothly should we lose him and be left to the tender mercies of our Arab crew when a thousand miles up the Nile. This is a magnificent morning; as usual we were tied up half the night and left our moorings early. We are just shooting past our English convoy, which is no match for the *Belzoni* in a wind. Again we are running under a very lofty, rocky bluff, in the face of which many caverns are seen with their gloomy open portals.

At half past one P.M. we reached Girgeh, a large town on the left bank, said to contain a population of fifteen thousand; it was formerly the capital of Upper Egypt.

We are now five hundred miles above Alexandria. Few towns present a more imposing appearance; a large number of mosks and minarets are visible from our deck. I went ashore with Joseph to replenish our exhausted larder with chickens, turkeys, eggs, etc. We also provided ourselves with purses made in Damascus to carry our bulky copper paras. It takes a hundred and forty of these to make a franc, and is the only current money in Upper Egypt. The natives have no knowledge of gold and silver coin. I offered some of the latter, which was refused. I handed one of them a silver half

franc piece, which is worth about seventy paras, as baksheesh: he declined it, but took a ten para copper coin. This was market day at Girgeh, and a most interesting gathering it was. At Joseph's suggestion I left him to do the marketing by himself, as when I am with him he is charged twice as much as when he is alone. So I strolled off until I lost sight of him in the dense crowd of men and animals, and he found that he could buy turkeys at five francs apiece for which he was charged eight when I was at his side. The throng was so compact that it was difficult to get through. Here were grave, angry-looking Turks, with huge silver-hilted pistols projecting from bright silk girdles. There were tall, smiling Nubians with jet-black skins and snow-white teeth. Near them a party of Bishareen Arabs of the Desert, each with his horse tethered at his side. A little way off there was a party of snake-charmers, near them a group of sullenlooking Arabs, evidently in ill humor about something: while near them sat in a circle on the ground some twenty or thirty Copts, each counting his beads in silence. The fellaheen were there in great numbers, offering their wares for sale

Joseph led me to a piece of rising ground from which I obtained a view of this vast collection of people, which must have contained at least five thousand; it was a truly Oriental scene and a very animated one.

Here I met Monsieur Gerrard, a son of the celebrated lion hunter, in company with Count Rapp and a dragoman, who are on their way to the interior on a hunting expedition. The sights at this market seemed to interest them as much as they interested me, although they are both familiar with Egypt.*

After leaving the market I visited the bazaars, which are

^{*} Some two or three years after this I met Mons. Gerrard at Pau, and received from him a very interesting account of his expedition, which occupied more than a year.

well stocked with goods adapted to the trade of the country. The streets were filled with people, and the curiosity of some of them to see and touch a white man was somewhat amusing. I was told that many of these people are from remote regions, and perhaps never saw whites before.

January 8th.—During the night we struck a sand bar, hard on, and, in spite of great efforts by the whole crew, only got free about 7 A.M. Soon after we landed at a mud village of a dozen huts to get milk. I made a morning call at some of them; all were roofless. The wretched occupants were huddled together and covered with straw matting; a few of the more industrious were up and dressed, their entire wardrobe consisting of a breech-cloth of coarse material and a brown tarboosh fitting close to the head and tapering to a point like a sugar-loaf.

In a field near by "two women were grinding together," sitting on the ground opposite each other and driving the upper mill-stone with their right hands. This, I afterward saw, was the universal mode of making flour in Egypt.

Again we grounded on a sand bar. In an instant every sailor stripped and was in the water to work the boat off. It seems that sand bars form as suddenly in the Nile as do sand hills in the desert, so that the most experienced pilots cannot avoid them.

At this point, five miles below Keneh, the river scenery on both sides is magnificent. The banks slope gently to the water, in which their brilliant green is reflected, and groves and lines of palm and other trees add greatly to the beauty of the landscape. In the background ranges of lofty mountains stretch as far as the eye can reach.

January 9th.—We tied up all night and set our lateen sail about 7 this morning. The weather is bright, thermometer fifty-four, but as the wind has just failed us again, we have reefed our sail in sight of the ruins of Denderah, but so distant that we require our glasses to make them out. This cele-

brated ruin is at the base of a high mountain of red sand-

We are now in sight of Keneh, forty-nine miles below Thebes, where we hope to be to-morrow. We landed within two and one-half miles of Keneh, and trotted off on donkeys over an arid, dusty plain in a hot sun, followed by three of our sailors on foot, and half a dozen donkey boys, who made a great din, all jabbering and gesticulating and flourishing their sticks as if they were going into a fight; but, as usual, the excitement ended pleasantly. It appeared that they quarrelled as to who should go with us, and compromised by all going together.

After a very hot ride we reached the gate of the town. Keneh is the seat of Government of all that part of Egypt which extends from Girgeh to Nubia. It has a large population, chiefly Coptic. The Pasha lives in a nice-looking palace, well guarded and protected by high walls. The streets and lanes are clean, and the bazaars are numerous and well stocked. Many of the Egyptian mechanic arts are carried on here, and the people all seem industrious; they are very civil, and recognize strangers with a bow and a pleasant smile. I went with Joseph to the market and made some purchases. We paid twenty-one francs for a good sheep and from three and one-half to six francs for turkeys.

We are approaching the region of total nudity, as is evident from the very scanty dress of the natives here. Many of them wear only a breach cloth, and some nothing but a covering for their heads; the children go quite naked.

We cast off from Keneh at two and tacked for a couple of hours, when a light wind arose and bore us gently up the river. The day is perfect. Mercury on deck eighty-two, in the saloon seventy-six. Again the wind, which is most capricious on the Nile, failed us in an hour, and we tied up and went ashore to see the natives at work in their fields. The

plantation we visited was divided into squares of about two hundred feet on each side.

Ducts are formed on the surface of the ground leading from the reservoir or trough on the bank of the river to the first nearest square; and when the surface of that square has been covered with water the duct is closed and another is opened to the next square, and so on, till the farthest square has been watered. The ground is never allowed to dry, as that would destroy the crop, consequently the fellaheen work all day and all night in keeping the field damp, and most laborious work it is. I have seen thousands of these water-drawers and scarcely a healthy-looking one among them, while many are reduced to mere skeletons.

Another indescribable sunset closed this day's enjoyment on deck, and we retreated to the saloon as soon as the air became sharp, to spend a pleasant evening there, the ladies sewing, and each taking turns in reading aloud Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians," a book I would recommend to every intending traveller to the East.

January 10th (Sunday).—A bright and warm morning. Toseph called my attention to seven boats coming down the river filled with slaves for the Cairo market. The decks are covered with them closely packed, and on the sides of some of the boats were suspended elephants' tusks and other products of Central Africa. The slaves looked so happy that we scarcely sympathized with them. Another boat passed down the river filled with Arabs. They sang, or rather chanted to the music of some rude instruments, using words which Joseph said were about Mohammed, Moses, Abraham, and Joseph. All united in a chorus, keeping time by clapping hands. It was a plaintive and a very impressive performance, and added to the interest of the beautiful scenery of this part of the river. On the left bank a high mountain range stretches for miles up and down, the plantations, of great loveliness, in the foreground, set in a frame of most

luxuriant palms of unusual size. Everything attests the fertility and the ceaseless industry of its cultivators. The right bank is almost as fine, lacking the mountains.

Here the song of the drawers of water is heard all along the river as they ply their laborious task. It is more like a wail than a song, especially when heard in the night, or in the dim twilight. There is a peculiar sadness about it, just as the darkness is setting in and shutting out the view of every object.

Truly, this is a sad land and people. I have never heard a cheerful sound in it. Even the birds, which fill the air in vast flocks, and attract the eye with the beauty of their plumage, have no attractions for the ear. I never heard a singing bird in Egypt, and still everything in nature is bright and lovely, although the pall of death seems to overspread it.

We read some chapters in Ezekiel containing the prophecy of the downfall of Egypt, and we had but to look around us to see its fulfilment. What a flood of light is shed upon passages in the Old and New Testaments, when we are in this land to which they relate! How it strengthens one's faith and makes one clearly understand many things which before were dark and incomprehensible!

The day has been hot and sultry and the afternoon cloudy. I predicted rain, at which Joseph laughed heartily, saying that rain had never been seen in Upper Egypt, that in his experience of twenty-five years he had never seen or heard of it there.

After sunset the land was literally enshrouded in Egyptian darkness, a darkness that might be felt; the heavens were black; sharp and vivid lightning flashed along the horizon, and illuminated the whole landscape with a fitful, lurid glare. The stately palm trees stood out in relief in the foreground, and the mountains in the background; the whole scene had an unearthly appearance. While gazing in silent awe on this scene, the rain suddenly fell in huge drops on the deck, to

the intense amazement of the dragoman and the crew, some of whom, especially the Nubians, had never before seen a drop of rain. Thus it had fallen to our lot to witness the unusual phenomena of ice and rain in Upper Egypt.

The best evidence of the fact that no rain falls in this part of the country is, that the villages, which are entirely built of the mud of the Nile, could not stand under half an hour's continuous rain; it (the mud) is a substance which melts like salt. There was not enough of rain to-night, in that terrible threatening sky, to wet the deck.

January 11th.—I went ashore with Joseph this morning for game, and in a short time got enough for dinner. We took different directions in order the better to secure more birds. An Arab boy approached me and by signs told me to follow him and he would show me birds. I did so until we got into an extensive grove of noble palm trees, where I forgot my shooting, in admiration of the scene, which no language of mine can describe: it seemed, indeed, like enchanted ground. But with all the surpassing loveliness of this neverto-be-forgotten grove, there was a gloomy and unspeakably sad emotion produced by the death-like silence that reigned all around: this was intensified by a multitude of beautiful birds, which, while I sat there, filled the whole grove, and made no sound, save that produced by their wings in flight. They alighted in the trees and sat in long lines on the palm branches, but not a note escaped them; they were magnificent in plumage, but mute!

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place,"

These lines came forcibly to my recollection, and, almost terrified with the solemn silence of the scene, I shouldered my gun and made for the river as fast as possible.

I have just had the first distant glimpse of the ruins of mighty Karnak, and if the wind holds we shall reach Luxor in two hours. Here, also, the river scenery is magnificent, rising in a gentle slope from the water for perhaps half a mile, and stretching to the right and left for many miles and covered with that peculiarly brilliant verdure which is seen only in Egypt.

We have just turned a point in the river which has given us our first view of all that remains of the Memnonium; and on the opposite bank, of all that remains of Karnak. What stupendous desolations!

Just in the rear of the Memnonium, which stands on a vast plain, a mountain of red sandstone rises to a great and commanding height, in the face of which are seen long lines of open caverns or grottoes, once the sepulchres of the ancient dead. Arrive at Luxor; U. S. Vice-Consul; Visit to Karnak and its Wondrous Ruins; Luxor; Esneh; Experience with Arabs on the Nile; Gebel-Silsilis Quarries; Arrive at Assouan; Bedouin; Lady Duff Gordon; Ghawazee Dancing-Girls.

We reached Luxor at noon, January 11th, 1869, and on landing, I went immediately to pay my respects to Mustapha Agha, our venerable Vice-Consul, who resides in part of the Temple of Luxor, which has been fitted up and put in complete condition. He showed me his quarters, in which there are two very good rooms, where he entertains travellers who desire to spend a few weeks in this most interesting region.

Mustapha is also the Consular agent for England, without pay. He is a dignified-looking Arab of, I should say, seventy. He tendered the hospitality of his dwelling with a hearty, easy grace, ordered his servants to bring the box of newspapers and letters, and empty it on the divan, saying, in the best English he can command, "You find for you, take." Chibouks and coffee are brought in, and conversation by words and signs begins. Mustapha speaks some English, and seems to appreciate the dignity of his double office of agent and representative of the two greatest nations in the world, whose flags are displayed at either end of the top of his dwelling. I have met an American gentleman at Luxor, who has resided in Egypt, as he told me, fourteen years, whose family in New Jersey I am acquainted with.

Here, also, Lady Duff Gordon lives; she occupies part of the Temple of Luxor, which was fitted up for her use. She is now on a visit to Assouan, where she spends part of the winter in her dahabeah.

After dinner Joseph procured a guide and donkeys, and the party set off to visit Karnak, a distance of two miles, over a dreary, sandy desert. We were followed by a crowd of donkey boys all the way, each commending his donkey in the best English he could command. One keen little fellow of about ten years of age, with sharp, laughing eyes, insisted on my taking his donkey whenever I dismounted to see sights. He said: "Dis good donkey, very good donkey. No good donkey, no money." Thus we were pestered all the way going and returning.

But what shall I say of Karnak? I have no power to describe its wonders, nor shall I attempt it until we return down the river, when we expect to spend some days here. At present I will only say a few words in general terms about this stupendous marvel.

The Temple of Karnak seems to have been made the centre of an immense system of buildings and other erections, of which the Temple of Luxor is one. I think there is little doubt that there existed three other temples, perhaps like that at Luxor, standing at the same distance—two miles—from the great temple on each of the four sides of the square, and connected, as Luxor is with Karnak, by an avenue ornamented on each side with sphinxes in close order to each other. The great avenue from Luxor to Karnak is sufficiently preserved to settle that theory, on one side of the vast quadrangle, and there are traces, though by no means so well defined, of similar avenues on the other three sides.

As I never appreciated the magnitude and grandeur of these ruins from descriptive accounts or pictures, and as I never could see the artistic beauty of Egyptian architecture and sculptures, no doubt I shall fail in my attempts to present them effectively to others. I am conscious that all I can say on these subjects will afford only a very faint idea of

them. I had no time to take measurements, but I think it safe to estimate many of the blocks of stone in the temple walls, elevated seventy or eighty feet from the earth, at not less than thirty feet long by six or eight wide.

Some of these huge masses of stone, which had been displaced by some mysterious power, seemed to be resting on a single point, and looked as though a slight touch would bring them down; yet there they have been poised for ages! An immense obelisk has been prostrated on the ground; its lower half lies on the temple pavement, while the upper half is balanced on a heap of débris, each section evidently occupying the precise position in which it fell, perhaps centuries ago. The whole chaotic mass presents the appearance of having been thrown into its present condition by a mighty earthquake.

It is impossible to conceive of any other power that could have produced such a downfall, displacing these enormous cyclopean sections and leaving them in the strange positions they now occupy. Some conjecture that an extraordinary inundation of the Nile produced the overturning, but I cannot comprehend, when standing in the presence of such devastation, how such a cause could have produced such an effect.

The sculptures, which almost cover the surfaces of the columns, obelisks, and walls, seem as fresh as if only the work of yesterday. The sharp lines of the hieroglyphics and the smooth polish of the blocks of syenite have defied the action of every destructive agent, except man, through the centuries of their existence, and even the colors of the decorations on the ceiling or the walls are as bright and fresh as if they had just been done. One of the ceilings, portions of which were on the floor, was covered with stars of white, red, and blue, all perfectly fresh.

We passed over part of the grand avenue leading from the Temple of Luxor to the Temple of Karnak, about a quarter of a mile of it in such a state of preservation as to afford a good idea of its ancient grandeur. The sphinxes stand within five or six feet of each other on both sides, but being made of sandstone most of them are crumbling, and very few are nearly entire. They are colossal, and represent every variety of animals and birds. Each rests on a stone pedestal elevated three or four feet above the avenue. In the Hall of Columns of the Grand Temple there are a hundred and twenty-two immense columns, most of them entire. But I must reserve a more particular description till our return from Assouan.

The party returned to the *Belzoni* about sunset, delighted and astonished, but almost tired out with (to the ladies) their first donkey ride.

January 12th,—Early up and ashore with Joseph shooting. We bagged fourteen pigeons in an hour, returned to breakfast and went to market, where we bought a sheep to present to the crew, and turkeys, chickens, eggs, etc., for our own table. This is one of the regular market days at Luxor, and hundreds of people from miles around are assembled, forming a very animated scene. All sorts of things, including a few calicoes of American manufacture, are spread on the ground for sale. Here and there are to be seen and heard the money-changers jingling copper coins in their hands to call attention to their business. Among the crowds are to be seen the ghawazees or dancing-girls, with long, flowing, loose robes fastened at the neck and sleeves, with a single button at each place, and gayly decked with bright-colored ribbons. On their necks and in their ears and noses are suspended strings of small gold and silver coins, and they wear loose slippers of red or yellow morocco, or sandals bound on the feet by various bright-colored bands. A slight breath of air is sufficient to blow their thin robes against their figure and show their outlines.

We were attracted by a gathering of Arabs, large and small,

of both sexes, in the midst of which we found some butchers dressing the carcass of a camel just killed, and which they were about to distribute among their hungry customers.

Joseph says that one of these butchers promised him some first-rate "beef" to-day; "but," he added, "though you might not know the difference, I won't give you camel to eat and make Arabs of you."

Accompanied by an excellent guide I visited the Temple of Luxor. While this ruin cannot be compared in point of grandeur and magnitude to Karnak, it excels it in many of its sculptures, which are exceedingly well executed. Many of them are in bas-relief and very remarkable for anatomical accuracy and beauty, especially of the feet, legs, bodies, arms, and some of the faces; but, strange to say, not a good hand is to be seen, or, indeed, one that has much resemblance to nature.

January 13th.—This being the last day of the great fast of the Ramadan, our crew is anxious to arrive at Esneh in time to witness its close, which is said to be very interesting.

We went ashore at Erment and visited one of the Viceroy's great sugar factories. There are five extensive stone buildings constituting this establishment surrounded by a high wall. Within the enclosure there were said to be one hundred camels at the time of our visit, unloading their burdens of sugarcane, and not less than five hundred Arabs in sight, engaged in various labors. These buildings are spacious, and filled with French-made machinery. A splendid steam-engine was in operation, and the immense copper vats and caldrons were kept bright and clean.

When we returned to the *Belzoni* we found the fleet preparing for a start, as the wind was rising. All were soon under way. The breeze increased and all the boats shot rapidly along, ours being the fifth in line. The race was very exciting all day, until we arrived at Esneh, when the *Belzoni* was third in line. All the American boats, three

in number, are ahead, having distanced their English competitors handsomely.

This is the place where the crew bake bread for themselves, which involves a stay of at least two days.

I visited the town and walked through the market place, which was crowded with a multitude of sellers and buyers. On the way I met a tall, ebony-skinned man in a long white robe fastened at the neck and falling to the feet, with red morocco shoes, who interested me at once with the frank expression of his face, on which I gazed with admiration till our eyes met, when we exchanged smiles and shook hands. He said, "No English speak, good morning, à Dieu," which made me ashamed to think that this savage knew five times more of my language than I knew of his, as all I have learned is "Kater-harak" (thank you), pronouncing which we parted. Joseph, who seemed amused at the interview, said the man was a Nubian priest.

At a Bedouin encampment I purchased some wild jessamine pipe-stems brought from Mount Sinai. They impart a delightful flavor in smoking, and I have had great pleasure in using them. Our sailors are grinding flour to bake a supply of bread for three weeks. I saw an Egyptian minstrel going from hut to hut singing the praises of Mohammed, and accompanying himself on a rude drum, which he beats with his fingers, making a doleful sort of wail.

It seems that Ramadan closes to-morrow, and not to-day, and the people are preparing for it.

I spent the afternoon among the ruins of the Temple of Esneh, which was excavated a few years ago. After a second visit, which I intend to make to-morrow, I shall attempt some description.

January 14th.—We went ashore early this morning and followed our dragoman to the great cemetery of Esneh, where we found almost the entire population collected together. Many were huddled in groups sitting on the graves,

weeping, wailing, and howling in the most distressing manner. These mourners were mostly women and children, very few men were among them. The scene was impressive, all seemed sincere. One woman shed tears profusely. The heads and faces of these mourners were veiled with a dark material. A sudden gust of wind gave me a view of a weeping face. But as I advanced the scene changed, and I found that the most of the people were making merry and enjoying themselves on the tombs and graves of their deceased friends and relatives. This is the first day of the Arab New Year, and this is the mode of celebrating it.

Among the vast assemblage there were numbers of women in gaudy attire, tattooed with henna and the eyes decorated with kohl. Each carried a little instrument like a drum, on which she tapped with her fingers to attract notice. The necks of these women were hung with gold coins and other ornaments, and the arms of many of them were loaded with bracelets. Their characters cannot be mistaken; it is manifest in dress, look, and gesture. All the respectable women wore veils, but these were barefaced.

In the centre of a group there was a Dervish playing tricks, one of which was balancing a heavy iron instrument, like an ice-breaker, with the sharp end in his eye. This instrument was about eighteen inches long and half an inch square at the upper end, on which was fixed a heavy ball of iron with a chain; the whole must have weighed at least seven or eight pounds. The performance begins with a sort of incantation, then, raising the ball aloft, he pretended to drive the sharp end into his eye, and a capital pretence it was, for the instrument appeared to be buried at least two inches, and there he held it in an upright position steadily for two or three minutes, then with both hands he pressed the iron further in and turned it round and round violently! The instrument thus used was telescoped as I afterward learned.

In the midst of another ring there was a wild-looking, full-

blooded African with a huge orang-outang fastened to a heavy iron chain, the other end of which was around the man's body. The animal carried a hard wood cudgel, four or five feet long and two or three inches thick, which he handled with perfect ease and dexterity, twirling it around to the sound of the tom-tom and swinging it about his head with one hand; the billet must have been as heavy as iron. Some of his tricks did not please his master, who struck him violently on the head with his fist, felling him to the ground. The animal got up in a rage, and in turn rolled the man in the dust by a tug of his chain.

Then there were exhibitions by snake-charmers to which I paid little attention, as such sights are quite familiar all over Egypt, in places already visited. There was also a fair held in this extensive necropolis, which was well supplied with a great variety of wares.

The tombs here are rudely built of mud and stones, mostly without form, with here and there absurd imitations of sphinxes.

Our next visit was to the place where our crew was baking. We found them all stretched on the ground resting till the bread was ready to be taken from the oven. They had been at work all night. As we entered they got up and shook hands with us, each repeating some words, which the dragoman translated thus: "May God give thee a hundred years more and take thee safely home to thy children;" and this was their New Year's salutation.

We made our second visit to the temple, which until a few years ago was entirely covered with sand, so that the upper surface is above the roof, making it necessary to descend by a long flight of steps to the grand interior. There are twenty-four exceedingly well-preserved columns of vast circumference, according to our measurement nearly twenty feet, and estimated at seventy feet in height. The capitals of these enormous columns all differ one from another, and are

beautifully carved with an endless variety of devices and figures drawn chiefly from trees, plants, flowers, and other natural objects. The surfaces of both walls and columns are also covered with an immense diversity of hieroglyphics and figures of men and animals, with illustrations of many of the religious rites and worship of the Egyptians. Murray says: "This was the Latopolis of the ancients, from the worship of the Latus-fish, which, according to Strabo, shared with Minerva the honors of the sanctuary." Hence this fish is frequently represented among the figures sculptured in this grand interior. I again strolled through the town and visited several of the coffee bazaars, the only ones open; this being a holiday all business is suspended. These places were filled with Arabs, each one having a new dress. It is the custom in Egypt on this day to put on everything new, and those who cannot afford an entire new rig put on some trifle, if only a small bit of ribbon

These large gatherings are very interesting. As the people entered, and friend met friend, they embraced and kissed each other affectionately; this is also the mode of saluting in the streets to-day. "An assembly of Arabs in a house is always orderly, no matter how boisterous they may be out of doors; only one speaks at a time, telling a story or relating something of interest, and all the rest listen attentively." I found this statement in a book (the title of which I have forgotten) verified in my own experience.

For the first time since we started our dragoman has appeared to-day in Arab costume. His dress is of light blue cloth, plaited very full all around, with a camel's-hair girdle, a vest of white cashmere richly embroidered, and a tarboosh or fez, with a yellow turban round his brow; we hardly recognized him in his new garb. He brought some Nubian children on board to show them to the ladies. Their dress was a girdle of leather strips, bound round the loins and neatly ornamented with shells; some were in nature's costume, and

all had rings in their ears, and necklaces. A trifle of baksheesh to each sent them off rejoicing.

While we remained at Esneh we dined on board the Magdala with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Parsons and others of New York; after dinner the dahabeah of another friend arrived with late New York papers of November, which were more eagerly devoured than the dinner, excellent as it was

January 15th.—I visited the Temple of Esneh again, and saw many things about this majestic ruin that I had overlooked in my other visits; in fact, it is a study that would well occupy much more time than we had to spare.

We weighed anchor at noon and sailed slowly up the river, led by two English dahabeahs and followed by our friends of the *Magdala*. In less than an hour we overhauled the Englishmen and shot rapidly ahead, and in another hour all the boats, four in number, had fallen completely astern of us.

Our dragoman, cook, and waiter are exerting themselves to get up a fine dinner this evening, at which we expect the company of our friends of the *Magdala*; and judging from our surroundings, and the length and quality of the menu, their success is assured.

The day is charming, the air is soft and warm. We spend the whole time on deck between sunrise and sunset. Our experience of nineteen days on the Nile has fully confirmed the most enthusiastic accounts we have ever read or heard of it; the interest and pleasure are unceasing.

The scenery above Esneh is rather tame, and by no means so picturesque and grand as it is between Beni-sueff and Thebes. The cultivation on both banks is perfect, but the palms, which so effectively heighten the beauty of the land-scape, are few and far between. Here, as all along the river, the drawers of water for irrigation are performing their toil-some tasks, most of them like living skeletons, yet cheerfully

and steadily working and singing a plaintive song, the words of which, as translated by Lady Duff Gordon, are the following:

"Turn, O sakia, turn to the right and to the left; who will take care of me if my father dies? Turn, O sakia, to the right and to the left; pour water for the figs, pour water for the grapes, pour water for the melons. Turn, O sakia, to the right and turn to the left; who will take care of me if my father dies?"

The sakia is a water-wheel which is driven by a camel, buffalo, cow, or donkey, and sometimes by a man or woman.

Away off to the westward an immense cloud is rising and moving rapidly toward us; our dragoman says it is a flock of pigeons, and it is soon manifest he is right. A flock of pigeons it is indeed, which numbers millions and millions! It is at least a mile long by half a mile wide. The ground is also covered with a solid mass where part of the cloud has alighted. A native fired into the flying mass, and he is actively engaged gathering his prey, assisted by a number of naked children.

At 4 P.M. we had so completely distanced the *Magdala* that we partially furled our sails to wait for our guests. Our table makes a splendid appearance. The menu contains sixteen courses. Our dragoman and waiter are in black dress coats and pants, and white vests and gloves. Our decks are in fine order for the reception of our friends, and when they come on board, the plan is to set sail and dine on the wing.

While waiting for the *Magdala*, I went ashore, and saw some fellaheen threshing with unmuzzled oxen. "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn" (Deut. xxv., 4). This branch of husbandry is carried on just as it was in Bible times. The oxen trample upon the sheaves, dragging behind them a sort of sledge, on which the driver is seated holding a goad; this operation is continued until the straw is completely broken up and the grain is separated.

The entertainment continued about four hours, and was pronounced a great success by our friends. At nine a signal was made to the *Magdala*, which ran down to us and took the party off.

On leaving us, our crew formed a circle on deck, and sang songs to the wild music of the tambourine and drum, after which they closed the evening's entertainment with a dance. It is not easy to describe the vocal and instrumental music of the Arabs; it consists of not more than two or three notes on a low key. To us it is sad and mournful, but just the reverse to them, as was shown in their vociferous mirth after each song. It is quite as difficult to describe the Arab dance, which consists of strange contortions of the body and limbs, the dancer rarely shifting his position.

January 16th.—My dragoman proposes to teach me Arabic, and gave me the first lesson this morning. He began with dictations which I wrote down and pronounced after him, having no other guide for orthography except sound, but it is tedious work; after an hour's practice I managed to get a few familiar words for use among the sailors.

I went on shore after breakfast for an early visit to a native village. The village turned out as though I was the first white man they had ever seen. They are well behaved, but evidently very poor. The adults wear only a strip of cotton round the waist and the children are naked.

As I approached, the children ran off screaming, but a ten-para piece brought them back smiling. I gave it to the smallest boy, a handsome copper-colored cupid. I now found it difficult to escape the noisy crowd, as it clamored after me for baksheesh.

We had no wind to-day, so that the Nile is like a mirror, reflecting its green banks and magnificent palms on its placid surface.

Since I have been in Egypt I have felt that the Arabs are unjustly called lazy. I can say in truth that I have seen

fewer lazy ones among them than among my own countrymen. In the towns all but the very old and very young are industrious, and it is very certain that the fellaheen are a hardworking and laborious people, day and night. The songs of the men who labor at the shadoof—which is the most laborious mode of irrigation—are heard all night, and a sadder sound, accompanied by the creaking of the machine, cannot be imagined.

It is a singularly mournful song. One says, "I am hungry, I am hungry, for a piece of dura bread," and the other responds, "Poor man! Poor man!"

Another song of the shadoof is about "Our Lord Job," which extols his patience.

The Arabs are familiar with the names of many of the patriarchs, whose histories are perpetuated among them, and perhaps this is not so much to be wondered at in the case of Job, when it is remembered that he lived in *Eastern Edom*, which has always been in their possession as far back as our knowledge of patriarchal antiquity extends; in fact, Job might almost be considered an Arab patriarch.

While on the upper Nile I never waked at night without hearing the song and the creaking sounds of the sakias, to which I alluded in yesterday's notes.

Thus the poor fellaheen labor day and night, and this, indeed, is a necessity, demanded by the heat of the climate and the nature of the soil. Besides this, the cultivable land is confined, on both sides of the river, within very narrow limits between the deserts and the Nile, so that, without the usual three annual crops, such a population as Egypt contains could not be sustained; this, also, is a strong incentive to increasing industry.

In almost all other countries the farmer has his seasons of rest, but the Egyptian farmer has none. During the inundations, when it might be supposed he has relief from toil—as the whole country remains submerged from the middle of

June till the end of October—I am told he is more laborious than ever.

Those who toil on the water are equally industrious with those who labor on the land. It has several times happened that, after a hard day's work, our sailors have toiled hard all the succeeding night, and I never saw a more patient and cheerful set of workers. The days are hot and the nights cool, and it often happens that these good-natured fellows have to go under the boat at night to move her off a sand bar, and that too without waiting for orders; the moment the boat strikes they are stripped and under.

We are now opposite Edfou, whose grand temple looms up majestically at a distance of about two miles from the river, having little the appearance of a ruin; its walls, as viewed from our deck, seem perfect. We pass without stopping, our programme being to land here on returning.

At 10.30 we tied up for the night, after grounding several times on sand bars, which required almost herculean labor on the part of our poor, over-worked, but ever-cheerful sailors to get us off; they are truly a patient, hard-working, and good-natured set of fellows, who must have taken Job for their pattern.

January 17th (Sunday).—I got up at 6, and on opening the ports, was amazed at the singular beauty of the scene. The sun was just rising with a strange lurid aspect, as red as blood, and giving an unearthly appearance to every object; the palm trees seemed twice their natural size, and each branch stood out sharply defined against the red eastern sky. The sun itself looks like an immense crimson globe standing just above the horizon, and the river is like a sheet of fire. We spend the day under the awning on the upper deck; the air is soft and warm with a slight wind due south, so that our men have been tracking all day. We tied up about 2 P.M. to give them rest, and I went ashore to examine a tomb; this involved the labor of climbing a rocky steep—

half an hour's hard work. On reaching the open portal I found it had just been vacated, perhaps by some wandering Bedouin, whose fire was still unquenched on the floor. There was nothing remarkable about this tomb; the chambers—of which there were several—were all square apartments, each beyond the other, penetrating to a considerable depth in the solid rock. Each chamber had two loculi or shelves niched on opposite sides, in each of which there was a stone sarcophagus, the lids of which had been removed and lay in fragments on the floor. Every coffin had been recently emptied of its tenant, who had slept there for perhaps hundreds of years! There was not a single inscription or device of any kind to be seen in all these gloomy chambers of death

It seems that there was some uneasiness on board the boat at my stay, and Ibraham was sent after me.

Let me attempt a description of this messenger: He is the boy of the vessel and is about sixteen years of age. To say he is handsome scarcely does him justice. We all think him very handsome. In all his movements he is as natural and graceful as a gazelle, a native of Cairo, five feet eight inches high, copper-colored, teeth and eyes very fine, and features perfectly regular and delicately cut; his legs and arms are beautiful, and his hands and feet are like those of a girl. His smile—which is almost constant—is one of entire good nature, and no one on board has yet seen him out of temper. He is ever ready to assist us, and jumps with alacrity when we require any service. His dress is a red turban and an indigo-blue cotton frock, extending just below the knees and bound with a white cord around the waist.

At 6 the sun set in glory; he sank as he rose in glowing red, which the sailors say indicates a hot to-morrow. The thermometer is eighty-three this evening and the air is close and oppressive.

In spite of a hard day's work only ten miles have been

made to-day, and we tied up for rest and a change of wind in the immediate vicinity of an extensive ruin which our dragoman says is Roman; but Murray is silent, and we must grope in the dark.

Huge masses of stone, which look as if they had in ancient times represented various animals, but now are much worn and broken, are ranged in full view; we went to them, but could make nothing out of them. Near by there were brick walls twelve feet thick, crumbling to decay. These are unquestionably Roman, as the form and size of the bricks clearly indicate. I should think that an extensive fortress once stood here, as there are still remains of ruined towers.

At ro o'clock not a voice or sound was heard except the ripple of the tide on our bows. Our Arabs are all stretched at full length on the decks, sleeping soundly after their day's work, with no bed but the planks and no covering but the moon and stars, which light up the dusky figures of the sleepers. Such a sky, moon, and stars can be seen only in Egypt.

Until to-day, I never realized the truth of the Arab proverb, "He who drinks the waters of the Nile will thirst for them again," and the reason, no doubt, is, that until within a few days our water-filter did not work well. Now it is right, and our dragoman serves us with clear, cool, and sweet water, equally good for drinking and washing, in fact, the softest water we ever used.

The winds on the Nile are very capricious; we have suddenly been brought up, all standing, on reaching a perfectly smooth piece of water on which the wind does not blow at all. That being passed we are again carried along at a capital rate. We were towed across one of the mirror-like spots to-day, and when fairly over our lateen sail filled at once; great and sudden changes of temperature are thus produced. To-day I observed a fall of seven degrees in about twelve minutes! At Esneh we saw dogs of enormous

size, at least a fourth larger than the Newfoundland or St. Bernard; they are very ferocious, and have heads and tails not unlike the hyena. They are bred in the mountains and are treated almost like wild beasts, constantly chained.

January 18th.—A fine breeze sprang up between 5 and 6 A.M. Our sailors were roused after a sound night's rest; all was bustle and activity on deck. The great lateen sail was hoisted to the usual song, and the Belzoni is again parting the water in fine style; but, strange to say, in about fifteen minutes we were again becalmed, and our sturdy crew betook themselves once more to their poles. The morning is perfectly beautiful as the sun rises and lights up scenes of loveliness on both sides of the river, such as can only be seen on the Nile.

We are within fifty miles of the First Cataract. Ranges of lofty hills separate the deserts from the cultivable lands on both sides, and stretch up the river as far as the eye can reach. Between these ranges and the river there is a level plain on each side varying in width from a quarter to half a mile; and in some places gradually sloping to the edge of the water and carpeted with the brightest and richest verdure, which is brilliantly reflected on the placid surface of the stream. What scenes for the poet and the painter! Inspiration cannot slumber here, and the pencil of the artist cannot fail to find employment.

And "the voices of the Nile," how shall I describe them? At this moment I hear the sounds of men, animals, and birds, the songs of the sakia and the shadoof, the distant braying of the donkey, the solemn and distressing moan of the camel, the chirp of the sparrow, the howl of the jackal, all united in one sad chorus, proclaiming the sadness of a land oppressed and enslaved by despotism, whose monarch claims to be the sovereign owner of all the land of Egypt; and the poor fellaheen who wear out their life are but tenants at will, who must depart at an hour's notice to quit, and all

they are allowed to carry with them from the spot where, perhaps, they were born, is the few movables they possess, and the materials of which their wretched houses are constructed, to settle, they know not where.

An instance of the cruelty and injustice of the Government occurred in March, 1865, at Gow, a small village on the river. A man committed some minor offence and fled, escaping into the desert. For the crime of the fugitive, not only Gow, but some five or six other neighboring villages were levelled to the ground, and the wretched inhabitants massacred to the number of sixteen hundred of all ages and sexes. Lady Duff Gordon says she was within a few miles of the spot at the time, and that two thousand perished, while our dragoman, who was near the scene at the time of the tragedy, on his way up the river, says that four hundred were slaughtered.

It is not easy to reconcile such conflicting statements, but of the fact that there was a massacre there is no doubt. This is the usual mode of punishing crime when the criminal escapes, the idea being to make each community responsible for the acts of its members. On this subject, and under the title of "Government," see Lane's "Modern Egyptians," for some curious and interesting statements and instances of the modes of administering justice.

We have distanced our competitors in the long race up the river. Our friends, the Booths, left ten days ahead of us, the Parsons seven, and others two and three. Now they are all astern of the *Belzoni*. It is not that they have stopped to see more places than we have, because the programme of every dahabeah is the same, almost from necessity, to wit, to stop on returning down the river; all the contracts so provide; but the cause of our greater speed is, I am told by some of themselves, that our boat is managed better than the others.

After luncheon I went ashore for a walk, and ascended a

high rocky bluff, from which I had an extensive view of the river and surrounding landscape. The scene was one of perfect desolation. An extensive valley lay before me covered with huge shelving rocks and yellow sand. The stillness of death reigned there, which was intensified by the sight of a condor sailing slowly over it, until it came to a halt; poising itself in the air and remaining perfectly motionless for a few moments, it suddenly fell like a stone to the earth, and rose again in an instant with something in its beak. I turned my back on a sight that oppressed me, and after plunging through sand drifts and stumbling over sharp stones, I reached the river in a melting mood, the thermometer marking eighty-one.

(4 P.M.) We are running through Gebel-Silsilis, where the great quarries are situated which, it is said, have supplied most of the stones for the great buildings and structures in Egypt. These quarries are on both sides of the Nile, which at this point is only eleven hundred feet wide. They are almost as interesting as the grand ruins of Karnak, the gigantic blocks of which were taken from them.

In several places in these quarries there are smooth square openings in the solid stone mass which are estimated to be not less than a hundred feet in height, seventy-five feet in width, and about the same in thickness, from which it is quite evident that sections of equal dimensions were taken entire.

A great many of these enormous cuttings are seen in the quarries of the east side of the river also. In the quarries there are also many tombs, in some of the inner chambers of which we can distinctly see with the aid of our glasses many sculptures in bold relief; several of these tombs are in an unfinished state; many are very fine and have magnificent columns and pediments hewn out of the solid rock.

Like most of the tombs along the Nile, these have been emptied to furnish the museums of the world and cabinets of

antiquarians, and they are now the hiding places of wild Bedouins and beasts of the desert.

The inquiry naturally suggests itself, on looking at these interesting quarries, How were the huge masses of stone thus separated from the mountain of rock? It is, of course, not easy to determine by what process and with what instruments it was done. On examining the perfectly smooth walls of rock from which the blocks were taken, it suggests the idea of a gigantic cheese, out of which an enormous slice has been cut by a knife and then removed bodily; and the beholder's amazement increases when he asks himself how the sections thus severed from the mountain were removed, and still more, how they were carried—as in some cases—hundred of miles, and, having reached their destination, how were they raised to the places and positions in which we now see them?

Answers to some of these questions, and indeed to most of them, are to be found in the sculptures on the walls of the Great Temples, and especially the Tombs of the Kings, as I will endeavor to show in the sequel.

Soon after passing Gebel-Silsilis our boat ran hard aground on a sand bar. In an instant the ten sailors were stripped and under the vessel (the third time to-day), trying by main force to get her afloat, in which, after an hour's hard work, they succeeded. When the Arab sailors make a concerted effort they utter a shrill, piercing cry, and as we grounded just where the most remarkable echo in Egypt is heard, a clear and distinct repetition of every note came back to us, first from the west, and, in a short interval, from the east side of the river.

The moment the boat was afloat the sailors jumped aboard, and another animated and interesting performance began which passes description. The danger was imminent that we would run on an opposite sand-bank, the wind being fresh in that direction; the whole crew, captain, and pilot were speaking and gesticulating at the same time, each seem-

ing to command the other; they rushed to and fro; some were entirely naked; each appeared to do as he thought best; some pushed with poles in opposite directions on the same side of the boat, and others hauled in the lateen sail. Finally, we cleared both bars and shot rapidly along. Joseph explained the matter thus: Instead of each taking his own way and ordering each other, as it seemed to us, all were acting on the orders of the reis, as the result indeed proved.

We continued our course till 10 at night, when we suddenly struck again, and so violently as nearly to throw the ladies from their chairs. Again the sailors were under the boat, and we were off in half an hour. When they came aboard, after the fourth plunge of the day, they made a strange appearance, as their naked figures moved about the deck in the flickering light of the fire at which their supper was being cooked. They looked like the inhabitants of the lower regions more than men. The Arab sailor is almost amphibious. The mercury was at ninety-five degrees nearly all day, and seventy-seven degrees at 9 P.M., and they have been frequently in the water between these great extremes.

The other day our reis entered the cabin with a dignified air, and, extending his right hand, made a speech, which our dragoman translated thus: "To-morrow is the end of Ramadan; it is a great day for Arabs, and if it pleases you to give us a sheep, we will be glad." Of course, the petition was granted.

The next day the sheep was eaten, and, after the feast, each sailor advanced and said, "May God give thee one hundred years more."

January 19th.—In the distance, the ruins of the temples of Kom-Ombo are seen on the east side of the river, beautifully situated on an elevated point. We still lead the fleet at least five miles, except the *Teodalinda*, which is two miles astern.

At this point, which is twenty-five miles below Assouan, the

cultivable land is limited to a very narrow strip on each side of the river, and continues thus all the way to the First Cataract, as our dragoman tells me. The desert is in the ascendancy here, overflowing the high ranges of hills with its floods of bright yellow sand, and blighting everything it touches.

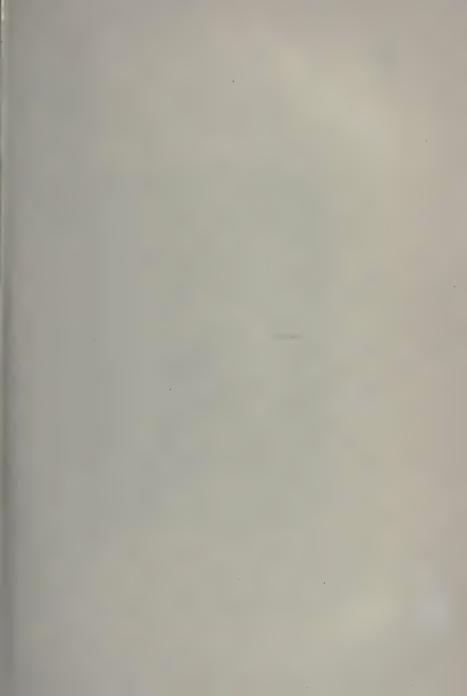
Palm trees are numerous here, but as they grow in groups or clumps, springing from one root, they are not so straight and majestic as those lower down. On arriving here we fully expected to see many crocodiles, as this is their favorite haunt, but the disgusting creatures disappointed us.

I have been on deck steadily the greater part of the day, impatient for the first glimpse of Assouan, the frontier town between Egypt and Nubia. We ran in at noon, after a voyage of just three weeks from Cairo.

There are fourteen dahabeahs lying here, of which four are American, six English, one French, one German, one Austrian, and one Italian. They present a gay and beautiful appearance, drawn up in line along the shore, with all their flags, signals, and pennants flying. As we ran in, the other boats saluted us with discharges of firearms—a custom on the Nile when strangers arrive.

Here I found Dr. Alexander M. Bruen, an old college friend, with his wife and three children, returning from the Second Cataract, waiting repairs to their vessel, which was seriously damaged in passing down the First Cataract. They had a narrow escape, a large opening having been made by a sharp rock in the bottom of their boat.

The shore was crowded with natives, who beset us, on landing, to sell their wares, such as spears, arrows, knives, and daggers, all evidently home-made; also ostrich plumes and eggs, elephants' teeth, scarabei, mats, baskets, fruits, sandal and other woods, etc. From the deck of our boat these people presented a novel and picturesque appearance, but one shrinks from contact on seeing their uncleanliness. Yet





Bédouin of the Red Sea.

they are not rude, but always good-natured to strangers and among themselves.

The town stands a short distance back from the river, on an elevated position. Being on the frontier, it is a place of considerable importance. All the trade with the interior centres here, hence a great variety of the native tribes is represented. An African camp was pitched outside of the town, composed of thirty or forty men, whose journey has occupied nearly four months. These men were all fullblooded negroes, and a more cheerful, simple-hearted lot are rarely seen together. A short distance off there was an encampment of Bishareen Arabs, as Joseph calls them, without tents or any shelter whatever. Many of them were stretched on the sand sleeping soundly in the sun, with their heads covered, and their horses tethered near them, and their long spears stacked in the centre ground. Further on there was a group of Bedouins, the wildest-looking cut-throats imaginable, with greasy, shining skins stretched over gaunt, muscular, rigid frames enured to the hardships and fatigues of desert life. There was not a pleasant face among them; all were sullen, stern, and seemingly intent on mischief, but for the restraint of law. One of them was the wildest specimen of humanity I ever saw. He was sitting in the sand, and in such a position that I could study him unobserved. He had long, flowing, jet-black hair, which fell in profusion below the waist and over his shoulders. He wore a short tunic of broad white and brown stripes, with a girdle of yellow silken material, in which he carried a pistol and an unsheathed knife, and in the ground by his side was stuck his long lance.

The Bedouins wear no covering on the head and no shoes. The arms and legs are also bare. They are straight and erect, but below the middle height, and, like all the other Arab tribes who live in the saddle, they are thin and wiry. They mount and dismount with wonderful agility, each movement at a bound. In addition to small arms and the lance,

some of them had carbines slung over their shoulders. They have a bad reputation as brigands of the desert, who do not scruple to take life if resisted.

The dahabeah of Lady Duff Gordon is moored near ours. We had a case of wine addressed to her, and sent it with our cards. She returned her card by her dragoman, with a message saying she was not in health to call on us, and invited us to visit her to-morrow.

Crowds of people of all ages and sexes came round me in the town, offering a variety of things for sale, or clamoring for baksheesh, so that it was not easy to get through. Many of the women wear large rings in their noses, and heavy, rudely made anklets and bracelets of silver, and some also wear necklaces of gold and long strings of Egyptian gold coins. None of the females wear veils, as in Middle and Lower Egypt.

This evening, with the captain, dragoman, and two of the sailors acting as guides and a body-guard, I visited that part of the town which is frequented by the disreputable and vicious. We had no light but that of the half moon, which showed us scores of females wandering about the dirty crooked lanes and by-places. They accosted us on all sides; some were mere children certainly not over ten or twelve years of age.

We entered a den where were four females, each nearly covered with finery and trinkets. The room was furnished with divans and a table, and suspended from the thatching there was a clay lamp of ancient form with a rag burning in oil, and giving just light enough to show the wretched inmates.

We were invited to sit down and smoke. One of the women was strikingly beautiful. At my request, the dragoman invited her to accompany us to the boat to see the ladies; she consented, if allowed to take a friend with her. On entering the saloon they kissed the hands of the ladies and showed their finery and trinkets like children. On taking leave hands

were kissed again, and they promised to come the next night and dance for us.

January 20th.—I went ashore early this morning, hoping to find the coast clear, so that I might move about and see the place and its surroundings with more freedom; but the people were there in force in the various costumes of the countries and tribes to which they belonged. It was indeed a beautiful Oriental sight, almost worth the whole journey.

There were dromedaries and donkeys for hire, the keepers surrounding me and by signs recommending their own as the best. The usual variety of wares was again in the market, and, in addition to the list of yesterday, there were fish, pigeons, rabbits, dates, pomegranates, lupins, and a variety of vegetables and nuts, cheese, milk in earthen bowls with wicker covers, whips of rhinoceros hide, warlike implements, musical instruments, a variety of shells, ancient pottery with Greek inscriptions and some with hieroglyphics, besides a variety of other articles.

A man offered me a round shield made of crocodile skin, the use of which I affected not to know. The naked Ethiopian at once put himself in a defensive attitude, and in an instant a sham fight was gotten up with another sable bystander. It was an excellent piece of acting, and they considered themselves well paid on receiving a few paras, of the value of about four cents. I took my first ride on a dromedary for half an hour up and down the beach, but would prefer a hard-trotting horse for half a day.

As the morning wore on the travellers in the fleet of dahabeahs began to turn out, and a conference was held to devise plans for filling up the time of our stay at Assouan to the best advantage for recreation and sight-seeing.

A German baron whom we met at the Hotel du Nil called and spent an hour with us over pipes and coffee, and a programme for each day was finally settled.

After early breakfast-first breakfast-myself and wife

visited the island of Elephantine in our sandal, accompanied by some American friends. We landed near the ruins of an Egyptian temple, of which little remains but piles of rubbish, with here and there a few broken columns of beautiful syenite (granite), a gateway, portions of stone walls inscribed with hieroglyphics, and a solitary statue of red granite in a sitting posture; the head and features are almost perfect. These ruins have been built upon in successive ages by Greeks, Romans, and Turks, and the ruins of these superstructures are easily traceable; they are, in fact, more ruinous than the ruins on which they were built.

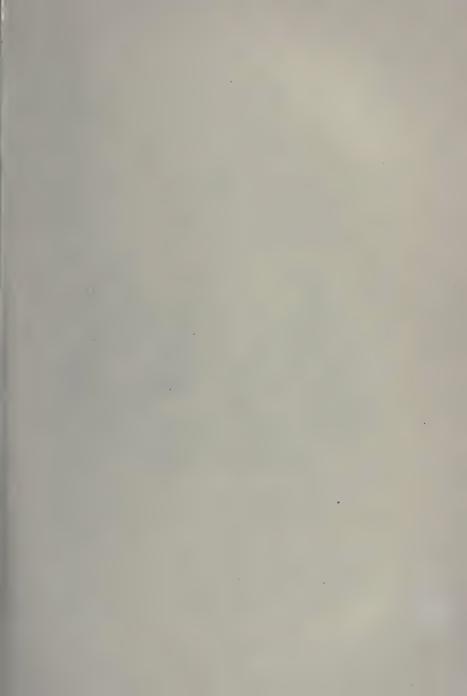
There are some Saracenic arches on the southern extremity of the island in a good state of preservation. One part of the site of the great temple, which covered nearly half of the south end of Elephantine, has been converted into a cemetery by the natives, and the whole surface is thickly strewn with fragments of broken pottery, relics of Roman antiquity, as is evident from the designs.

The views up and down the Nile from the summit of these ruins are extensive, beautiful, wild, and interesting. In the distance, on all sides, crowning the tops of the hills, are to be seen many other ruins and ancient remains, besides acres of ruined Turkish and Arab tombs.

The river is bordered with long lines and groups of jetblack rocks, worn by the action of the water into strange, fantastic shapes, on many of which there are hieroglyphics and sculptures.

The northern end of this interesting island is in a high state of cultivation and beautifully adorned with palms, beneath whose lofty and widespread branches fields of grain carpet the ground with the brilliant verdure peculiar to Egypt.

As soon as we landed on the island the natives gathered round us offering curiosities, or, as they called them, "anticas." These people were scantily clothed and some were





The mode of grinding grain at the East. The primitive mills of the world,
"Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken,
and the other left,"—Matt, xxiv: 41.

quite naked. We gave them a few paras to silence their clamor, but it had the contrary effect; they all wanted more. I bought a Greek coin with an inscription not entirely legible for eighty paras; it turned out to be of the reign of Philip of Macedon, as a French savan who is here tells me.

On returning to our boat we were followed by a long train of all ages and sexes, begging, as usual, for baksheesh. On the way we saw two women grinding grain with a handmill, which was composed of a lower millstone, the upper surface of which was concave, and an upper stone, the lower side of which was convex. The Bible names of these are the upper and nether millstones. The grain was poured into a hole in the upper stone, which is the one which revolves, the lower stone being a fixture. A wooden handle was fixed into the upper stone, and the women, sitting opposite to each other, drove it round with rapidity.

A cloth was spread round the mill into which the meal fell. These are the mills which were used in Bible times, unchanged in any respect. Only the women of the families used them then, and it is just so now. Every family had one, and it was exempt from execution under the Mosaic law, and it is just so now. Our Lord alludes to the custom of employing women thus in his prophecy concerning the destruction of Jerusalem. "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; one shall be taken and the other left" (Matt. xxiv., 41).

The women at this mill sang as they drove the stone rapidly round, again proving how strictly all the customs of ancient times are adhered to, to this day. See Jeremiah xxv., 10, which shows that the absence of "the sound of the mill-stones" was a sure sign of desolation.

We got into our sandal and directed the Arabs by signs to pull toward the cataracts, which they did, until the current was too powerful to contend against, and the boat turned round and passed swiftly down the river, the Arabs keeping time to the music of one of their boat songs.

In the afternoon "Omar," the faithful dragoman for six years, as Lady Gordon calls him in her book on Egypt, called with a note, inviting us to visit her. We accompanied him to her dahabeah, after a little chat with him in our saloon, which proved him to be intelligent and fluent in the use of English. Omar is an Egyptian, and is often mentioned affectionately in her ladyship's book.

We found Lady Gordon seated on deck in an easy-chair under an awning; she received us cordially and at once began a lively conversation about Egypt, her favorite theme, during which pipes and coffee were introduced. We passed an hour with her very agreeably, but the interview was cut short by a distressing cough, which was aggravated by talking. On leaving, we were invited to call often during our stay at Assouan. She told us that her health required her to reside permanently in the dry climate of Egypt. She is attended by her son, a young gentleman of intelligence and agreeable manners, in his twenty-first year.

After dinner our friends came to see the promised entertainment in our saloon. Three of the "ghawazees" or dancing-girls of Assouan came at 8 P.M., accompanied by three-musicians, a man and two women, who, on entering salaamed to the ladies and gentlemen and squatted on the carpet near the door. The dancers followed, and going to each person in the saloon took up the right hand in both of theirs, kissed it, and then took their positions in the middle of the room.

The instruments of music were a "kawangeh," a stringed instrument resembling in sound, but not in shape, our violin, a drum, and a tambourine. The music was, like all we had heard in the East, of a sad, plaintive kind, and not such as in Europe or America would stimulate dancing or excite mirth.

These ghawazees were considered the best dancers in Assouan, "stars" selected by our dragoman to show us the highest style of their art. Their ages were said to be from

fourteen to twenty-five, the oldest being considered the best dancer in Upper Egypt.

They were dressed in gayly colored costumes and decked with a profusion of gold and silver coins hung in many strings on their necks and wrists and entwined in their hair; they also wore ear-rings of small gold coins and thick, rudely made silver anklets, which from their weight and massiveness looked more like manacles than ornaments. Each also had bells on her fingers, which she used in the way that Spanish dancers use castanets. The dances being in no respect like ours, are rather difficult of description.

When the music began, one of the ghawazees stepped to the centre and began a series of muscular contortions of the body—the legs and arms being always motionless—until the body was convulsed and quivered violently, throwing the dancer into a profuse perspiration. Each of the three went through the same performance in turn, then the music struck up a more lively air, the dancers joined hands, moved round rapidly for a few minutes, and the first part of the performance ended.

After a brief rest the kawangeh struck up and the dancers were on their feet again for the second part of the performance. This was commenced by one of them, who began to take off her trinkets and hand them to one of her associates, after which disrobing was commenced, a proceeding which the dragoman promptly stopped, and after a repetition of the first dance the evening's entertainment closed.

Joseph treated the performers to cigarettes, cakes, and wine, and paid the master of ceremonies the stipulated fee. The girls took seats at our sides, showed us their trinkets and finery, and chatted in Arabic. More wine was passed around, the ghawazees again kissed the hands of each of us, the musicians again salaamed, and we were left to ourselves.

The First Cataract; Philæ; Syene; Khamseen Wind; Slave Market; Island of Elephantine; Begin Return down the Nile; Kom-Ombo; Ouarries at Silsilis.

January 21st, 1869.—This morning a party of six was made up for a visit to the cataracts and Philæ. Our dragoman, cook, and two sailors accompanied us. The beach was unusually crowded with donkey-boys in the neighborhood of our boat, who, no doubt, had an intimation that they and their animals might be wanted.

The start was amusing, surrounded as we were by this collection of noisy fellows, each exclaiming in all the English he could command, "Dis good donkey." "Him no good donkey." While this was going on, and Joseph was selecting and getting the animals ready, a number of the natives came down to the shore, between whom and the donkey-boys we were beset and importuned to buy their wares.

At last all were mounted, and it was with difficulty that we made our way out of the crowd. Just after the start I learned by experience that I had forgotten my first lesson in donkey riding. I had slipped forward on the fore-shoulders of the animal, which are always weak, and was tumbled over his head into the dry, soft sand; fortunately I was behind the party and escaped being laughed at.

We ambled along very pleasantly, each followed by a donkey-boy—eight in all—who kept the animals at a brisk pace by incessant thrashing. One of our stoutest sailors, a splendid Nubian, whom, on account of his manly dignity and

good nature, we called the Prince, accompanied my wife to steady her on her donkey and help her when climbing steep and rugged places.

The first part of the road after leaving Assouan lay through an extensive Turkish cemetery filled with ruined tombs, the dismal aspect of which surpasses imagination. We then emerged into the desert, the dreariest and most gloomy sight of all. Immense masses of rock and huge boulders in a great variety of curious shapes stood piled up on all sides on the sandy plain.

There was not a leaf or blade of vegetation, or anything with a sign of life in it to relieve the utter deadness of the scene; and, as if to intensify the sadness and solitariness of the region, here and there were seen the ancient ruins of great buildings, and long and irregular lines and heaps of rubbish, marking the site of the ancient Syene.

Thus we rode for two hours, through the burning sun, till we reached a point on the river opposite Philæ, where the party dismounted and got into a boat. On the way to the island we saw a native woman crossing the river swimming, supported by a log of wood under each arm, carrying a large earthen bowl in both hands and a bundle on her head. We afterward saw many others swimming over with bulky loads on their heads. At a sudden turn in the river we got a fine view of Philæ: the whole island covered with magnificent ruins was before us at a glance.

We landed, and clambered up the steep embankment until, on reaching an elevated point, we obtained new and beautiful views. The northern extremity of the island is almost circular, and it tapers nearly to a point at the southern extremity. It is said to be a quarter of a mile long.

The remains of the grand temple of Osiris occupy nearly the whole area of the island. This temple was supposed to have been built three hundred years before this era, so that it is but half as old as Karnak and many other Egyptian ruins. We ascended to the summit of a tower, from which we had a magnificent and extensive view of the Nile and the desert on both sides of it. Here again we saw enormous piles of rocks in strange forms, mostly in groups, both on the land and in the water. The desolation seems complete when one turns his gaze from nature to the grand ruins. Here stood majestic buildings, which must have been among the proudest achievements of architecture, now crumbling to dust at our feet. No language can express how mournfully impressive is this grand spectacle. In the distance is heard the roar of the Nile, as its floods rush over the cataracts, seeming to send up a wail of lamentation over the departed grandeur of the "Sacred Island."

Our dragoman and cook had prepared luncheon in the temple of Isis, a large fragment of which had fallen from the roof, serving the purpose of a table and some fragments of columns serving for seats.

The view from this spacious hall in which we are sitting, is most striking. On one side there is a long colonnade of almost perfect columns still crowned with their capitals; on the other there is a court of immense extent, on three sides of which remain most of the columns, and part of those on the fourth side. So much of these majestic temples and colonnades is preserved that it is easy for the imagination to form an estimate of their pristine grandeur. The architecture being much more modern than that of all the other Egyptian temples, it is far more light, airy, and graceful.

We spent the greater part of the day among these magnificent ruins, and returned to our boat highly gratified with the sights and experiences of the day.

The Arab boatmen pushed out into the stream, and, when we were fairly clear of the numerous rocks, they commenced one of their wild songs, to the measure of which they seemed to keep time. We landed a little above the Grand Rapids, and, ascending the steep bank, we had a

fine view of them. Several Nubians threw themselves into the seething torrent, each with a log in his arms, and almost in an instant out of sight; in a few minutes they stood before us stark naked, claiming baksheesh for the feats they had performed.

We again entered our boat, and, after a good deal of tipping and scraping on the rocks, which it was impossible to avoid on account of the number and rapidity of the currents, we landed, remounted our donkeys, and were soon ambling over the desert again, the sun setting behind us, and giving the whole scene a more sad and gloomy aspect than before, as the strange, fantastic rows and groups of black rocks through which the paths passed cast their long, dismal shadows forward.

On our way through the extensive cemetery—which, as already remarked, is filled with crumbling tombs—we saw a large fox, stealthily gliding among the graves until he reached the top of a rock a little way off, when he turned and looked defiantly at us for a few minutes, and then bounded away.

January 22d.—In Ezekiel xxix., 10, and xxx., 6, in the margin, Egypt is said to have extended from Migdol, which is near the mouth of the eastern arm of the Delta, to Syene or Assouan. Profane writers also assign the same limits. The Nile, which rises perhaps two thousand miles to the south, in the interior of Africa, enters Egypt at this place, pouring its impetuous torrent over the falls and cataracts, among the black granite rocks, and emerging at the southern end of Elephantine Island, continues its course "in still and silent majesty through the whole length of the land of Egypt." The scenery at the two extremes is entirely different; that of the Delta is flat and monotonous, while that at Assouan and immediately round the cataracts is rolling, lofty, and picturesque in the highest degree.

The best and most highly cultivated parts of Europe can-

not be compared with the valley of the Nile for freshness and power of vegetation, and for the variety and abundance of vegetable productions. From one end of it to the other it is a lovely garden, a verdant meadow, a field of flowers, or a waving ocean of grain. This fertility depends, as is well known, upon the annual and regular inundations of the Nile. Hence Egypt is called by Herodotus "the gift of the Nile."

Ourselves and three friends went in a sandal to-day to the cataracts; we had the dragoman and four of the strongest sailors and a pilot. The trip to the point of debarkation occupied two hours, against a very powerful current, requiring all the strength of the rowers to pull against it.

On reaching the cataracts we saw the dahabeah of an English party, who were bound to the Second Cataract, high and dry on the rocks. They had been in their present position nearly a week, in spite of the efforts of a hundred and fifty Arabs to get them off. It was a very exciting scene. The sheik and the reis were both present directing the operations of this vast force, which was stretched in long lines in several directions, and also placed in groups in and around the boat. with ropes and heavy wooden levers. Nearly all were naked and in the water. All seemed to be gesticulating wildly and screaming at the top of their voices; each seemed to be issuing orders, and many were running in different directions. presenting a scene of the greatest confusion. At last the reis of the cataracts rushed among them screaming and throwing dust in the air to excite a concerted movement: it was successful, the boat began to move slowly, and with another strong pull away she went up the roaring, dashing cataract in gallant style, the Arabs almost drowning the sound of the waters with their wild screams. It was a sight well worth seeing, the most exciting imaginable.

Possibly the same mode of moving heavy masses of stone such as the colossi, obelisks, etc., was used in ancient times; this is abundantly shown by the sculptures in the tombs of the kings at Thebes and on other monuments in various places in the Upper Nile, where may be seen represented exactly the same operation we have witnessed to-day.

The reis stands on some elevated point in sight of the men, gesticulating wildly and throwing dust in the air, and the men are harnessed by long ropes to the sledge containing the object to be moved; and thus by main force of hundreds of men, these enormous monoliths, which stagger modern engineers as to how they were transported by the ancients, were moved to great distances from the quarries whence they were taken.

Here we saw several small boys throw themselves into the boiling torrent, and by great skill and dexterity guide themselves on their logs as they were carried with wild impetuosity through narrow openings in the rocks, on which they seemed every moment in danger of being dashed to pieces. In an incredibly short space of time these amphibious urchins clambered up the rocks and stood dripping before us clamoring for baksheesh. We also saw several women swimming across the river with large baskets on their heads full of vegetables and fruits.

Here, as below, the Nile is studded on both sides with long lines and groups of jet-black granite rocks, which have been worn by the water into the most singular forms, some of which resemble animals of different kinds; others are like giants and others exactly like mummies. Many sculptures are seen on these rocks, also, resembling those on the monuments and temples.

Our next excursion was to the great quarries which lie to the east of Assouan, on the edge of the desert. Our donkeys took us to them in a little more than an hour. On the way we saw the grave of a young Englishman, with a stone inscribed thus: "Daniel Cave, Esq., drowned in the Cataracts of the Nile, January 30, 1861"; it is in a Coptic cemetery, which, like all the others in Egypt, is dismal and desolate

beyond description. "What a spot for a Christian to be laid!" more than one of those who looked on exclaimed at the same moment. The dying charge of Jacob to his sons never came to my mind with such force and significance as now. "I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers." Also the oath that Joseph, when he was dying, required of the children of Israel, "Ye shall carry up my bones from hence."

In the cemeteries of the Turks and Arabs the grave is fully invested with all its horrors, the seal of death is impressed on everything. No vegetation grows there, and no attempt is made to restore and keep the tombs and monuments in order. As they fall, so they are allowed to lie. Not a living thing is seen in these courts of death except the jackal, the hyena, the wolf, and the fox, which prowl with stealthy step over them in the daytime, hiding in the resting-places of the dead, and howling over them in the night-time.

All around the western outskirts of this extensive graveyard of Assouan lie in dismal heaps of crumbling ruins all that now remains to mark the site of the once proud and splendid city of Syene. The desert bounds the easterly side of the cemetery, and taking a comprehensive view of the whole from an elevated point, the scene is wonderfully impressive. We pushed on to the quarries and found them yery extensive and interesting.

The first thing that arrested our attention was a great monolith, which was evidently intended for an obelisk. It was lying partly buried in the sand at the base of the enormous mass from which it had been riven just where the workmen left it probably thousands of years ago, but there is no record of its history. It is of that peculiar red granite which takes its name from the place and is called "syenite," very hard and susceptible of the highest polish. We measured so much of this gigantic block as was not buried in the sand, and found it ninety-eight and a half feet long, and thirteen

and a half feet square at the base. Its weight has been variously estimated at from fifteen hundred to two thousand tons. This huge mass was separated from the quarry, incredible as it may seem, in the following manner: A groove was cut about eight inches deep and three inches wide in the surface of about the required length of the block; then at intervening spaces of about twelve inches the groove was cut deeper, and into these deepened holes or grooves wooden wedges were driven. The long groove was then filled with water and kept full until, by the swelling and expansion of the wedges, the enormous mass was rent asunder. There can be no doubt that this was the manner in which it was done, as the marks of the wedges are visible all over the quarries. We saw them on the block before us, and, on ascending to the place from which it was riven, we saw the corresponding marks there.

We had an extensive view from the summit of this quarry, comprising many miles of the river north and south, the islands, the cataracts, the vast necropolis alluded to, and beyond, on all sides, the illimitable, dreary deserts.

On returning to Assouan, we again visited the bazaars, riding through the narrow lanes, our donkeys jostling men, women, children, camels, etc., which crowd these lanes. Three donkeys can hardly go abreast through some of the lanes. We met a gang of poor wretches chained together and marching under heavily armed guards to prison. They looked at us piteously and held out their hands for baksheesh. Some were nearly naked, and all looked starved and miserable in the extreme.

January 23d.—About midnight the "simoon," as the Arabs call it, "khamseen," as the Egyptians call it, swept over us with great fury, and the air is filled with clouds of dust from the desert. This morning the temperature has so greatly changed that we find winter clothing necessary. We never experienced a greater or more sudden change in America. The invalids in the fleet of dahabeahs felt it

keenly, and the natives, who usually crowd the shore early in the morning, are absent to-day; only two or three who have some clothing have ventured out to sell their wares.

The hurricane is from the vast desert to the east of us, which lies between the Nile and the Red Sea. It has long been regarded as poisonous, but such is not the case; it is, however, dangerous to travellers in the deserts, who are liable to be suffocated by it. The whole atmosphere is lurid to-day, and the sun appears as a globe of fire and twice its usual size.

I visited the places where the traders from the interior assemble and unload their camels. A caravan has just come in from a journey of some months, and a hard-looking party of Arabs and negroes they were. I was greatly interested in it. The camels had been unloaded and were lying hobbled in the sand. The merchandise, which was various, such as gums, senna, fruits, elephants' teeth, skins, indigo, etc., was in heaps on the ground as if of little value. I suppose that many of these people had never seen a white man before. I was gazed at with as much curiosity as I gazed at them. They were a good-natured set of fellows, especially the negroes, with whom I felt a desire for a nearer acquaintance, but my dragoman cautioned me, saying they were uncleanly.

Accompanied by the ladies, we made a visit later in the day to the slave-market; it was not largely stocked. Eight miserable wretches were all that remained unsold. We were eyed suspiciously on entering the gateway of the pens, which were opened just enough to let one pass in at a time, a precaution which our dragoman explained by saying it was unlawful to deal in slaves in Egypt! A rather unsatisfactory explanation, after seeing boats going down the river literally piled with slaves! We found eight slaves in a small, dark dungeon, through which the light was admitted only through the door. The owner, or guard, reclined on a mat, with his property crouching round him. He wore a sword in a rough leather

sheath, a naked dagger glistened in his girdle, and a pistol and gun lay in front of him. These creatures had just arrived from a three-months' journey in the interior, which they performed on foot. We were taken for purchasers, as Joseph said, otherwise we would not have been admitted.

These poor negroes were in such a condition as almost beggars description; their only covering was a piece of cotton cloth round the waist of each of the women; the men and children were naked. They were living skeletons, nothing more. All were as black as ebony, and their woolly heads were thickly matted with dirt. One of the women was grinding meal with two stones. All were foot-sore from their long journey over the sands, and scarcely able to stand. No humane being could advocate slavery after such a sight.

Some dromedaries were on the shore to-day in charge of small boys, the oldest of whom was certainly not more than twelve years, who were offering them to the travellers for a ride. It was amusing to see how these urchins managed the great animals, which were led round by rope halters. When a call was made by a traveller, these boys hurried along pulling their dromedaries, and with a tug at the halter down came the animals on their knees ready to be mounted. Such as were not hired were mounted by the boys, who started off to show the superiority of their animals, which are under complete control.

I visited an encampment of Bishareen Arabs to-day, truly a very wild and haggard-looking set. They were armed with long lances and round helmets, the latter being made of rhinoceros hide. They had exchanged slaves and other merchandise for salt and other things, and were preparing to return to the interior. They take back with them such articles as calicoes, beads, powder, ball, and salt. Some of these children of the desert were good-looking, tall, erect, and dignified, the sheik or patriarch especially so. He was a hale old man, with long white hair tied up under a sort of turban

for convenience of riding. I was disappointed in the appearance of their horses, which did not come up to my exalted opinion, formed chiefly by what I had read. Portions of two tribes appeared to have mingled together here. Those who had horses ranged over the country bordering on the Nile, but those who had camels, which were most numerous, penetrated further back. These wild men of the desert, being free from all foreign control or restraint, and separated from all other nations, have preserved with a singular tenacity their ancient manners and customs. Their language also is said to be unchanged and to resemble Hebrew closely, and it seems a little wonderful that the manners, customs, histories, and languages of these people have not been more cultivated, especially in schools of theology. Why should not such culture shed light on the Holy Scriptures?

A high cold wind has prevailed all day loaded with sand, which penetrates everything, but it went down with the sun, and the Nile is glassy again. In Upper Egypt the winds are most uncertain. Violent gales spring up suddenly and become tornadoes, when the temperature changes rapidly, raising and carrying almost solid perpendicular columns of sand, and sinking dahabeahs in an instant. Hence arises the chief danger in navigating this river, and all properly drawn contracts between the traveller and the dragoman should contain a clause requiring a sailor to be "constantly stationed at the rope of the lateen sail holding it in his hands, and ready to let it fly when there is danger of being struck," otherwise fatal disasters may occur.

We visited a friend on board his dahabeah, who showed us an eagle which he shot with a rifle at very long range; it measured ten feet between the tips of the wings. We have seen hundreds of these birds on the river, of enormous size, also many other different species of the largest birds, such as flamingoes, pelicans, cranes, herons, bitterns, etc. The country is full of the smaller classes also, many of which are good for the table, such as desert-grouse, something like the American partridge, the quail, the pigeon, etc. Here also are myriads of birds of beautiful plumage, but, as before remarked, there is not a singing bird in all this sad and melancholy land of Egypt.

It is said that Juvenal was banished to Assouan, at the close of the first century, where he died in a short time—no wonder!

I quite forgot to mention a bird whose note strongly resembles that of our whippoorwill. It is impossible to conceive a more sad and plaintive sound than the note of this Egyptian whippoorwill at night or late in the evening, when all other sounds have ceased.

January 24th (Sunday).—The wind now blows directly up the river (due north), the morning is clear and cool, and we propose to return when the wind is favorable, so as to reach Thebes in time to see Karnak by moonlight, if possible.

Accompanied by Joseph and one of the sailors I ascended a height on which are the ruins of what was supposed to be a Roman fortress, but which may have been the "Tower of Syene," referred to in the twenty-ninth of Ezekiel, already mentioned. These ruins consist of lofty brick walls, stone gateways, and arches over dark entrances to subterranean chambers and vaults, partly choked up with heaps of rubbish. There are also many ruins of buildings which in ancient times crowned several elevated points surrounding the fortress or tower. This fort, or rather, as I suppose, series of forts, commanded the ancient city of Syene, which lay stretched on the plains beneath.

From this place the best and most extensive view of the Nile can be obtained, both up and down. The whole of the island of Elephantine lies at the feet of the beholder, and the surrounding country and desert for many miles in a circuit. On the side of the island the view is grand and picturesque. Elephantine is perhaps a mile long by an

eighth of a mile at the widest part. The river flows swiftly on both sides of it. As before remarked, the southern extremity is covered with Egyptian, Greek, and Roman ruins. and the northern extremity is carpeted with Egyptian green. sloping in places, to the water's edge, and intersected by long lines and groves of magnificent palms, which when viewed from a distance, present the appearance of avenues of these stately trees, and forming vistas of transcendent beauty. These palm trees are like immense bunches of ostrich plumes bending gracefully all around. They cast a delightful shadow, which, while it is refreshing, does not keep the sun from the growing crops. The inhabitants of the island are Nubians. The adults wear only a strip of cloth around the waist, the children go naked. They live in mud huts without roofs, only one corner being covered with corn-In these also live their donkeys, chickens, pigeons, dogs, cats, etc.

Turning in the opposite direction I can distinctly see the quarries, and, with the aid of my glass, the Obelisk already mentioned. The whole dismal expanse of the ruins of Ancient Syene, the great cemetery, and the dreary desert beyond, lie stretched in full view.

After exhausting the views from this elevated point—the highest in the neighborhood—we visited some of the vaults beneath the ruins, and we were rewarded by finding an unbroken earthen jar of the Roman period. It was buried in a mass of rubbish and fragments of pottery.

On returning to our boat we passed through a large company of slave-dealers, all squatted in the sand, resting themselves. Joseph called my attention to one of them, who, he said, was "mending his shoes." In other words, he was engaged, with a stout needle and thread, in sewing up the skin of his feet, which was cracked in many places to a considerable depth, the result of walking long distances in the hot sand. The whole party was foot-sore, haggard, and dread-

fully emaciated, and just such looking men as might be engaged in that nefarious traffic.

While making an entry in my note-book, at one of the bazaars, I was surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, large and small, curious to see what I was doing. Some looked over my shoulder, and others peered over in front; but they kept at a respectful distance—no doubt because they meet with rather rough treatment sometimes from travellers.

We came across another company of Bishareen Arabs camped on the outskirts of the town with their camels. These are also engaged in the slave-trade, and are preparing to return to the interior. What a mockery it is to say that "Egypt frowns upon the slave-trade, and is doing what she can to put it down"! This is quoted from an English paper of October last. I asked my dragoman to buy me a hajab (charm) which one of this company wore on his left arm. He looked astonished, and said that nothing could buy it. The Arabs believe themselves invulnerable while they wear these charms. This is a common delusion among the people of the East. A story is told of the late Mohammed Ali, who, on returning from battle, unbuttoned his doublet, and a hundred bullets fell out! Of course he wore a hajab.

All the men in this encampment were under the ordinary height, spare in flesh and very active; they had well-shaped heads, regular features, and good eyes; their hair is very long and falls over their shoulders, which gives them a wild look. A strip of cotton cloth or calico constituted their entire wardrobe.

At 7 P.M. our reis cast off and we started from Assouan down the river, but after running on a sand bar we put back and tied up again at the starting place. Toward midnight we were again under way, this time going up and not down the river, and doubling the southern extremity of Elephantine Island to secure the channel.

January 25th.—The weather is still cold. At 7 A.M. the

glass in our saloon was at fifty-two. We grounded several times in the night, which gave our crew severe labor and kept me sleepless. I opened the port-hole at 4 A.M. and saw a never-to-be-forgotten sight. The boat was motionless, every sound was hushed, the Nile was like a concave mirror in which the stars were reflected, and for a few moments I imagined myself suspended in the midst of a globe surrounded by a starry firmament. This morning the rising sun lighted up one of the loveliest landscapes imaginable. In the near background stood a mountain of bright vellow sand; on the narrow space between it and the river stood a long line of palms, with beautiful groves of the same at nearly regular distances from each other. The long, graceful, plume-like branches stood out in sharp relief against the sandy background, making each tree and branch quite distinct. The ground sloped gently from the base of the sandy mountain to the water's edge as if to quench its thirst, and it was one even, unbroken surface of such green as can only be seen in Egypt—the viridum Egyptum of Virgil. This transcendent picture, which I have not the power to describe, was duplicated by reflection in the water, and the slight undulations of the calm surface, as our boat floated down the current unaided by the sweeps, gave a strange appearance of life to the scene.

Just where we are passing now a fellah is watering his little farm with a shadoof and singing words which Joseph translated thus: "Oh, Father Nile, open thy mouth and give my children bread."

The appearance of our dahabeah is completely changed on the downward trip. The yard of the beautiful lateen sail has been unshipped and now rests on supports running from stem to stern; the sail has been detached, tied up in mats, and suspended aft of the mast. The small sail at the stern has been put in place of the lateen sail. The ten large sweeps have been fixed in the rowlocks, and the planking of the

forward deck has been removed to make sitting places for the sailors to work the oars. The large table has been removed from the forward to the quarter-deck, and the waterfilter, the cumbersome nuisance which occupied amidships, now stands near the steward's caboose. All the dahabeahs are thus arranged for the return trip, as they do not depend on the winds, but on the current and sweeps.

We reached Kom-Ombo, one of the cities devoted to the worship of the crocodile, at 3 P.M. and all landed to visit the Egyptian and Roman ruins, chief of which is the magnificent temple in front of which I now write. Without a knowledge of architecture, it is not easy to describe these ruins; they are gigantic, not extensive; much of them is covered by the sand. From so much as is visible it is easy to comprehend. in some degree at least, the vast extent of the building when it was perfect. Thirteen columns of enormous circumference stand, perhaps forty feet above the present surface in a tolerable state of preservation. The capitals are very fine. and both the columns and capitals are beautifully sculptured with winged globes, hawk-headed deities, warriors, asps, etc. Such of these sculptures as have been least exposed are as sharp and angular as if recently done. Portions of the capitals, ceilings, and pediments are painted in various colors, which are wonderfully bright and fresh-looking. The blocks of stone composing the wall and roof are colossal, and the beholder is struck with astonishment at the herculean power and consummate skill of the engineers and architects who brought and placed them where they are. Numbers of these enormous blocks are also lying in such positions to each other as to leave little doubt that only an earthquake could have produced such ruins.

Surrounding the temple are the ruins of a Roman wall and fortress, of no architectural pretensions, but interesting for the extent and thickness of the wall, which, at a part which is nearly perfect, we found to be fourteen feet. They are of

unburnt brick composed of earth and straw, fourteen inches long by six broad, and now present a heap of crumbling ruins

Some Arabs gathered around us, and, like their neighbors at Assouan, manifested a good deal of curiosity at seeing me write. One of them, who was something of a wag, led me to a huge block of stone with hieroglyphics cut on it, and offered to sell it to me, and finding I was not inclined to make such an investment he told Joseph I might have it if I would take it away! With all their seeming gravity, the Arabs are not lacking in humor and merriment.

On leaving the ruins we ascended a commanding point, and, with the aid of our glasses, had an extensive view of the Nile and the country on both sides. While there is very great beauty in the cultivated portions, which are very narrow here, the same sad, dismal, desolate, and dreary picture is ever conjoined with it in the vast expanse of the desert.

We spent some hours ashore, and on returning to the boat expected black looks from the captain, but he and his crew were stretched in a field of lupins fast asleep.

I spent the whole day on deck with glass in hand viewing the enchanting and ever-varying pictures of the magnificent panorama, and always loath to answer the steward's call to meals.

January 26th.—We arrived at Hagar-Silsilis early this morning. Here, as I have already said, are the quarries which have furnished the blocks of stone for most of the great buildings, temples, monuments, and other structures in ancient times.

I landed early and ascended a hill on the west bank to get a more correct idea of the position and extent of these renowned quarries, and I was gratified with the experiment. I found that the quarries lay on both sides of the river, extending several miles on each bank and running a long way back. I then descended and explored one of the quarries in part, the

entrance to which is in itself an object of wonder. It was in fact, a road cut out of the mountain of stone, over which the vast blocks were conveyed from the quarry to the river. The walls of this road on either side were perpendicular, and so lofty that the sun could not reach the ground except at meridian. A few minutes' walk brought me to a marvellous excavation which, from its extent, looked as if it might of itself have supplied material for a great city. In one part of this enormous cutting there stood an isolated projecting wall of living rock entirely by itself, of at least eighty or ninety feet high and not more than eight feet in thickness, which looked as though a touch would topple it over! Yet, just there, no doubt, it has stood for ages and ages, as there is no history extant to tell the date when the last work was done here. But this is only one of the wonders of this Place of Wonders! These quarries tell even more interesting stories of the ancient grandeur of Egypt than the edifices and monuments themselves. One can realize to some extent the remarkable skill which planned. and the enormous labor which carried out, the gigantic schemes which made the Egypt of the Pharaohs so magnificent, on examining these quarries.

One stands amazed in the presence of Philæ, Edfou, Karnak, the Pyramids, and many other stupendous creations of the ancient Egyptians, but until he has seen the quarries of Silsilis which contributed the material for these creations he cannot comprehend them so well. To understand the ruins of Egypt the traveller should, in fact, begin at Silsilis, the birth-place of the ancient splendors of which the present ruins afford only a faint idea.

But let us attempt a further description. The walls of rock show, by the marks of their smooth upper and lateral surfaces, not only the process by which the huge masses were riven, but also the shapes and sizes of the blocks, the grooves that contained the water which expanded the wooden wedges, and the marks of the wedges are very distinct. Here and there

may be seen a monolith which lies where the workmen left it ages ago.

Fronting on the river there are several open-mouthed tombs, some of which I visited, but found them empty. On the walls of some of them were sculptured mummies in sitting postures; each room contained two, three, or four of these sculptures according to the sizes of the apartments.

The forenoon was devoted to the east side of the river. where the quarries are most extensive and interesting. My wife and Mr. Crocker, each having two stout sailors to help them through the heavy sand and up the steep and rough places, went along. I depended on my Soodan club, which served the double purpose of helping me to climb the slippery rocks and to wake the echoes which slumbered within the walls and caverns of these stupendous excavations. We reached the first quarry through a passage similar to that on the west side and used for the same purpose. This passage was about four hundred vards long, and its walls were lofty. smooth, and perpendicular. Following the passage to the quarries, a sight presented itself that was perfectly amazing. We saw before us an immense vacuum in the mountain of rock, with lofty, smooth, and perpendicular walls, which looked as if it might have furnished rocks enough to build most of the great cities of the world. We estimated the height of the walls of this stupendous excavation at more than one hundred feet. The area enclosed would take in several Coliseums like that at Rome.

Here we found a wonderful echo, which repeated sounds and slowly pronounced words with astonishing distinctness. I ascended to the upper level which overtops these quarries, and obtained a fine view of them and of several others both up and down the river and back from it. Ages must have been exhausted in the creation of these extensive excavations which spread over this region for several miles.

We went in search of another quarry, and after wading

through deep soft sand and toiling over heaps of broken stones in a labyrinthine passage, we came to one in the form of a vast amphitheatre, so extensive that it made the last one appear almost insignificant. From our point of view the area enclosed within these walls could not have been less than eight hundred yards in width. The place on which we stood was like the proscenium of a vast theatre. There are many curious sculptures on the walls resembling those on the monuments and temples. There is an immense vacuum in the wall opposite to where we are standing, from which it is evident that an obelisk was cut, as it is in size and form like the rough obelisk which we saw at Assouan. The finest echo of the quarries is in this amphitheatre; words spoken in a low tone are distinctly heard several hundred feet off.

After some hours of enjoyment on the east side of the Silsilis, we crossed to the west side. I left my fatigued companions, who go to the dahabeah in the sandal, while I visited another quarry. I found fresh wonders on the west side, but the signal gun was fired, and I returned to the boat to take advantage of a fine breeze, and had no time to note them.

The breeze died away after carrying us two or three miles, and we landed again to examine a subterranean temple, of which but little has been excavated. It is rich in sculptures, many of them of superior execution; also paintings, the colors of which are wonderfully bright. I had a numerous escort of Arabs here, mostly naked and eager for baksheesh, which we scattered among them from the deck, and were amused at their scrambling for it.

The crew is hard at work with the sweeps, to help the current and a light wind to bear us to the Temple of Edfou, which we hope to reach to-night. The river is wonderfully beautiful at this point; there is a strange commingling of life in the brilliant fertility of both sides, with death in the form of the arid yellow sands of the desert which constantly menace the destruction of the crops.

I strongly recommend every traveller on the Nile to spend at least one day at Gebel-Silsilis and to examine the quarries as thoroughly as possible; they are almost as interesting as the grandest ruins of Egypt. Nothing can afford so accurate an idea of the herculean labors of the ancient Egyptians. I doubt if such sights can be seen in any other part of the world.

This evening's sunset was gorgeous. Combined with the surrounding scenery, it formed the grandest picture imaginable. It suddenly came upon us from behind a distinct cloud of sand which parted like a curtain. Even the Arab sailors exclaimed "Quies-ke-teer!" meaning "very beautiful." We arrived at Edfou just after sunset and tied up for the night.

January 27th.—We started on donkeys to visit the Temple of Edfou. The wind was high and the air so filled with dust as almost to obscure the sun, and gave objects at a short distance the appearance of being seen through a fog. We wore veils to protect our eyes from the blinding sand, but found them almost useless as the sand sifted through.

Our course lay through an open plain, which was covered with a-magnificent crop of tall waving wheat almost ripe. On emerging, we entered the town of Edfou, which covers a large area and has a population of several thousands. Passing through the town we reached the temple.

Edfou is built on a huge mound of débris and sand, probably the accumulation of ages. The surface of the mound is nearly on a level with the top of the temple, which was almost entirely buried until within a few years, when it was excavated by Mariette, the enterprising and indefatigable Egyptian explorer, and now it is the most complete temple in Egypt, perhaps the best preserved of all the temples in the world of the same era, which is said to be about two hundred years B. C. Every part of it is now visible and it stands in its almost perfect magnificence.

The first view is, of course, from the top of the mound,

from which the visitor descends by a long flight of steps. On reaching the lower level he stands in front of the grand gateway or entrance to the outer court of the temple, and gets a survey of the whole interior length through the outer court and five successive chambers or halls, the first two of which are filled with columns of gigantic dimensions. The two rooms beyond these have no columns. After these comes the adytum or innermost chamber, in which there is a sort of tribune or pulpit formed of one immense block of granite, highly polished, about eighteen feet high and twelve feet square, with an aperture hewn in it where the speaker stood. The distance from the main entrance to the rear wall of the advtum I estimated at about four hundred feet. The perspective is very fine, and the effect is greatly increased by the manner in which the light is admitted into the adytum; it enters from above. The grand court and the adytum have no roofs, but the intermediate chambers are all covered. The court is much the largest, and the chambers diminish in size till the advtum is reached, which is the smallest. This arrangement aids the perspective and affords great seeming depth to the interior of the temple.

The court is surrounded by thirty-two columns which are ranged on three sides of it; the next chamber has twelve columns, and the succeeding one six of enormous size. The whole interior is covered with sculptured figures of men and animals, and the intermediate spaces are filled with hieroglyphics. These sculptures are skilfully executed; many of the human figures are gigantic—thirty feet high—but done in such a masterly style as to appear light and graceful. No description can convey an accurate idea of these splendid works of ancient art.

This great temple is surrounded by a wall nearly as high as the building itself, composed of immense blocks of stone, the entire surfaces of which are covered with sculptures and hieroglyphic writings and figures, and so also are the outer walls of the temple, and all, both inside and outside, in dark and light chambers, are equally well executed.

The grand halls and courts are surrounded by a great number, it may almost be said a labyrinth, of chambers, each lighted from the roof, the walls of which are also covered with sculptures. In fact this entire pile of mighty buildings and walls forms a grand gallery of sculptures, many of which are colored, and the colors are wonderfully bright and fresh looking.

We ascended to the roof of the temple, and found it composed of blocks of stone measuring thirty and forty feet in length, six and eight in width, and five and six in thickness.

The propylon of this temple is said to be the finest existing monument of Egyptian architecture. Each of its sides is one hundred feet long and thirty feet broad. In each division there is a stairway which leads to the summit by one hundred and fifty stone steps, lighted at the rests by loopholes in the walls. From each rest, or platform, two doors open on opposite sides, leading to a succession of rooms, the walls of which were also covered with sculptures.

From the roof of the propylon a comprehensive view of the whole structure is obtained, also a fine view of the Nile and surrounding country. From here also the traveller views the miserable mud village of Edfou, and gets a better idea of an Arab town than he can find elsewhere in Egypt, as our dragoman says. The place is compactly huddled together, the houses are of mud with corn-husk roofs, where men, donkeys, dogs, sheep goats, chickens, and turkeys dwell together in harmony.

This afternoon the "sheik-calipha" came on board of our boat to visit the reis. He is the Sheik of the Ababdeh Arabs, whose territory lies between the eastern boundary of Upper Egypt and the Red Sea. He was attended by his secretary and two slaves. He is a tall, good-looking man of dignified bearing; wears a Damascus turban, a gown of red

and yellow silk, covered with one of blue cotton, and red slippers. The secretary was dressed in a blue cotton gown, white turban, and red slippers. The slaves wore white cotton frocks, heads and feet bare; they remained on the shore holding the nargiles of the chief and secretary while the interview lasted. I was struck with the courteous dignity of the sheik when he arose to take leave of the reis, touching his breast, mouth, and forehead with the fingers of the right hand, and accompanying the motion with words in Arabic and a pleasant smile, showing a mouthful of the whitest teeth. The secretary followed, taking leave in the same manner, and the slaves brought up the rear at a respectful distance. The chief is on his way to the southern extremity of his tribe to quell some difficulty.

We remained tied up at Edfou till 6.30 P.M. on account of a strong head-wind and thick atmosphere, which lasted all day. The crew laid down to the sweeps vigorously, in the hope of reaching Esneh by daylight.

January 28th.—Our men rowed all night and brought us to Esneh early this morning, a distance of thirty miles. We left Assouan eighty-four hours ago, and have made only ninety-two miles.

The air is very thick and chilly this morning, and the rising sun looks like a globe of silver. The Arabs say that such a storm does not occur oftener than once in ten years, and that it will take an easterly wind to clear it off. Late in the afternoon the wind abated a little, and the sailors once more worked vigorously at the sweeps.

We received a visit from Count de Cleremont, who, with a friend, are returning to Cairo in a dahabeah called the *Ibis*, and desire to keep near our boat in going down the river. The count lunched with us; he is entertaining and intelligent, and spends much time in reading and sketching. His friend is Mons. Louis Menard, a distinguished savant who ranks high among French authors; he is said to be one of

the best Greek scholars in Europe, and he is also learned in the antiquities of Egypt and deciphers the hieroglyphics with fluency. We esteem ourselves fortunate in having companions, especially such an interpreter of Egyptian mysteries.

We pulled about fifteen miles, and were again compelled to tie up, the wind rising to a gale and blowing in our teeth. The mercury in our saloon is at sixty-two, but it is too cold outside to remain on deck. In the night the gale was so furious that nobody slept on board. The cold wind from the Libyan Desert pours through crevices which we were ignorant of till now, and all the wraps we could muster were called into requisition.

January 29th.—At 7 A.M. the thermometer in the saloon was at fifty-two, the wind is still high, but the sand fog has disappeared and the sun rises with great brilliancy, illuminating the river, the green strips of land on each side of it, and the long ranges of bleak and barren mountains just beyond, which look as if they had been placed just where they are to defend vegetation from the death-dealing desert, which shows itself here and there in long streams of sand on the sides of the mountains, threatening the life of Egypt.

We dragged our anchors during the night, and the gale carried us to within three miles of our starting place at Esneh, against a powerful current and the efforts of our vigorous crew. But misery loves company. Near us lies the *Ibis*, which followed us from Esneh, and another dahabeah, which ran past us at Esneh, and shows English colors. We are all drifting slowly down the river. Joseph has just pointed out to me a camel and a donkey yoked together, turning a sakia; the top of the donkey's back reaches to the camel's knees.

We have been shut up in the saloon all day; the wind has been high, cold, and dead ahead, so that we have made but very little progress. The boat floats sidewise down the current. The sailors have labored hard all day at the sweeps; the sand bars have been frequent, and the poor fellows have been in the water several times to get us off. Letter writing has been the order of the day, and when we reach Thebes, we will despatch a package by an Arab runner to the nearest post station. At midnight our men were still laboring at the oars, the wind had abated, the air was softer, sky cloudy, moon obscured. We were now within an hour of Thebes, for which we were thankful; our worn-out crew too will have a good long rest. The signal-lights of the dahabeahs at Luxor became visible. After an uncomfortable voyage of five days from Assouan one (hundred and twenty-four miles), we reached Thebes at last.

Thebes, Luxor, and Karnak; Coptic Church Service; Medinet Haboo; Tombs of the Kings; Keneh; M. Menard; Dendera.

January 30th, 1869.—Before breakfast I rambled to the Temple of Luxor, and, with the aid of my glass, viewed from its highest pinnacle all that now remains of

"The world's great empress on the Egyptian plain, That spreads her conquests o'er a thousand states, And pours her heroes through a hundred gates."

Once more we are at the great objective point of every traveller on the Nile.

The sky is cloudy to-day, a very unusual sight in Egypt. Our dragoman came to me when I was dressing, and said, "That put in your book." "What must I put in my book?" I inquired. The quick, impatient answer was, "No you see, you see—in Luxor, rain?" He afterward told me that, with the exception of the few drops of rain on our upward voyage, he had never seen or heard of rain in Egypt. Mr. Smith, an American resident of ten years, confirmed this, and other evidence of the truth of the statement was to be seen in the place where he kept his library, which was on stone shelves in the open air.

An Arab woman came on board with a bowl of milk for sale. Joseph put his finger into it to test its purity, and dismissed her with a reprimand for watering it too much.

The representatives of foreign governments at Luxor are

all Arabs; only one—Mustapha Agha—speaks English. All travellers call on them, hoping to find letters, and I did likewise.

On entering the cabins of these swarthy officials, who, to the natural gravity of their countrymen, added an air of dignity on account of their positions, I was invited to a seat on a divan and treated in Oriental style to coffee and pipes. Nubian slaves waited on them and on me. After refreshments, the letter-boxes were brought in and their contents emptied on a rug in front of me, and I was told to help myself. A new mode of post-office delivery and management, and certainly the easiest to the consular agents, who can neither read nor write. With all the agents except Mustapha Agha I communicated by signs, having no interpreter with me, until Mr. Smith, the gentleman referred to, happened in, and made my interview with the Prussian agent very agreeable.

My reception at the Consulate of Mustapha was very cordial. He invited me to sit near him on a divan placed there by a slave, who also handed me a lighted shibouk, filled with Latakia tobacco, after which coffee in Turkish cups was passed to us. Mustapha was very unreserved, speaks English tolerably well, and gave me a good deal of valuable information about the country, and more especially about his immediate neighborhood. On taking leave of him, he offered all the assistance I might require in making excursions on both sides of the Nile at this most interesting point. He offered me his horse and an escort to visit Karnak to-night and see it by moonlight, but as a party had been made up for that purpose, I declined; as the night proved so cloudy as to obscure the moon, our excursion was put off till to-morrow night. We accepted Mr. Smith's invitation to visit Karnak for an exploration of its wonders, with which a ten-years' residence has made him quite familiar. One of Mustapha's sons, Said Effendi, called and entertained us with very interesting accounts of the curiosities found here; his English was very good indeed.

Ianuary 31st (Sunday).—The storm has ceased, and the morning is bright and warm. At 7.30 I went to a Coptic church. We entered through a large gate into a spacious outer court kept in perfect order, on the opposite side of which stood the church, a building of unprepossessing appearance, the ante-chamber of which was paved with large sun-dried bricks. I lingered here, just outside the door, as the service had commenced, and had an opportunity of observing the interior, which is divided into three apartments. that in which I stood, the adjoining one, which was occupied by the worshippers, and an inner one for the priests, in the centre of which stood a table containing books, a bell, and a pair of cymbals. The priests wore long white robes, with a Maltese cross in red embroidered on the breast, and ornamented with gold thread. Boys, similarly dressed, and holding censers from which smoke issued, attended on the priests. On one side of the group of priests the bishop sat on an elevated chair; he wore a crimson robe, a dark turban, and white stockings, no shoes being worn during service. He held a golden cross in his right hand and a roll in the left. He was a remarkably fine-looking man of perhaps fiftyfive or sixty years of age.

There were thirty or forty persons, all males, in the congregation (women being excluded), who seemed very devout and attentive.

The interior of the church had a barn-like appearance, the roof being thatched with palm branches and the latticed windows opened, through which the sparrows and the swallows entered and kept up an incessant chirping, bringing to mind the language of the Psalmist: "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God" (Ps. lxxxiv., 3).

Beyond the room occupied by the priests there was another, into which, as the service progressed, the bishop, a priest, and two of the boys entered. On a table in this room were placed an earthen jar and a loaf of bread, for the celebration of the Communion.

When I entered, the people were chanting one of those sad and melancholy airs which are heard in Egypt. The priest then read a lesson in the Syriac language, as Toseph said. then another sad air, accompanied with the cymbals and bell; and then the bishop read, as Joseph said, from the Bible in Arabic, and, from his imperfect interpretation. I should say it was the Commandments that he read: then followed another chant, and the priest in the inner chamber sang and the boys uttered responses. The priest then approached, and, facing the people, raised his arms aloft in a solemn and dignified manner, the people prostrated themselves, touching their foreheads on the floor, and uttering a mournful sound. When they had risen, the priest came to me with a salver, and offered me a small cake, which I took. Joseph also took one, the priest accompanying the gift with a few words to each of us, which Joseph could not translate. Then another priest went among the people, and handed each a morsel of bread: that done, the bishop, descending again to the floor, stood facing the people, who passed him one by one, each turning to the bishop, who, with both hands, patted him on the cheeks. Then the bishop read from a book in Arabic, during which a priest beckoned me to approach and take a place at a small window, through which I saw the services which were going on at the same time in the inner chamber, during which a priest and one of the boys were cutting the bread and pouring out the wine; but these elements were not distributed, as the services were closed by the bishop again taking his place in front of the congregation, who passed before him in procession to receive his blessing or benediction. The small children were raised to the bishop,

who gently and lovingly patted their cheeks and said a few words to each. When I was leaving the church one of the priests spoke to me in Arabic, to follow the bishop to his quarters, as Joseph said. I did so, and was shown to a divan vis-a-vis with his Reverence; but we could only look at each other, and make a few signs expressive of our mutual gratification, when, presently, two servants entered, one bearing two chibouks ready lighted, the other a salver with coffee; these we both understood, and, having discussed them, I rose to depart. The bishop, with a benignant smile, touched his breast, lips, and forehead with his fingers, a form of adieu and salutation I had learned, and which I returned.

We were rowed over to the west side of the river after breakfast, and, with Joseph and six of our sailors as an escort, and conducted by a guide, we rode off to visit some of the wonders of Thebes. An hour's ride brought us to the twin Colossi, those gigantic sitting figures on the vast plain, which have been the marvel of the world for thousands of years, and with which we are somewhat familiar from childhood. These statues are sixty feet high.

Here we dismounted and spent some time inspecting these stone giants. All attempts at description must fail to give an adequate impression of these indescribable works. When seated on my horse, I could not reach the surface of one of the pedestals with my riding-whip, and it is said that there is an accumulation of eight feet of sand covering the original surface. These statues have been dreadfully defaced by the Arabs; an English writer says that they have cut mill-stones out of their cheeks, and their appearance seems to confirm the statement.

There is an impression on the mind of our guide and Joseph that one of these figures is the celebrated statue of Memnon, which was said to utter sounds when the rising sun touched its lips; but this seems very doubtful. By the aid of

the guide I ascended the pedestal of the one he called Memnon, to see if I could test its sounding qualities, and, on striking it with the butt end of a rhinoceros whip, a sound like that of brass was distinctly audible.

After examining these marvels of sculpture, we remounted, and in half an hour reached the once glorious Memnonium, perhaps even more grand in its present state than when it was perfect and entire. Here, again, all attempts at description must fail. While viewing these ruins one thought seemed to predominate over all others, and that was how to grasp the idea of the almost infinite power and tremendous force which prostrated and broke like pipe-stems the enormous blocks of stone which lie scattered around!

The colossal statue of Memnon, which was hewn from an enormous block of syenite and which stood near the great temple, now lies on the ground, having been broken off square near the base—its thickest part—as if an Almighty hand had prostrated it with a single blow! There it lies, just where it fell ages ago. No earthquake could have done it; other enormous monoliths almost in juxtaposition to it could hardly have retained their perpendicular positions, as they do, if an upheaving of the earth had been the cause of its overthrow; and it is quite as impossible to conjecture that lightning could have made just such a fracture, which is almost, as I have said, square.

We wandered in mute astonishment through a wilderness of prostrate stones, broken columns, capitals, and statues, which thousands of years ago composed the once amazing Memnonium; and we turned from its ruins, so mournfully impressive, to visit the more massive ruins of the Temple of Medinet Haboo, less than two miles distant.

The cook had preceded us, and Joseph led us to a room in the temple where an inviting luncheon was spread on a beautiful fragment of sculptured syenite.

We spent some hours in viewing this chaos of ancient

splendor, of which, as in the case of the Memnonium, it is useless for me to attempt to give any description.

We found here a wealth and variety of sculptures executed with such artistic skill as we had not met with elsewhere. Here also the coloring, especially on the ceilings, was wonderfully fresh and brilliant. We passed through halls and chambers and courts almost interminable, climbing over fallen pillars, tablets, and other fragments of splendid sculpture, which lay huddled together with masses of débris and dust as though it cost nothing to bring them into this condition. From the roof, which is composed of stones of immense size, we had a general and comprehensive view of this extensive and impressive ruin.

Again we remounted and visited a Roman temple at a little distance off, which, though comparatively modern, is in a far more ruinous condition than the Egyptian buildings. These are believed to have stood since B.C. 1800, or even anterior, as it appears from good authority that "Thebes was at the height of its splendor as the capital of Egypt and as the chief seat of the worship of Ammon about B.C. 1600. The fame of its grandeur had reached the Greeks as early as the time of Homer." Dr. Smith's account (in his Classical Dictionary) we have already referred to, in the notes of January 30th: perhaps there was some poetical exaggeration in Homer's description. As Dr. S. says: "The city's real extent was calculated by the Greek writers at one hundred and forty stadia (fourteen geographical miles) in circuit. That these computations are not exaggerated, is proved by the existing ruins which extend from side to side of the valley of the Nile, here about six miles wide: while the rocks which bound the valley are perforated with tombs. These ruins, which are perhaps the most magnificent in the world, enclose within their site the four modern villages of Karnak, Luxor, Medinet Haboo, and Gournou."

But to return to the Temple of Medinet Haboo. I would

remark that much of its ruins is covered by the unsightly remains of Roman structures which are built upon them. Hence their buildings, which are rapidly crumbling to dust and are being scattered by the winds over the vast plain, will disappear, while the indestructible ruins of these once glorious piles and palaces bid fair to endure till the end of time!

Throughout the whole day we were dogged by a number of Arabs with no clothing, except a vard or so of dirty cloth around the waist: some of them had been wallowing in piles of dust searching for antiquities, and they looked like living mummies. These creatures followed us closely, eager to sell their wares, such as coins, scarabæi, fragments of sarcophagi. bits of the linen wrappings of the dead, and bits, also, of the dead themselves! Some offered a grim head with its almost entire covering of hair, through the locks of which they ran their fingers to show its perfect state. One of these heads was offered for four shillings, but finding no eager purchasers the merchant fell at once to a shilling. Others offered a hand, an arm, a leg and a foot, many of them in perfect condition. Joseph acted as my broker and purchased some trifles, but failed to secure the scarabæi which I coveted most. He said the prices were exorbitant.

We now turned our faces toward the river, with a feeling of unutterable sadness when reflecting on what we had seen. Thebes! "the hundred gated," is now a heap of dust and ruins. No voice is heard there now except the plaintive cry which salutes the ear incessantly, "Baksheesh, ya Hawager!" (Charity, O sir!)

And this is whereof Homer sang!

The experiences of this day will, I doubt not, prove a source of pleasure and instruction till the end of my life. But the day's delights were not to end with its setting sun. A party was formed for a moonlight excursion to Karnak, the most astonishing of all the ruins perhaps in the world.

The party consisted of the following persons: Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, of the Magdala, Dr. W. and Mr. McK., of the Three B's, the Comte de Cleremont and M. Menard, of the Ibis, six French gentlemen of the Teodalinda, and Miss Crocker and myself of the Belzoni. There were also Mr. C. and Mr. E., passengers from a steamer that had just arrived. Mr. Smith, a resident of ten years at Luxor, whose name has already been mentioned, and the Governor of Luxor, our dragoman and the dragoman of Mr. Parsons, also accompanied the party. All were mounted on donkeys, and followed by an unusually large train of Arab attendants.

My donkey-boy was uncommonly bright and had a more than ordinary stock of English words to express the character and quality of his donkey, such as "Good donkey," "magnificent donkey," "'squisite donkey."

We started from the river at 10.30, as the moon did not rise until 10, and just as we had turned into the grand avenue of sphinxes, which connects the temples of Luxor and Karnak, and is two miles in length, the full moon shot from a cloudy pall which at first threatened to obscure her and spoil our enjoyment, and stood out grandly in the clearest sky.

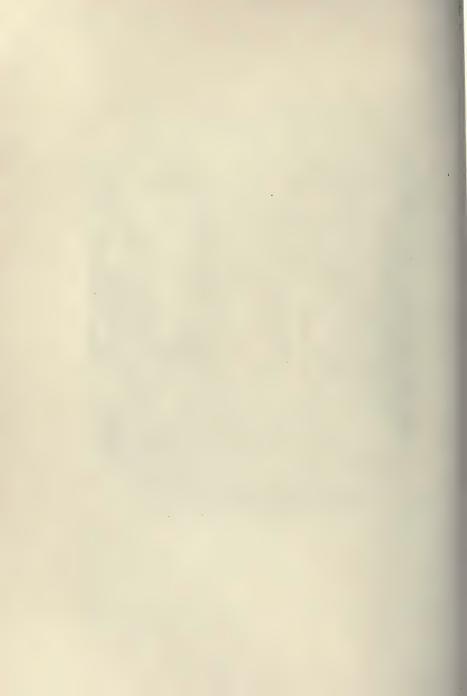
What an indescribable sight it was as we silently traversed that avenue which terminated at the grandest propylon in the world, and through it entered what was perhaps the most stupendous temple that was ever erected!

We dismounted and took our positions at the eastern end of the Hall of Columns. Here all power of description entirely fails me. I had already seen this sight by daylight with a cloudless sun on it, but now the lustre of a brilliant moon cast its light and shadows in such a manner that every object, more particularly the enormous columns, assumed an additional majesty and grandeur, and seemed to be at least a third larger.

The party ascended the roof of the grand propylon and had a magnificent view of nearly the whole mass of ruins.

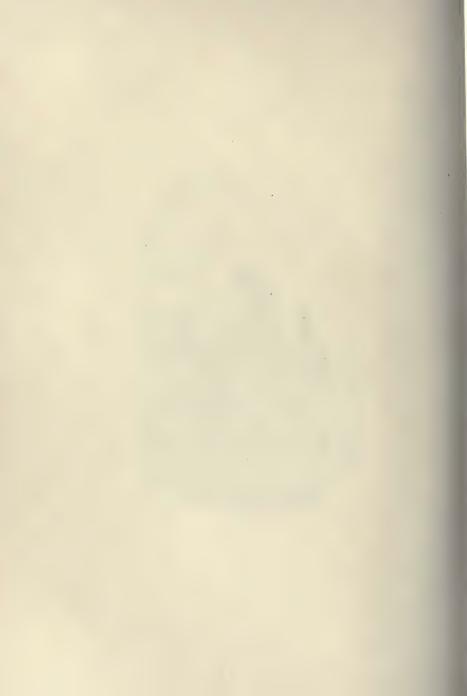


Temple of Karnak, Hall of Columns.





Hack Donkey and Driver.



While there the Arab attendants lighted a number of torches which cast a strange lurid glare on the grand scene. We then returned to the ground floor, and our English friend Mr. C., who is an enthusiastic archæologist, lighted up the ruins at various points with magnesium, which threw an unearthly hue over the scene. One of the views included the two splendid obelisks, with a long line of colossi ranging north and south, and standing in solemn grandeur with folded arms in the midst of chaos. Another showed the Hall of Columns, each of which assumed larger proportions the longer I gazed. At the base of one of these columns a party of Arabs was grouped, watching the donkeys and making night hideous with their frantic cries and gesticulations, as if quarrelling among themselves. A third view included the Comte de C. and his seven friends standing and seated on a distant eminence among the ruins, each with his gun, watching for hyenas, jackals, wolves, and foxes, which prowl nightly among the numerous hiding places of this striking scene of desolation.

Thus we wandered over Karnak between 11 and 1 at night, enjoying sights which must be seen to be appreciated. Before remounting to return, our dragoman invited the party to supper at the prostrate obelisk, and never did champagne refresh and exhilarate more, and never was there a better-satisfied and delighted party on a midnight visit to Karnak. We reached our dahabeah at 3 in the morning, opened and emptied our last bottle, and retired at 4, with the grand and overpowering scenes we had visited indelibly photographed on our minds.

Early in the evening I had received a note from the comte, inviting me to accompany him and M. Menard early in the morning to the Tombs of the Kings, which I most gladly accepted, as M. Menard is one of the savants of France, and well versed in Egyptian antiquities.

February 1st.—Slept three hours and prepared to visit the

Tombs of the Kings. The sandal of the comte came alongside my dahabeah. I jumped aboard, and we were pulled to the west side of the Nile and found our guide in attendance with donkeys. We were carried on the shoulders of our Arab boatmen from the sandal to the shore, mounted and were off, preceded by our guide and dragoman and flanked by Arabs, donkey-boys, and girls on foot, whose duties were respectively to take care of the animals, carry jars of drinking and washing water for our use, and prompt us to deeds of benevolence by holding out their hands for baksheesh at short intervals on the way. Thus we alternately walked, trotted, and ambled over green fields and desert sands till we reached the ruined temple of Gournah, which stands on the left at the opening of the great valley leading to the Tombs of the Kings, who reigned thousands of years ago.

These wonderful tombs are hewn in a mountain of solid rock, and could only have been made when labor cost little or nothing, perhaps by slaves or prisoners of war. The face of the mountain was first cut down, to form a perpendicular wall, on the front of which an entrance or gateway of high dimensions was marked out. The cutting began and was continued far into the heart of the mountain in the form of a grand hall, at the extremity of which a large chamber was excavated; beyond that chamber the hall was continued a long distance until the excavation was made in a downward sloping direction for perhaps thirty or forty feet. Then another hall, at the end of which a huge circular chamber was cut of great height, in the centre of which there was an elevation on which rested the sarcophagus containing the royal mummy.

But in order to a better understanding of these tombs, let us return to the entrance. On either side of the great hall there are doors at short equal distances; these lead into small inner chambers, in the inner wall of each of which there are

other doors, leading to other chambers, and so for a great distance. The walls of each of these chambers are sculptured and painted all over, and this sculpturing and painting extends to every room, hall, and crevice, even the darkest, from the entrance to the very end! And to these sculptures and paintings and their like, on the other monuments of this mysterious land, our age is chiefly indebted for all it knows about prehistoric Egypt. We visited the tombs numbered 2, 9, 11, and 17, the examination of which occupied the entire day. No. 11 is known as Bruce's or the Harper's Tomb. No. 17 as Belzoni's Tomb. First we entered No. 2, each with a lighted torch, to guide us and enable us to see the sculptures and hieroglyphic inscriptions which cover the entire surfaces so closely as to forbid ambitious travellers from immortalizing their names, a piece of vandalism sometimes leading to the obliteration of valuable records.

In this tomb (No. 2), which, by various gradations descends to an immense depth, we found what might, with propriety, be called a picture gallery, all the emblems, devices, and inscriptions being painted, and retaining such a brilliancy as almost to induce the opinion that it is the work of living artists, whereas it is the work of thousands of years ago! No. 9, though by no means the same as No. 2, except in general appearance, is much more extensive; Nos. 11 and 17 we found entirely different from Nos. 2 and 9, and they also differed materially from each other, agreeing only in the general formation and, more especially, in all having the same grand vaulted circular or elliptical chamber at the terminus of the great hall, in the centre of which stands the huge stone dais cut from a solid block, on which rests the sarcophagus containing the royal mummy.

Nos. 11 and 17 are much the largest and most interesting of all the tombs. No. 17 was the tomb of Rameses II., the great Rameses who built the most stupendous monuments in Egypt, the "Pharaoh of the Oppression," drowned in the Red

Sea, which may raise a doubt whether he rests in No. 17, that immense and magnificent mausoleum erected by himself.

We found in tombs 11 and 17 a very large number of doors on both sides of the great halls, each leading into small chambers, whose walls and ceilings are all covered with an interminable variety of devices, emblems, and inscriptions.

The sculptures on the walls of one room told the history of a man from birth, through infancy, boyhood, manhood, old age, death, burial, and the flight of the soul to Osiris. The doctor and the nurse are in attendance at the birth, the child is conducted through the various gradations of boyhood, the man is represented in the vocation of his life, till old age lays him up, and death removes him.

In the right-hand corner of this room is another door, leading to another room, which I found was only the antechamber of a series of other rooms, the walls of which were all sculptured and painted, each with the history of an individual, as we were informed.

In the last great room of No. 17 the walls are unfinished, the original drawings of the artists outlined in black, as some think, by apprentices, and the lines are corrected in red by the masters. We lingered long in this, the most interesting of all the rooms. These drawings are bold, easy, and accurate in every respect, except as to the hands, and portions of the perspective, which were defective.

In this tomb the inner and deepest chambers are totally dark, and having very little air, respiration is not easy. I found myself in a profuse perspiration after a brief stay in this room. Our Arab guides brought a bundle of corn-stalks and dry stubble, which they lighted, to give a better view of the interior, but it was difficult to make a blaze, for want of air.

In Nos. 11 and 17 there are still some unmarred pictures in panel, which are very fine. The subjects of the pictures and sculptures in all the tombs represent for the most part

the modes of living of the ancient Egyptians: in some is seen the interior of a dwelling house completely furnished and occupied by its inhabitants. Slaves are serving their masters and the members of the family are enjoying themselves with various amusements. The rooms are furnished with lounges. tables, easy-chairs, divans, rugs or mats of the skins of animals, in their original shapes. The cook is standing by the kitchen fire, watching a cooking utensil; he holds a large carving-knife; there are pans, dishes, and other kitchen things; slaves are all busy at something. Other sculptures and paintings on the walls represent the Nile, with the various kinds of boats used centuries ago. Here is the yacht of some great personage, perhaps a Cleopatra, with a throne in front of the mast. The passenger boat is there with its cabin passengers and sailors; here is a merchant's boat laden with produce: and there is a large boat with two banks of oars and full of men. There is an island and a sand bar projecting from it: there are trees and a dahabeah hard aground on the sand bar; sails, sweeps, oars, and poles are the motors of the boats, just as in this day, except that I do not find the very graceful bird's-wing shaped lateen sail now in universal use. In the Nile are also seen fish and crocodiles, or as Job called them, leviathans. In other rooms you see the sick, the dying, and the dead. In others again are seen the various processes of embalming the dead. In another room adjoining is seen the jackal-headed god who watches over the dead, sorts them out, and assigns each to his proper place. And in still another chamber awful Osiris sits to judge the dead, who pass before him in regular order; and crossing the river of death (the Egyptian Styx) is seen a boat, with Charon at the helm and a pig as the only passenger, symbolizing the sensuality of the soul which has just been adjudged to inhabit the body of the pig to all eternity.

Then another room is filled with the implements of war, still another with the implements of agriculture, which differ

but little from those we saw in use by the fellaheen, as the traveller goes up and down the Nile.

Then we saw in another chamber great kings (so represented by the immense size of their bodies), engaged in war or worship, or receiving adoration from subjects, or homage or submission from conquered enemies. Some are riding in chariots drawn by many horses, holding a spear, or bending a bow to shoot. There stands Rameses the Great, a grand, familiar figure, to be seen from one end of Egypt to the other, in tombs, temples, palaces, and on obelisks.

But by far the largest number of sculptures and devices in Egypt represent gods in an endless variety of forms and attitudes, each having an explanatory hieroglyphic inscription. To attempt the enumeration of them would be an endless task, and to appreciate them in their interminable variety and multitude, they must be seen.

A serious obstacle to the traveller's pleasure in visiting these tombs is foul air, which is at once perceptible in the dimness of the torches and a feeling of nausea. Persons with weak lungs should not attempt to enter. On entering these dismal chambers quantities of bats assail visitors, sometimes flying in their faces. The scorpion, too, is often found in them. At the entrance of No. 9 an Arab offered me a large scorpion, but I declined the gift, and he then asked for baksheesh.

On emerging from this tomb into the open air we found an excellent luncheon prepared for us by the dragoman of the Count de C., just at the entrance of Belzoni's tomb; but the stifling chambers out of which we had now come blunted our appetites.

We had been so beguiled by our visit to these tombs that we were heedless of the time, and when we prepared to start for our dahabeah, several miles away, we found that the sun was so low that it was gilding the highest peaks of the dismal range of mountains which surround this valley of the shadow of death, so we hastened to mount and be off, the road being very rough and circuitous. Not a sign of life was visible in this dreariest of all dreary places, except some vultures soaring aloft, one of which the count tried to bring down, but he was too high. The count's gun awakened a long roll of echoes which seemed as though they would never cease.

As we wended our way in single file through this narrow and dreary valley, with gaping mummy pits on either side exposing their ghastly contents, I fell to the rear of the procession to indulge in reflections undisturbed. The gloomy shadows of evening were closing fast around us, and when the party turned and were out of my sight for a short time, I felt that I was almost in the portals and in the very presence of the King of Terrors.

The mountains are of a deep purple color, almost perpendicular, and, in several distinct columns, rising to immense heights. The tramp of my horse was repeated in distinct echoes in this narrow, rugged path, and I spurred up and did not stop until I reached my companions, just as they were emerging from the valley and passing other long lines of mummy pits with open mouths, on our right and left. To add to the dismal horrors of the scene I have vainly tried to describe. I found on my path a number of fragments of mummies, such as skulls, arms, legs, hands, scattered on the path where they had been thrown by the Arabs, on finding that our party had refused to purchase them. Here lay a head with long hair, the face upturned and ghastly beyond description; then a foot, and near by a pair of legs and feet broken off from the knees and bound together by the cerements and wrappings of perhaps three thousand or four thousand years, embalming and climate combining to prevent decay and annihilation.

We reached the river opposite Luxor after dark and found our faithful Arabs waiting patiently for us with our sandals, and we were rowed across to our respective dahabeahs, almost exhausted with fatigue, but highly delighted with our excursion.

To night our saloon was full of visitors; Said Agha, U. S. Consul at Luxor, Sheik Yusef, who taught Lady Duff Gordon Arabic, whose name is so often and favorably mentioned in her book, the Prussian Consul, an Arab, who speaks no language but his own, a very distinguished and most agreeable man, Mr. Smith, of Newark, N. J., who has lived here ten years, and the Count de C. All these remained with us till midnight and after.

I was taken suddenly and violently ill, and was so all night, no doubt the effect of my visit and long stay in the foul air of the tombs.

February 2d.—In my state-room all day, sick. I had an instance of the gratitude of the Arabs to-day; an old man who has been a guide for many years, was sick, and finding that he had no medicine I went the other night to his kennel on the edge of the desert to see him. Arab-like in cases of illnesses, I found his den full of men consoling him; all were seated in the sand, the sick man in the centre of the group; an ancient lamp, with a rag for a wick, gave all the light they had: all were silent when I stood before the door and viewed the solemn assembly; all arose and went out and motioned me in; some cushions were placed for me and I sat down, and, through Joseph as interpreter, asked some questions. He said he feared he was going to die, could get no medicine or doctor; he said he would take anything I would give him. I took a bottle of castor oil from the boat, at my wife's suggestion, and gave him a good big dose, which he swallowed eagerly and thanked me over and over again.

February 3d.—The sick man's name is Mahassat Moosa; he came to my boat this morning, leaning on his long staff, to thank me for curing him, as he said, but I found he was not yet cured. He took out a very fine scarabæus and insisted on my accepting it in his memory. I bought three

other curiosities from him, and he tottered off thanking me for curing him, as he insisted on calling it.

I visited Mr. Smith's mud cabin, and while there a funeral passed: first came twenty men, then a rude bier with the uncoffined corpse, covered with a thin cloth, then some thirty or forty women all wailing in loud and mourning tone. The relatives were throwing up their arms over their heads, crying most piteously, and throwing dust on their heads. In the midst of the group was a man with a tambourine, beating it vigorously; the women danced and turned round as they went along. After this group followed some more men. The bier was carried on the shoulders of men. Mr. Smith said that this funeral was conducted precisely like the funerals of the ancient Egyptians of the same class. I proposed to follow at a little distance and see the interment, but Mr. Smith advised against it, saving the Egyptians had a great dread of what they called the "evil eve," and they will not bury their dead while strangers, especially Christians, are present, and so averse are they to the gaze of Christians that they have been known to take back their dead to the place whence it was brought, or wait till dark to lay the body in the ground. Those who die in the morning are always buried before sunset, and if they die in the afternoon they must bury them next morning before sunrise. The funeral of today, which is but one of many that I have seen in Egypt, was the wildest, most solemn, and impressive of all the others. That sad procession is indelibly stamped on my memory for life. Among the mourners was an infant of perhaps a year old, sitting astride on the right shoulder of the mother, whose arms were thrown in wild grief over her head as she walked and danced alternately; how the child kept its place is difficult to conjecture, but I am told they are nearly all taught to ride in that way, and cling so closely that they seldom fall.

To-day my wife and Miss Crocker started with Joseph and some of our sailors to visit the Tombs of the Kings. They

crossed the river about 10 A.M. and mounted their donkeys on the opposite shore. The line of march was as follows: the Arab guide, Joseph, my wife, and Miss Crocker, each on a donkey, except Joseph, who rode my horse, and each attended by a donkey-boy; a stout sailor walked on each side of my wife to steady her, another attended Miss Crocker. The party was flanked by a number of Arabs who go along to offer their services as required, and some of them to beg for baksheesh. The distance traversed both ways is nineteen miles, chiefly over the burning sands of the desert.

The party returned about 6 P.M. thoroughly worn out with fatigue, but evidently gratified with the sights and experiences of the day. Who can doubt the benefits of this Nile trip to my wife's health after reading this? And who will doubt the courage of the ladies in making to-day's journey unattended by any but Arabs?

The Magdala left us this evening for Cairo, with our friends the Parsons. Mr. Smith dined with us and remained till 10.30, entertaining us with much valuable and interesting information about Egypt and its wonders, also as to the manners, customs, and habits of its people and the government of the Viceroy, of which he has a very poor opinion. I was not sufficiently recovered from my illness to go sightseeing to-day, except in the village of Luxor. I visited Mustapha Agha and the Prussian Consul, and was tendered the usual Arab courtesies and shown their collection of antiquities. Last night Sheik Yusef wrote each one of our names and addresses in Arabic. The Arab scribes never use a table or desk to write on; the paper is placed on the palm of the left hand and the pen in the right hand; the scribe carries his pens and ink-bottle in a brass case, which is somewhat larger than and shaped like a spectacle case, fitted loosely in the girdle or sash round the waist. It is remarkable how rapidly the scribes write, considering these inconveniences.

The other day, in speaking of the Coptic bishop I omitted to say that he carried a staff as tall as himself with a crosspiece on the top for a handle and to lean upon when standing through the long service. He rested both hands on the staff and his chin in his hands in a devotional attitude, reminding one forcibly of the Scripture narratives.

We have planned our third visit to the stupendous ruins of Karnak for to-morrow morning, invited by Mr. Smith, who kindly proposes to give us explanations, which cannot fail to be invaluable, coming from one who has resided here for ten years, and who is considered an excellent Egyptologist.

February 4th.—Mr. William A. Booth's dahabeah arrived at 5 this morning; his dragoman tells me they have been just one week in getting here from Assouan, a hundred and twenty-four miles, on account of head-winds all the way.

Accompanied by my wife, Mr. Crocker, Mr. Smith, Joseph, our dragoman, a guide, four of our Nubian sailors, and the usual train of donkey-boys and Arab hangers-on, all flanking or following afoot, we had a delightful ride to the Grand Temple; but, on this visit, being under the guidance of Mr. Smith, we entered through the grand western gate, which faces the Nile, and found it by far the best approach to this the most astounding mass of decaying grandeur in the world.

The traveller looks eastward through this mighty gate or propylon upon the immense court, once filled with columns of grand and imposing appearance, only one of which remains in awful and sublime solitude, surrounded by the fragments of its prostrate fellows. Farther on, he looks through the world-renowned Hall of Columns, a hundred and twenty-two in number, many of them stricken down by a mighty power, which baffles every conjecture as to the cause of their fall. We measured one of these cyclopean monoliths and found it thirty-seven feet in circumference; we estimated the height at about sixty-five or seventy feet—a very large number of them where they were placed several thousand years ago, and

in their relative positions to each other. Yet, view this hall from what point you will, so light do these enormous masses which fill it seem that it cannot be called over-crowded! Beyond, and still looking eastward, there is another grand court, also filled with columns or parts of columns; gigantic statues (all save one, which is headless) ranged in line, with folded arms, standing in dignified complacency. These represent "Awful Osiris, Judge of the Dead." Here also once stood six grand obelisks, only two of which remain in their places; the enormous fragments of two others lie prostrate, while the remainder, all except their foundation stones, have entirely disappeared.

It is useless to attempt a farther description of the contents of this immense court, with its multitude of beautiful and mighty remains which are visible all around. Here lies all that has survived of a once magnificent group of four female figures, the bodies here, the feet and legs there, sculptured in splendid granite and highly polished. In another place the limbs of some colossus are seen; in another the fragments of a magnificent figure in a suit of mail: in still another parts of birds and animals lie around, some on the surface and some with just enough above it to show what it belongs to. In another place the well is shown which supplied the inhabitants with water from the Nile during the many sieges the temple sustained. It is supposed that there was a subterranean passage to the river, as this well could not have been sufficient for such multitudes as flew for refuge within these walls, which enclosed an immense area, during the invasion of the mighty armies which so often overran and finally conquered this once powerful nation. Leaving this court we were conducted to other halls, courts, and chambers till we reached the eastern and most ancient propylon. Here, after the fatigue of climbing over heaps of débris, broken stones, and ruins, we were glad to sit down and linger awhile within the walls of this enormous gateway, which must have been

at least ninety or a hundred feet high, and look back on the grand scenes over which we had passed.

We left our donkeys in the Hall of Columns, and we directed them to be brought to this point, for the purpose of making the circuit of the great outer wall and seeing Karnak in every part as thoroughly as possible, although in fact, as Mr. Smith said, we might visit it three hundred and sixty-five days without exhausting its indescribable wonders. We rode to the northern pylon or gateway, and passed thence to view the grand sculptures of battle scenes on the walls which bound the north side of the largest temple; for Karnak is made up of several temples and erections of various kinds which, it is said, cover an area of forty acres, though on a general view from the roof of the western pylon it looked far more extensive to me.

We lunched in the Hall of Columns, where we had the pleasure of meeting the Count de Cleremont and his learned friend, M. Menard, the renowned scholar and author of several works on Greek and Roman antiquities. These gentlemen came to sketch, and afterward rambled over the ruins with us, uniting their explanations with those of Mr. Smith, which made the occasion most interesting and most instructive.

On returning to the Hall of Columns we saw a fox and the count saw a wolf; we also saw some enormous vultures which had been shot and left where they had fallen.

On returning to our dahabeah we saw several wild-cats and large numbers of birds of prey. We again visited the sitting and standing colossi, and after a pleasant ride of an hour we reached the dahabeah, having spent a day of great-pleasure, viewing the grandest and most extensive ruins in the world.

We visited Mr. Smith's cabin and examined his collection of antiquities, many of which are very rare and valuable. In the evening we sat down to a handsomely gotten-up

dinner-table, with our friends (as guests), the count and M Menard. The dinner was in Ioseph's best style, which can hardly be excelled at home, and it passed off very delightfully. After dinner, M. Menard, who speaks English imperfectly, entertained us on Greek poetry, the subject having been suggested by the name of Homer, who is said to have lived in Thebes. The savant gave us a synopsis of the subjects treated in the Iliad, which was vastly entertaining, and revived in my memory many things forgotten vears ago. Thus several hours were passed, when we were honored by visits from the Governor, the Consuls of Prussia. the United States, Great Britain, and an Egyptian who superintends the government telegraph, and who, we thought, was the best type of an Egyptian we had vet seen. Here is his portrait, as well as I can draw it; In profile, his face was exactly such as is seen in the sculptures on the monuments: eves large and full, very expressive and pleasant: features very regular, nose straight, mouth and chin very handsome: teeth regular and white, looking like thirty-two pearls as he spoke and smiled; tall and erect; feet and hands small; complexion light brown tinged with pink; dress, loose trousers of a saffron-colored material, jacket of dark cloth embroidered with silver and gold thread; head-dress Damascus silk, coiffure saffron, colored and entwined with an argilleh of a dark shade of saffron trimmed with a double bow knot of very dark purple material. He had a long, heavy gold chain suspended from his neck and wore a brilliant diamond ring on the little finger, left hand; his manners were very courtly; he could not speak English, but communicated freely and fluently through an interpreter.

We entertained our visitors in Arabic style with pipes and coffee, and afterward with cigars and cigarettes; although the Koran forbids wine, we found all our native visitors ready for a glass of champagne, except Sheik Usef, who declined it. Our distinguished visitors took their leave about

10 o'clock, apparently pleased with their entertainment, and the count and M. Menard remained till 11; and thus ended another day of great pleasure and instruction.

February 5th,—Our last day at Luxor; it is decreed that we take our leave this afternoon. It is an aggravation to remain less than a month in the neighborhood of Thebes. and I shall certainly visit it again, if able; still, short as has been our stay at this intensely interesting place (seven days). I have had a general view of nearly the whole of it on both sides of the Nile. The most of this day has been spent in calling on Mr. Smith and the various Consuls, in viewing collections of curiosities, and in making some purchases amounting to about twelve pounds sterling. The most rare and value able things are, of course, the scarabæi, and great care is necessary to distinguish between the genuine and spurious. such quantities of the latter are manufactured since the genuine has become so scarce. I succeeded in this by the aid of Mr. Smith and other experts, and the use of a very powerful magnifying glass. Scarabæi are much sought after. especially by Europeans; they are worn by royalty, and consequently are very expensive. The genuine have become more scarce of late years, since the Government has forbidden the opening of the tombs, where the genuine only are found. With Mr. Smith's aid, assisted by M. Menard, I procured a few very fine ones at reasonable prices.

Our Consul's son took us into an upper chamber in the Temple of Luxor, and showed us a recently found sarcophagus, to be exhibited to the Prince and Princess of Wales, who are now on their way up the Nile. The inner case was ornamented in high colors, as bright as if painted yesterday, which is due to the climate being entirely free from dampness. He opened the case, and on removing a great quantity of linen wrappings, another case was seen in brilliant colors and gilding. This had never been opened, because it was reserved for the royal visitors to have the first sight of the

mummy enclosed. We have often seen such mummies; they are all alike. One had a scarabæus on the back of the hand. enrolled in at least twenty or thirty linen coverings. Sâid made us each a present of some antiquities, and invited us to come again and be his guests, and he would take us up the Nile to the Second and Third Cataracts, and he would be our servant. "I will show you," said he, "where you can shoot a lion"

Between 3 and 4 P.M. we pushed off from Luxor. Mr. Smith came aboard and handed me a letter to Mr. Strong of Cairo for delivery, and also a small parcel containing strings of ancient beads and four antiques addressed to William J. Faitute, Newark, New Jersey, which he requested me to deliver in person, and which I promised to do.

On leaving Luxor, we fired the usual salute, which was returned by the following dahabeahs: three British, two American, and one French, with all colors flying. I turned my back on this intensely interesting region with feelings of sadness, on reflecting that I have seen it so imperfectly.

We left Luxor with a head-wind, and our sailors took to the sweeps and pulled hard for headway. In an hour the wind changed, the rowing ceased, and we glided gently down the stream.

Our poor sailors had just surrounded their great round bowl to enjoy their supper when we suddenly struck a sand bar; in the same instant they were on their feet, and each with pole in hand was working hard to push off. This done, they resumed their supper and we continued our course as before. I remained on deck until darkness closed round us, when I returned to the saloon to reflect on the grandeur of the sights I had seen, on the havoc that the ravages of time had made, on the mutability of all things human, and on the immutability of Him who created all things!

On leaving Luxor I kept glass in hand, gazing (I hope not for the last time) on all that remains of "The Hundred Gated

Thebes" to tell of its ancient grandeur and magnificence, until Medinet Haboo, the Colossi, and the Memnonium melted away in the distance, and I turned my gaze on the grander and much more gigantic Karnak, until it also faded from my sight and left me in a dreamy bewilderment. Oh! thought I, for a page of history that could solve these tremendous wonders of wonders! And that could tell how and by what tremendous powers they were overthrown! God only knows these things; what He does "we know not now, but we shall know hereafter."

Perhaps the last scrap of history that recorded these things was contained in the world-renowned Alexandrian Library, which was destroyed by Amru, lieutenant of Caliph Omar, A.D. 651, being used to heat water for his baths.

To-morrow we hope to be at Keneh or Geneh, across the Nile, and open our eyes on the grand ruins of Dendera.

A modern writer says: "The vast ruins of the Temples of Luxor and Karnak still proclaim the grandeur and magnificence with which the worship of Jupiter Ammon was conducted. The ruins of the ancient city of Thebes are the wonder and delight of modern travellers, for their extent, their vastness, and their sad and solitary grandeur. They are covered with ancient hieroglyphics and sculptures, among which one interesting scene is thought to record the exploits of Shishak in the fifth year of Rehoboam." (See I Kings xi., 2 Chron. xii.)

February 6th.—We reached Keneh at 6.45 A.M. and tied up to stay two days, being unable to pursue our voyage (after so noisy and restless a night as the last) to Dendera, which we hope to reach day after to-morrow. The morning is magnificent, and after breakfast we lounged on our divans on deck sunning ourselves. Before breakfast I went ashore and visited a Bedouin Arab encampment. I walked among the tents and was greatly interested. The party, which consisted of between ninety and one hundred, had just arrived

from a great distance in Arabia, requiring thirty-six days, bringing a large variety of merchandise, destined down the Nile to Cairo and a market. I had entertained an exaggerated dread of these wild children of the desert before coming to Egypt; but their pleasant faces and almost courteous bearing have dispelled all fear. As I passed from camp to camp the inmates smiled and touched their foreheads and lips with the forefinger of the right hand, and if I could have made myself understood, I would have accepted an invitation to enter one of the tents and enjoy the tendered hospitality.

The dahabeah of the Countess Rapp arrived to-day, bound up the river, to join the count. On passing, her ladyship fired a salute with her pistols, which Joseph returned with his gun. I visited her boat, sent in my card, and received a welcome reception by the countess and Mme. Gerard, who goes to join her husband, *en route* to Central Africa to hunt lions, etc.

After lunch, we all started on donkeys to visit Keneh, one of the cleanest and best towns on the Nile. We visited some of the potteries, for which this place is famous, and saw a man making a goolah, and another making another kind of ware. All Egypt is supplied from this place, and it was most interesting to observe the manner of making earthenware, which is precisely (as we read in the Bible) as it was made in the earliest times. Keneh is also the best market for dates. The finest any of us had ever seen were found here; they are put up very neatly in drums, of five pounds each, and sold for twelve piastres—less than two francs. Here, too, we supplied our exhausted canisters with powder and shot, and, after a couple of very pleasant hours spent in traversing the bazaars and markets, we returned to our dahabeah.

In the afternoon we were honored with a visit from the Countess Rapp, who is a most agreeable and entertaining lady; she gave us her photograph, and, saying she hoped to meet us again, went to her dahabeah, and pushed off up the

stream, firing a salute, which we returned. In the evening M. Menard and the Count de Cleremont arrived, and called on us.

Joseph gave me a fine scarabæus, saying, in his nice way: "It make me much pleasure you give dis to your youngest grandson, and him tell, Joseph sent it." I answered that I would have it set, and presented as he requested, in memory of Joseph. We are strongly attached to Joseph, and he is devoted to us; and so also are the captain, sailors, and the boy, who vie with each other in serving us, coming to us when landing to go sight-seeing, to help my wife, and run alongside of the donkeys all the way going and coming, no matter how far, or how hot the weather may be. I can never forget their devotion to our comfort.

Later in the evening the count and M. Menard called and spent two or three hours, greatly to our amusement and instruction.

A passenger steamer arrived from Assouan, and Mr. T. B. Blackstone, President of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, made us a visit, and I returned with him to see Mrs. Blackstone. and spent a pleasant half-hour with them in their state-room. Travellers on the Nile steamers complain bitterly of bad fare, and many other things; such as, when visiting places of great interest, they are hurried away and compelled to return with scarcely a glimpse; and the order must be obeyed, or the luckless individual will be left in the desert, to return by himself without a guide. Besides this, it often happens that there is an insufficient number of donkeys at the landings, many of which have no saddles-intolerable grievances, of which passengers are not aware until confronted by them. I shall advise every intending traveller up the Nile to avoid the steamers, and take the dahabeahs, which cost much more, but are under the entire control of the passengers.

M. Menard gave us a most amusing account of what he called "Ze bad treatment I received from ze donkey;" he went on to say, suiting his actions to his words, "My donkey

he go zis way and zat, and zen he go zis way again and put me on ze earth, and zen he stand little way off and look at me; I run to take him, he run too, and so we both go alone; and zat is why I rather walk zan pay such donkey; but," he added, "my friend, ze count, he ask me to take donkey today; I did so, and ze donkey forgot to put me on ze ground, because I change my coat, and he did not know me; so ze next time he play trick I put on my friend's hat."

February 7th.—After a quiet night's rest, got up at 6 to prepare for a visit to Dendera, as we must push down the river this afternoon. Myself and wife started at 8.30 A.M. in the sandal for the west side of the river, with Joseph and four of the sailors. The donkeys were sent in another boat. We were soon mounted and off, followed by an unusually large and noisy train of Arabs clamoring for baksheesh, or offering antiquities for sale. Joseph bought a few ancient coins for me, some of them dating in the time of the Ptolemies. and none later than the Caliph Omar. After an hour's ride over the vast arid plain which lies between the river and the great Libvan range of mountains, we reached the famed Temple of Dendera, which had been in sight nearly all the way. The mountains here are noted as having been the hidingplaces of the early Christians, who were driven from their own land to find refuge in this land. The caves are shown where they dwelt and died. The Temple of Dendera has been excavated within a few months by Mariette, by order of the Viceroy. It stands on an eminence which is cut off or isolated during the inundations of the Nile, and has, until lately, been occupied by the Arabs, the ruins of whose cabins of unburnt brick are to be seen on every side. This temple is vastly different from all others we have seen, except in the distribution of its interior and in the multiplicity of sculptures and hieroglyphics. which, in all other temples, cover the entire surfaces of the walls and columns; even the walls and columns of the darkest chambers, so dark as to exclude every ray of daylight, Even

the long subterranean halls are in like manner covered with sculptures, which have quite as much excellence and merit in point of execution as those in the grand courts from which daylight is never excluded. We approached the temple in front of the grand pylon, part of which still remains, and is the outer entrance to the grand court, which extends along the entire front of the building. The walls which anciently surrounded the court are in ruins. The interior of the building, which was filled with the drifting sands, has been closed, and the approach to it is by a flight of rude steps.

The first hall is of imposing dimensions, and contains twenty-four immense columns, supporting the portico; and there is a colossal statue of the goddess Athor, or Aphrodité who was worshipped here. These grand sculptures have mostly been destroyed, but still retain enough of the original features and forms to show their beauty and the excellence of the work. The next chamber is smaller, and contains six columns, three on each side, on a line with the grand hall which extends the entire length of the interior. Next is a still smaller chamber, succeeded by one yet smaller, and terminating in the adytum, or holy of holies, which is found in all the Egyptian temples. The advtum is always the smallest chamber of the grand succession of halls in every temple, and is but little wider than the grand central aisle of which it is the terminus; this affords greater depth to the appearance of the interior, which is also assisted by the darkness of the adytum, no light being admitted except that which enters by the grand door, extending nearly to the ceiling. There is an almost interminable succession of smaller rooms and dark apertures, the rooms being lighted by a small opening in the roof of each, surrounding the body of the interior of the temple. These rooms were occupied by the priests, and were reached by a long, narrow hall. Our guide led us to a small aperture in the stone wall, which was about three feet square, and invited us (M. Menard and the count joined

us) to enter, which the aforesaid gentlemen and myself did: each received a lighted candle, and finding we could walk erect, we followed our dragoman in single file through a complete labyrinth, and down a series of steps and stairways which led us to chambers filled with bats and foul air, from which we were glad to retreat before reaching the end, the bats flying in our faces as they were dislodged from the ceiling, which in some places was literally covered with them. Strange to say, the walls of these underground passages and halls were also covered with sculptures and various strange devices, executed as artistically as those we saw in the grand hall of the great temple.

After inspecting the interior pretty fully, we returned to the grand antechamber and found that our dragoman had prepared our lunch, which was spread out on one of the great stones of the building. The count and M. Menard joined us, and we had a pleasant meal and a more pleasant chat and pipe-smoking, after which we ascended to the roof of the temple, which, unlike those of all the other Egyptian temples we had seen, is entire. There is not a stone missing. We had a grand view of the entire ruin and of its immediate and more remote surroundings. Far away to the northwest the desert stretches its waste, dreary sands, while to the southwest the view is bounded by the great Libyan chain of red mountains, on which not a green thing or a sign of life is visible. Away off, in a southerly direction, the Nile threads its crooked course, and to the southeast the great Arabian chain of mountains, dead and red as its neighbor on the left bank of the river, hems in the view. After spending some most agreeable and profitable hours at this once very magnificent temple, we remounted our donkeys and slowly made our way over the great plain toward our sandal. On the way the count shot an immense hawk, a Solomon bird, and a beautiful green bird, the wings of which he cut off and dressed, as a gift to my grandchildren.

VII.

Down the Nile; Sheik Salem; Abydus; Life on the River; Es-Siout; Prince and Princess of Wales on the Nile; Manfaloot; Persecution of Missionaries; Tombs of Beni-Hassan.

February 8th, 1860.—We cast off from Keneh at 6 A.M., and are again on our way down the Nile as fast as current and sweeps can carry us. Our jolly Arab sailors are pulling lustily and keeping time to their wild music. Now we run on a sand-bar—hard on; the sweeps are dropped, every man takes a pole, and we are off again. The reis rattles off his orders with wonderful volubility and fluency when any such mishap as grounding occurs. All the sailors chime in, every tongue goes as fast and loud as the captain's, until all seem to be captains on their own account: and vet, strange to say, in the midst of all this Babel of tongues and confused movements, in which each seems to be pushing and pulling the other, things suddenly come right again, and away we go. The day has been dreary and very cold, with a high wind dead ahead, so that progress is very slow—thermometer fifty-two degrees. We are all shivering, and the ladies are inclined to sea-sickness by the rocking of the boat. At 1.30 P.M. I went ashore with Joseph, and Mohammed, a sailor, surnamed the Prince, from his fine form and dignified bearing. After a continuous walk of two and a half hours, we reached the village of Deshnah, a large place on the east side of the river. On the way I saw a tornado traversing the desert about a mile off; it was in the form of a dense and heavy column of sand, which sometimes lingered as if to gather strength, and then it tore along with increased momentum, a grand but terrible sight, indeed.

Joseph took me to the house of a friend, who brought out and placed a mat and a divan, and gave me coffee prepared in Arab style, without sugar, and made up a few cigarettes for me. It seemed as though half the town gathered round us, attracted by the sight of an American. After resting, our host invited us to take a walk through the town. We stopped at a coffee-house, entered, seated ourselves on the ground, which was covered with mats; coffee and pipes were handed round. A number of ghawazees or dancinggirls, who are found at all the towns on the Nile, came in and seated themselves around the place. They were more modest than the girls of the same class at Esneh and other places, and made no approaches, as in other towns on the Upper Nile.

In all the large towns there are granaries, which are under the charge of the sheik of each place. They belong to the Viceroy, who buys up all the grain from the fellaheen and sells it to them as they want it—a wise precaution, for the reason that the people have no idea of saving; they take no thought for the morrow, and they will not work while they have grain enough to raise money, which they squander prodigally. No doubt this originated in the time of Joseph, the great Prime Minister of the Pharaoh of that day.

I am writing in an Arab coffee-house, where there are sixteen men, all drinking coffee and smoking. These places answer to our drinking-shops, except that nothing stronger than coffee is drunk in them; but hasheesh is the substitute here for strong drink, and produces a like effect. I have seen Arabs perfectly drunk from its use, and lying like logs on the earth. Others sit and stare vacantly, while others dance frantically and throw their arms wildly around.

We expected to join our dahabeah at this place about 5 or 6 o'clock, but she was nowhere to be seen, and, as the pros-

pect of passing a night in a mud hut was not agreeable, the reis and Joseph set about some plan of reaching our boat. either by water or land. The donkey boys saw our dilemma. and characteristically raised their prices to more than double customary rates. So we wandered about, and at last found a boat, tugged the lateen sail out of its fastenings, and were soon on our way up the river in face of a strong wind, and, fortunately, found our dahabeah after a long search. It appeared that the wind was stronger than the current, and our boat was going up stream in spite of everything. I inquired why the reis did not tie up till the wind changed or fell off, and learned that they were afraid of the Bedouin Arabs who infest this neighborhood, where several attacks had lately been made on travellers, who were robbed and otherwise roughly handled. These outrages have been seldom of late here, so that travellers have had no fear, and have travelled imperfectly armed. On reaching my boat I found an anxious and impatient wife and friends, made so by my delayed return. and Joseph promised never to get me in such a scrape again; although I insisted on joining him in all future landings. because it affords me very much needed exercise and a far better opportunity of seeing and studying the manners and customs of the fellaheen, who are very seldom visited in their cabins by Europeans or Americans. The fact is that travellers who go ashore do so chiefly for shooting along the banks of the river; hence they see very little of the natives.

Joseph's friend, who entertained us to-day, is a tall, dignified-looking man of perhaps sixty years of age. He wore a red turban and a long blue gown, covering his whole person, and red morocco slippers. He insisted on giving us the whole of his divan to squat down on, while he squatted in the sand, directly opposite; and as Joseph will not sit in my presence, he stood on my right, and the reis and Mohammed, the sailor, sat on the sand on my left; outside of this group stood and sat some thirty or forty of the natives, large and

small, looking on silently, and seemingly interested in the sight of a stranger, which induces me to think that travellers rarely visit them.

This is the first village I have been in where I have not been asked for baksheesh. I have not even heard the word. I inquired why, and Joseph said that the Copts are too proud to beg, and, being largely in the majority, they form and control the manners of the people. I again repeat that the Copts are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and are tenacious adherents to ancient manners and customs; hence they are, on this account, and also because they are not Mohammedans, a more interesting people than the Arabs, besides being much better educated. They are also more trustworthy; and for all these reasons the Viceroy selects his officials from this class, and the scribes are found almost exclusively among them.

On taking leave of my dignified host a goolah filled with water was handed to me. I drank and passed it to the next, and, all having done likewise, we arose, shook hands, and departed.

Our separation from the *Ibis* is causing us increased regret and anxiety, as the count and M. Menard so often expressed a wish to be near us in case of necessity arising from a difficulty between their reis and dragoman, which threatened to become serious, and for which the parties were summoned before our Consul at Luxor. Since leaving that place the quarrel has revived, and is more bitter than ever; besides, these gentlemen wished to be within hailing distance for mutual protection in case of an assault by Bedouin Arabs, who have a bad name in this region.

I asked Joseph when he thought we would reach Siout; he looked astonished, and answered, "If God he give de wind we were there in three days. Joseph make no wind."

By dint of hard running, aided by a temporary lull of the wind, we arrived at Deshnah very late, and shortly after the

Ibis arrived also, and we tied up for the night under the high embankment to enjoy a quiet night out of the cold wind.

February 9th.—We were off again before daybreak. I will never again call the Arabs lazy; never did men work harder and with a better will; they are always good-natured. Every morning they salute me with "Sabal Kahr," "Goodmorning," and the reis always comes to shake hands. From all accounts, as well as from observation, it is evident that we have the best reis and crew on the river. Travellers on other boats tell us of troubles they have had with their men, while ours have given us none whatever.

The *Ibis* is about two miles behind, and seems determined to remain with us.

The Arabian chain of mountains presents a very strange appearance here; it rises, like a perpendicular wall, to at least three or four times higher than our palisades (the highest of which latter, according to measurement of coast survey, is seven hundred and ninety feet), while here and there are to be seen immense steeple-like detached rocks, which stand out from these enormous walls. Similar rocks, though not quite so high, are to be seen on the sides of the mountains which skirt the "valley of the shadow of death," through which the path leads to the Tombs of the Kings.

Joseph called my attention to some immense eagles perched in line along the edge of the bluff; they were indifferent and heedless at our approach until within fifty or seventy-five feet of them, when the whole eight spread their huge wings and rose slowly and majestically in the air just over our heads, and then sailed away.

Our dahabeah pulled ashore, and all on board, except the ladies, went to visit Sheik Salem; a most extraordinary personage, said to be over one hundred years old, and who has always lived in the same place (out of doors in the open desert). The sheik was squatted in the sand, or, rather, in the ashes of a fire kept constantly burning before him; and was

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surrounded by a number of Arabs, who, on our approach, rose up to give us place. The reis advanced first, and, kneeling before the old sheik, took his right hand, kissed it, and touched his forehead reverently with it. Each of the sailors went through the same ceremony, and then all squatted down: the old man spoke some words in Arabic, the reis answered, and each poured out his contribution of bread, nuts. and dates into the lap of an attendant on the sheik, who, by a motion of the right arm, gathered the people around and distributed the offerings of our men among them, until there was only a small cake of bread and a very few nuts and dates remaining, which the attendant reserved for himself. Thus this aged anchorite lives, entirely on the charitable contributions of Nile boatmen and fellaheen, sometimes even giving away everything and reserving nothing. He is said to refuse all contributions of money, and shows dislike when money is offered. In this manner he lives during the whole day, and at sunset he retires from his hole in the sand and ashes into his roofless pen, and lies down to sleep with no other covering than a bit of matting, which is too short and narrow for his almost gigantic figure. I entered his pen. which is simply a square enclosure of three and three-quarter sides, the remaining one-quarter being an entrance; the walls were about five feet high and twelve feet on each side, and built of mud from the Nile; it contained the bit of matting referred to, a goolah for water, a broken earthen dish, a huge club for defence against wild beasts at night, and a stake driven into the ground, to which the donkey or horse of a visitor to spend the night may be tethered. This was the entire furniture of the dwelling-place of this "holy man," as the Arabs regard him. And now I will attempt a description of himself: I cannot accurately estimate his height, as he remained on the ground during our visit, but I should say he is not less than six and a half feet, stout and broadshouldered, a head of immense size, large, massive features. head covered with thick, matted gray hair, inclined to curl face covered also with white hair, and ears filled with tufts of same; his skin—he is entirely naked—is very dark, his hands, arms, and parts of back and chest were corrugated with constant exposure, while other parts of the body were covered with the scars and scabs of boils and sores, which had been healed. He reclined on his left side and rested on his left arm, the right leg being doubled up and the sole of the right foot resting on the ground. Over the knee of the right leg hung the right arm, as if to afford greater convenience to the devout when kissing the back of the hand This is a very imperfect picture of this strange mortal and of his surroundings. When I came into his presence I mentally exclaimed, "Job, in his ashes, surrounded by his friends." On taking leave, the reis and each of the sailors approached the saint and went through the same ceremony as before.

The Nile birds are innumerable and of immense variety; indeed, it can be truly said that the air, land, and water are full of them. Sailing overhead while I write, there are eagles, vultures, and hawks; on the shores there are pelicans, herons, and storks; and around my feet on deck there is a flock of small birds which fly up and light on the table and the back of my chair, and sometimes the boat ropes are strung with larger birds in great numbers and various bright plumages.

The wind is, and has been all day, dead ahead, and with brief intervals it has not changed since we left Assouan; such is the uncertainty of Nile navigation that, at this rate, it is estimated we cannot reach Cairo short of two months from the day we started.

For future guidance I note here what has been our treatment of our crew: We have given them a sheep, and ten francs to buy dates, and we will give them another sheep before reaching Cairo, and on landing will divide two hundred francs among the whole, including the captain, second cap-

tain, cook, waiter, and boy, and say one hundred francs to Joseph. When we have been accompanied by sailors on shore to see sights, they have assisted my wife by running, one on each side of her donkey, and rendering other services; on these occasions we have always given one hundred and forty paras (a para is half a farthing in English money) to be divided between the two, with which they have always been entirely satisfied. This is in excess of the usual reward for such services, but we have always been fully compensated by the ready and efficient aid of these good fellows; besides, it keeps the crew in good humor and they work much better.

The head wind increasing at 2 P.M., we tied up to wait for a lull, as we made no headway even with the aid of the sweeps and the current; here we remained till 7 o'clock. Just before starting again the *Ibis* came up, and I went aboard and saw our friends, who said they had lost all patience with their reis and had determined to take command themselves, so as to keep close to us, as the neighborhood for several miles is infested by the Arabs of the mountains which skirt the river. While we were tied up we went ashore for a walk, and found an immense pelican which had just been shot by some passing boat. Here Joseph shot the largest hawk he had ever seen, and brought it aboard, as we all thought in a dying state; but, just as we looked for his last gasp, he raised his head, and, to the amazement of all, lifted himself on his wings and flew off.

The soil of Egypt, when not kept constantly wet by irrigation, becomes very hard in a few hours, as before remarked, and the sun opens great fissures in it wide enough to admit a man, and of great depth. I have seen surfaces which looked like a checker-board, in perfectly regular squares, and other surfaces in regular cubes. Joseph called me in great haste to the deck to see a crocodile, which he pointed out in the distance, asleep on the sand; thinking my long-deferred expectations were now to be surely realized, I raised my glass

and found that Joseph's crocodile was a row of large birds. I fear I shall see none of these dreaded inhabitants of the Nile, the weather being too cold for them.

February 10th.—Our sailors had a hard night; we were on a sand-bank about three hours, and the poor fellows were under the boat nearly all the time, trying to shift her off, in which they finally succeeded; they then went to work with the sweeps and have rowed steadily for the last four hours There is not a cross or a sullen man among them: if not singing in chorus, they are telling stories or cracking jokes among themselves, or with the fellaheen on the banks of the river, and then they laugh heartily; truly, they are a jolly, hardworking lot of good fellows. While we were aground, the Ibis passed us; she is now about three miles ahead, rounding the point on which stands Ballomeah, where we found her. The count called and invited me to go with him and M. Menard to the ruins of Abydus, distant eight miles back from the river; so we started on donkeys, each accompanied by his respective dragoman, and, as usual, followed by half a dozen donkey boys. On account of the roughness of the path we walked the first two miles; the remaining six miles lay over the most beautiful and smooth part of Egypt, where the cultivable part of the country is usually fertile and of greatest breadth: in short, a splendid prairie in living green, embellished with groves and long avenues of beautiful palmtrees. It was a scene of picturesque loveliness; birds of all sizes and brilliant plumage filled the air or perched on the earth and trees, and large flocks of sheep, cattle, camels, horses, donkeys, and goats were grazing in the fields. It was market-day in Ballomeah, and long lines of fellaheen, walking or riding, met us on the narrow path, carrying their produce or driving their animals before them. Squads of Arabs, each attended by an armed overseer, were engaged in repairing the road, in anticipation of the expected visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their suite to the grand

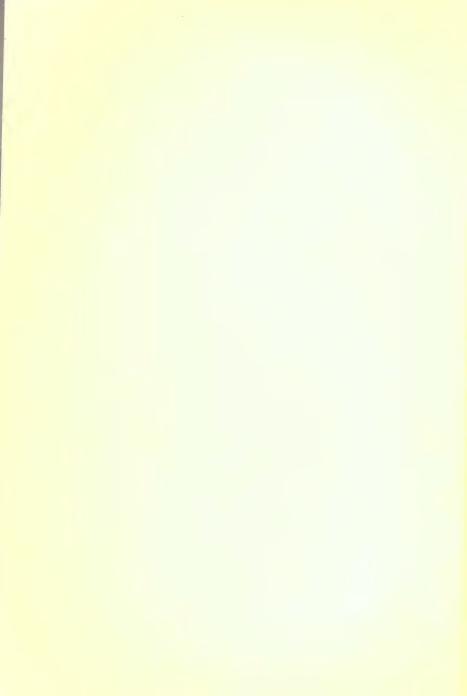
ruined temple and palace of the Memnonium of Abydus tomorrow. The count shot a beautiful white ibis, which he proposes to dress and present to us for our grandchildren: he also killed some pigeons for to-morrow morning's breakfast. We reached the ruins in three hours, but our friend, Menard, with his usual ill-luck, was thrown from his donkey when only a mile from the starting-point, but he determined to accompany us, walking there and back all the way; he told my wife of his mishap thus: "I leave ze beast and take ze feet." On arriving at the temple, Joseph spread his lunchtable, which was soon cleared. Thus refreshed, we began our inspection of this most interesting and ancient temple, erected by the father of Rameses the Great, consequently anterior to Moses, which will make it nearly four thousand years old. This ruin has been entirely covered by the drifting sands of the great Libyan Desert, on the edge of which it stands; it was recently discovered and excavated by the indefatigable Mariette, and can now be viewed in every part except some portions of the exterior of the walls, which are still imbedded to the top. For this and other reasons all estimates of dimensions and distances are unreliable. I estimate the front of the temple at not less than three hundred feet; there is a grand entrance, and three inferior entrances of less magnitude and beauty on each side. The first hall, which extends the entire length of the front, has two rows of grand columns, twenty-four in number, running longitudinally; here the worshippers met. The second hall also extends the entire length of the building, and has thirty-six immense columns ranged like those of the first. This hall is approached through seven grand doors, corresponding in position to the seven main entrances, and beyond this hall there are seven large chambers with arched roofs (without the keystone, which was not discovered or invented until long after this temple was built). These rooms were each entered through a grand door directly opposite the other doors. At the ends of these

grand halls, doors opened to large avenues, each having a magnificent flight of low stone steps leading to the roof of the temple. Beyond these avenues, and also beyond the arched chambers, there were several small temples, each ornamented with columns. We ascended to the roof of the temple and had a general view of the whole, and found it much more extensive than the ground view led us to estimate it.

The entire interior of this temple, and the exterior also, is covered with hieroglyphic sculptures, differing greatly in point of execution from all I have seen, these being cut much deeper and standing out much bolder, thus producing a much better effect, though not so artistic in point of execution. All these sculptures were painted in light green, blue, orange, and red colors, mostly retaining their original brilliancy, and, in some places, presenting a whole surface of bright, sculptured pictures. Gods and potentates, with their worshippers and attendants, are here, with a description in hieroglyphics. Great kings and warriors are here, returning from victory with trains of captives following in chains, or in the act of being immolated to the gods. Here is a group representing a king holding up the heads of many captives by the hair in his left hand, while, with a sword in his right, he is in the act of cutting them all off at one blow. Here too, may be seen hunters in full chase throwing the lasso, just as in this day on the American continent and in India; they have captured a buffalo, and a terrible struggle to secure him is going on; elsewhere, the hunters are dressing a buffalo and offering portions of it to a god. These are but a very few of the thousands of sculptured pictures on the walls and columns of this temple, which have stood where they are perhaps through four thousand years! In these and other great monuments we read pre-historic Egypt. After going through this grand ruin, which differs entirely in style of architecture and distribution of interior from all others visited, and listening to the interesting and instructive remarks of

the learned M. Menard and his interesting friend and companion the count, we remounted our donkeys and visited the Memnonium, a place built by the same king who built the temple: we found this a total ruin, with scarcely enough remaining to afford an accurate idea of its form and size. roof is entirely gone, but the outer and inner walls are sufficiently distinct to indicate the plan of the building: some of the rooms are nearly perfect, with their white stone walls. covered with fine sculptures in bright colors, looking as though but painted vesterday, incredible as it may seem: although the walls with all these bright pictures on them have been exposed to the weather, to man, and animals for ages, there they are as I have faintly tried to describe them! Here is to be seen an immense fragment of an obelisk of svenite, and a portion of a colossal figure of a man, of the same material, all lying in such positions and broken in such ways as again suggests the oft-repeated and puzzling inquiry as to the incalculably terrific power which broke prostrated. and placed these mighty fragments where they lie. We remounted our donkeys, the laziest and slowest lot we have seen in Egypt, and turned our faces Nile-ward; returning by a different path leading through many small villages, each embowered in its grove of palm-trees. The entire extent of this beautiful plain is covered with these villages, which would scarcely be seen, the cottages are so low, but for the groves of stately palms, which here, and in all other parts of Egypt, mark the sites of the settlements. Most prominent in all villages are the pigeon-houses, which are numerous in all of them, and which loom far above the mud huts of the natives. The pigeon-houses are well-built square towers of pottery, in many instances whitewashed, which gives them rather an imposing appearance at a little distance.

By the aid of the almost incessant pelting and pounding of our donkeys by the donkey boys, we reached the river and our boats between 5 and 6 o'clock, pretty tired, but none





A "Fellah" (Egyptian Peasant).

the less ready for the excellent dinner which was prepared for us.

Both dahabeahs cast off and dropped down with the current; shortly after, the *Ibis* ran alongside, and made fast to us. The count being our guest, I afterward went aboard his boat and enjoyed a chibouk and a chat with M. Menard till called to supper, when he went with me, and we all spent a delightful evening till 11 o'clock, when they returned in our sandal to the *Ibis*, which had dropped astern of us.

The wind fell with the setting sun, and the air was again soft and balmy; and we retired to our state-room, while our poor sailors commenced a night of hard work with the sweeps.

February 11th.—Up at 6; the morning is lovely and mild. and gives promise of a delightful day. The Ibis is neck and neck with us, having kept that position all night. After breakfast we all went on our beautifully furnished quarterdeck to enjoy—which we did keenly—the pure air and lovely scenery of the Nile. The wheat crop is far advanced and heavily headed; it will be ready for the sickle (the only instrument in use here) in a few days. All the other crops. such as beans, maize, lupins, dura, etc., are equally forward. Truly this is a fertile land, and, if cultivated otherwise than as it is, it would return four crops instead of three crops a year: but agriculture is conducted now as it always has been, perhaps as far back as Joseph's time, or perhaps beyond. The fellaheen have neither the knowledge nor the means for improving agriculture. The Viceroy, whose lands are irrigated by steam, which raises the water from the Nile and distributes it to the remotest parts, produces far more abundant crops than the poor fellaheen can produce, who do all their irrigating by manual labor, and who dare not intermit their labor night or day. The harvests of Egypt, it is estimated, would be five times greater than they are, if the agricultural machinery and instruments of America could be introduced.

While we were at Abydus yesterday, an incident occurred which illustrated the faithfulness of the Arabs to the flag under which they sail, and which flag, though not that of their own country, they consider themselves bound to protect while rendering service under it. The ladies of our dahabeah sent one of our sailors to bring them the flag of the *Ibis* for the purpose of repairing it; the reis of the *Ibis* was surprised at what he considered a demand to surrender the colors of his master's boat, and indignantly refused, saying, "You can kill me, but to give the flag, never!." When he afterward understood that the flag was sent for to repair, and return it, he at once hauled it down.

I have spent part of this day in reading, part of it in a visit to the *Ibis*, and the greater part in entertaining the count, who is our visitor. About 11 o'clock, I took our sandal and the reis and Ibraham, my handsome, good-natured Arab boy, who rowed me to the *Ibis*, where I was shown the sketches and paintings made by the count and M. Menard during their trip; also some curios these gentlemen collected at Assouan. We smoked cigarettes and nargilehs, and after an agreeable hour I returned to our boat with the count, and spent a couple of hours in games of whist and dominoes.

The sailors of the *Ibis* caught a fish weighing twenty-seven pounds, with a savage-looking head and an enormous mouth, filled with long teeth set on the outer edges of the upper and lower jaws, and fitting so exactly into each other that when the mouth was closed it presented a solid front; we all thought that such teeth could not be used for eating, but for the capture of prey. This is one of the several distinct kinds of Nile fish I have seen, all of which were large—many much larger than the present one, and all as formidable and savage-looking. The Nile fish are not eatable, we are told, but we found an exception to-day in a fish the count has sent us for dinner. Have just dined; tasted the count's fish; nobody likes it.

I have now seen the first instance of Arab brutality to a

woman. On leaving a station we saw a creature in the form of a man beating a woman most unmercifully with a stick; the poor creature cried in agony, and had it been possible to check our headway without risk to our vessel, we would have interfered; besides, it was impossible to land at the place and to go ashore. The count presented me with a beautiful water-color, Nile sunset, a subject selected by myself and executed by him.

This afternoon we found progress impossible on account of a high wind, and had to tie up; about 7 o'clock there was a full, and we put off again with the aid of our ten sweeps and the tide. Thus we proceeded smoothly till near midnight. when a tremendous wind storm, amounting to a gale, sprang up, making our dahabeahs tremble from stem to stern and lashing the Nile into a fury. The rush of waters seemed as violent and strong as if we were grappling with the cataract: the sailors made for the shore as quickly as possible and made fast: thus we spent the rest of the night. With this, a storm of Arab tongues arose on deck, all jabbering simultaneously as usual: hard work soon tamed and silenced them, and wrapped in their brown burnouses they lay on the deck, and sank into a profound slumber. It appeared in the morning that a terrible hurricane had swept past us, and, fortunately for us, only the edge of it touched us.

February 12th.—The morning at 7 was splendid, calm and mild; at 7.30, just on approaching the Gebel-Heredy, a high mountain bluff, the wind again blew half a gale, stopping progress entirely; so, in company with the Ibis, we tied up once more, and now we are lying under the overhanging crags of the sublime Gebel-Heredy, whose base is washed by the Nile and whose awful head seems ready to fall upon our insignificant craft and crush it like an egg-shell. As we stand at the base of this huge perpendicular mountain of rock, we estimate its height at nine hundred or one thousand feet. Great birds of prey look down upon us from shelving projec-

tions, or sail over us with downcast, wistful eyes on our chicken coop. Eagles, vultures, and hawks are here in immense numbers, and on the opposite shore pelicans, herons, and cranes and an occasional flamingo, six feet high on his red legs—are seen, while the air is full of smaller birds: in some places the water is almost covered with ducks and other water-fowl. higher up we saw great numbers of wild geese. After breakfast I boarded the *Ihis*, which had dropped astern about a mile, and had a most agreeable chat with our interesting friends: we smoked, and then M. Menard ascended the craggy face of the Gebel-Heredy to visit the mummy pits, which are very numerous, and the count returned with me to our boat to finish the games commenced vesterday. The wind has again increased to almost a gale, and is dead ahead. Nevertheless, our reis and dragoman deeming it unsafe, on account of the Bedouin Arab robbers who infest this region, to remain, we once more pulled up stakes to find safer quarters; in this attempt we failed, the wind being too strong; so we contented ourselves by getting nearer to the Ibis for mutual protection. In the afternoon the count, M. Menard, and myself, accompanied by Joseph as guide, made an attempt to scale the Gebel-Heredy for the purpose of getting the view and visiting the sheik, but after a fatiguing climb up the rugged sides of the mountain, and losing our way, we gave it up. We visited some of the grottoes and mummy pits, but found no sculptures or paintings, not even a mummy, but only a single empty The tombs are used by the wild Arabs as hidsarcophagus. ing-places; many of them are very deep, running far back into the solid rock, and totally dark. In some of them a stone being thrown resounds for a long time, showing the great depth of the pits. The mummies have long since disappeared. The entrances to these pits are at various elevations above the level of the river; those we visited were in the lower ranges, some of them being one hundred and fifty feet above the water; others are three hundred and four

hundred feet above, and being in the perpendicular wall on the face of the mountain, it is a mystery how the dead were deposited in them. To these last, the entrances are three hundred feet below the surface of the mountain, rendering it difficult to lower the dead. Here we saw some interesting quarries and found that some enormous monoliths were taken from them; some still remain where they were left by the workmen. We examined many of the rock formations, and M. Menard pronounced them volcanic, large masses, exactly like streams of lava, flowing toward the edge of the Nile. We continued our ramble through an extensive grove of young palm-trees, and visited some mud huts, and we found the usual families of dogs, donkeys, goats, sheep, fowls, pigeons, etc., sharing the interior with their owners. Here we found a large plantation of tobacco, maize, wheat, beans, dura, lentils, and other things. Here also we saw another illustration of the text in the New Testament. "Two women shall be grinding in the field together at the mill," etc. All the flour is made in this way, and none but women are thus occupied. I gave a woman forty paras—about four cents for baksheesh, and it so angered her neighbor that she flew into a rage, because that she (the recipient) did not send the forty paras to the sheik; finding that the woman defended her right to the gift so well and so good-naturedly, I gave her forty more paras in the presence of those who quarrelled with her, and I told them, through Joseph, that I did not give the money to the sheik, but to the woman, which satisfied them all, and they expressed their gratitude in these words: "Katerharack retur ya Hawager;" "Thank you very much, O sir."

This evening passed most agreeably, our friends of the *Ibis* coming on board and remaining until 11 o'clock. I find that the mountain aforesaid is named "Gebel Shekle Heradie," and not as I had written it. The Arabs who live there still believe in an ancient fable, that the mountain is the

hiding-place of a great serpent, which has the power to cure all diseases. Very near this place the Rebellion of 1865 broke out, which, Lady Duff Gordon says in her book, was quelled by the massacre of several hundreds of the unoffending inhabitants. Such tyranny breaks the spirit of the people and degrades them; yet they are by no means lacking in pride, as is evident in their erect, dignified, and easy carriage. I regard them with admiration and sympathy, and cannot help thinking that education and better government would make them guite equal to other nations.

February 13th.—The morning is quiet and very mild. Joseph tells me that the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Vicerov and their suites, passed us on their way up the Nile about 2 o'clock this morning, with a flotilla of seven steamers and several dahabeahs, while we were asleep. We were sadly disappointed, because we hoped to see the royal flotilla by daylight. We are now opposite the Abootieg, twelve miles above Siout, where, if the wind continues, we shall arrive in about three hours. We intend to stop at Siout, as the sailors are nearly out of bread, and they intend to bake there. We will improve this opportunity to visit this interesting town, which is the capital of Upper Egypt, and where we expect to procure some curiosities. We wrote several letters to our family and one to my firm, and sent them to care of Tod, Rathbone & Co., Cairo, to be forwarded, via Marseilles. Took a receipt for the package from the native postmaster, and paid him twentyone piastres postage—a little more than two cents.

After breakfast we all, including our good friends of the *Ibis*, started off on donkeys for Siout, two miles from the river. Here we—myself and M. Menard—left the party, and, accompanied by two Arab guides, we visited the tombs and mummy grottoes in the mountain, a few miles back of the town. We first visited the larger tombs, about a third of the way to the top of the mountain, and found several lofty

chambers hewn out of solid rock, and extending far into the mountain in a series of four other chambers of nearly equal size as the antechamber: the walls of all of them had many sculptured cartouches and hieroglyphics resembling those in the Tomb of the Kings, though by no means so well executed and preserved. In the floors and walls of these various chambers there were numerous square openings to deep and dark caverns, inaccessible, except by ladders; the depths of some we formed some estimate of by throwing stones into them, which resounded in nearly a minute, when they struck the bottom. We ascended to the second range of grottoes. about half-way up the mountain, and found them similar to the last, though not quite so large. From the entrances to these grottoes we had an extensive view of the surrounding country. I asked one of the guides, who spoke some English, if the caverns that we had seen were ever occupied by human beings. The question astonished him; his answer was. "In three or four hours the gods of the grottoes will come and sleep in them "-which astonished me as much as my question astonished him. I asked an explanation, which he gave thus: "You see, Hawager, dat de shackal, de hvena, and de wolf, him come from the desert, where him hunt all day, and he go to the river for thirsty, and here come to sleep." The explanation was clear enough when it recurred to me that the wolf and the jackal are worshipped as gods by the people here and of Lycopolis (City of the Wolf), which anciently occupied the present site of Siout. We now ascended to the upper tier or range of grottoes, and found them very numerous, and much smaller than those of the first and second ranges. Some of these we entered on all fours, and found many remains of mummies in detached parts, such as arms, legs, hands, and feet, nearly all of them with their linen wrappings more or less perfect. We were glad to return to the pure air, and completed the ascent of the mountain, which is said to be upward of one thousand

feet high. The external atmosphere was perfectly pure. clear, and serene—so clear that objects at great distances were distinctly visible. When we reached the summit there was spread before us a view which, for extent and magnificence, surpassed any ever seen or imagined before. To the south, for an immense distance, the entire plain between the mountain and the river was literally carpeted with that brilliant green which is peculiar to Egypt, with here and there groves of stately palms and herds of sheep and cattle grazing. Beyond the Nile, stretched to a seemingly illimitable distance east of the river, the Arabian chain of mountains bounded the horizon in that direction. Turning to the north, Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, with its mosks, minarets, and mud houses, containing, it is said, thirty-five thousand inhabitants, lay at my feet in the midst of brilliant green meadows. Immediately at the foot of the mountain. on top of which we stood, lay the great necropolis—the city of the modern dead-of this region, equal in extent with the city of the living, and separated from it by a narrow stream of water, fed by the Nile; but this abode of death presents a brilliant aspect, with its whitewashed walls and tombs dazzling in the sunlight, and contrasting strangely with the dingy, dirt-colored city, swarming with life, which bounds it on three sides, and the dismal sand desert, which bounds it on the other side. This cemetery of the Moslem dead is altogether the best we have seen in Egypt; all other cemeteries, including the far greater one of Cairo, the wonderful capital of this deeply interesting land, are the most dreary and dismal cemeteries, perhaps, in the world, beyond this bright and cheerful cemetery to the north, the country and the river present the same general aspect as to the south and east: but, turning to the west and north, the great Libvan Desert and chain of mountains present their barren expanse, which only a skilful painter can adequately depict, and afford a correct picture of the grand scene spread

out map-like at all points of the compass, from our point of observation. Life and death are here strikingly blended together in the great desert, in which there is no sign of animation, except now and then the birds of prey which sail over it, and the brilliant green fields so replete with beauty; it is, indeed, an impressive sight, which no beholder can ever forget.

On descending from the mountain our guide conducted us to places nearly at the foot, where we found an immense crowd of mummies literally massed together, which have stood where we saw them, in their linen wrappings and cerements ragged with the wear of thousands of years; an opening had been made in the mass, and some of the mummies lay on the ground. We were told that they are used for fuel by the Nile steamers, and make the best of fuel, because they were, when embalmed and wrapped, smeared with asphaltum.

Farther on we came to a huge open-mouthed grotto, where the carcass of a large jackal was suspended, placed there by Arab hunters to attract the animals. As our torches were nearly exhausted we could not enter this and other grottoes, and we turned our faces toward the town, which we reached in silent reflection on the new wonders and objects of intense interest we had seen.

We traversed a large part of Siout, went through its bazaars, purchased a few trifles, such as pipes and foot cleaners, which are made here of a peculiar kind of earth, and are the specialty of the town. On arriving at our dahabeah I found our party entertaining a lady named McKown, a missionary from Iowa, and connected with the mission of the United Presbyterian Church of the United States; soon after, the Rev. Mr. Hogg, a native of Edinburgh, who is attached to the same mission, called, and entertained us with an account of the people of the country and the work they were doing among them, which, he says, is seemingly very slow; but he believes the people will emerge from darkness to

light, as they receive and read the Bible, seven thousand copies of which are annually distributed among them, the most of which, he thinks, are read and carefully preserved. Finding that Miss McKown was anxious to meet her parents in the United States, and that she expected to leave in a steamer which had broken down, we wrote her a note inviting her to take passage in our boat as far as Minneah; she accepted, and returned with Joseph to our boat about 10.30 P.M. At Minneah, which is about one hundred miles down the river, she will take the railway for Cairo.

To-day the first disturbance which has marred the peace of our boat for seven weeks took place, between Joseph and the reis. Toseph asked if he was going to bake for his men at this place, to which the reis gave a not very gentle answer, to the effect that that was his affair, not Toseph's: still in good humor, Joseph replied that it was his affair, and also that he wished to know, for the purpose of using the time on shore for our benefit; the reis becoming still more offensive. our usually meek Joseph advanced toward him with a firm tone and manner, putting the sailors aside with both arms. and soon brought the captain to his senses. Shortly after the captain went to him and said he was in the wrong. adding that he thought Joseph would be afraid of him: to which he answered, "You not know Joseph yet; ask all the dragomans; they tell you Joseph was born in the mountains; his head is stone; and if his father insulted him, his heart is iron: till then Joseph is patient."

The accounts have just reached us of an attack on an English dahabeah by Arabs night before last, at a point on the river where we were compelled to tie up, but left on account of the risk of an attack. The English travellers lost two hundred sovereigns and all their watches and much of their clothing. They had been warned by their dragoman, but disregarded the warning. In such cases we have allowed our dragoman to take his own way.

February 14th (Sunday).—Up at 5.45 A.M. Our boat started from Siout at 5.30. The morning is exceedingly quiet and warm, and the surface of the Nile is like a mirror. Three of the Viceroy's steamers have just passed, each with English gentlemen on board, on their way to join the Prince of Wales. As each steamer passed, it saluted us by waving the British flag, which we returned in like manner with the flag of our dahabeah, and by dipping the large flag at the peak.

Mr. Hogg told us that the prince visited his school and examined the scholars in geography; they answered very correctly until he asked about the source of the Nile, when one of the boys pointed to the southern extremity of the river on the map and said that that was all he knew about it. Sir Samuel Baker, the Nile explorer, was present, and told the boy that he was the discoverer of the source of the Nile.

We reached Mahabde at I P.M., and went ashore with Toseph and two of the strongest sailors to visit the grottoes of human and crocodile mummies which are numerous here Before leaving our boat, Joseph buckled his revolver round his waist, and armed himself with his rifle and dirk, without saying why he adopted such an unusual precaution; shortly after landing we were surrounded by a large gang of ill-looking Arabs, some of whom had large pistols sticking out of their girdles on one side and long knives on the other; others had flint guns. It was a savage-looking group as I ever saw in Egypt. Joseph took me aside while my donkey was being saddled and told me, for the first time, that travellers never stopped here unless in strong parties and well armed, adding that this is the most dangerous point on the Nile and that the men around us were robbers. I answered that if he had told me so before landing, I would not have gone ashore; he replied that I had said I wished to see those grottoes and he wished to please me, but thought it was his duty to put

me on my guard before exploring the caverns. To prove his courage, these men pressed us closely all around; he ordered them off, but, not obeying promptly, he rushed at them, and they scampered like cowards, but again came near, seeming much excited; so we retreated to our sandal, and after pulling for a couple of hours came up to our dahabeah, satisfied that discretion was the better part of valor.

We tied up again at Manfaloot, and shortly after, the Ibis arrived alongside with the count, who said that M. Menard and his dragoman had gone ashore at the dangerous place we had just left. On consultation, it was decided to send our dragoman and six of our sailors to look for M. Menard. and the count, being greatly alarmed for the safety of his friend, accompanied them. Long after dark we heard their oars at a distance, and shortly after they all arrived, greatly to our relief. M. Menard brought with him a head of a mummy which had been finely gilded, a large part of the gilding still adhering, and looking very bright. He also brought several parcels of small mummied crocodiles in their linen wrappings, some of which he gave me; also a part of a most singular animal which he thinks is antediluvian: also some fine mineralogical specimens. I congratulated him on his safe escape, and with my presents returned to my dahabeah, pulled up stakes, and we were again on our way down the Nile, propelled by the sweeps and the current, our sailors all joining in one of their wild, monotonous songs. with the new moon over our right shoulder.

We find Miss McKown, our missionary passenger, very intelligent in all matters relating to Egypt, its people, religions, manners, and customs; she has also travelled from Dan to Beersheba in Syria and Palestine, and has given us much valuable information as to travelling in these countries.

Mr. Crocker has been very ill to-day; I fear he will not live to return to the United States. I have just returned

from the deck; the night is most brilliant, owing to the entire clearness of the atmosphere. Each star seems to be double its usual size, and twice as bright, and the Nile reflecting them is as brilliant as the heavens; so that by an easy effort of the imagination, one might almost think the dahabeah suspended in mid-air.

We had a taste of the simoom to-day; the hot breath of the desert has almost scorched the skin without bringing out the perspiration.

February 15th.—Another beautiful morning. Joseph says that although we rowed all night we have made only about ten miles, as sweeps and current are almost powerless against a head wind. Miss McKown has just been entertaining us with an account of the persecution their mission is now recovering from, which was ostensibly carried on by the Viceroy, though, in fact, excited and stimulated by the patriarch of the Copts, who professes to be a friend of the government. This man supposed that the missionaries were making converts among his people, and represented the mission to the Viceroy as being disloyal and tending to excite rebellion against his government; so the patriarch was clothed with authority, and received a government steamer to go up the Nile and inquire into these matters. The first step was to cause the arrest of a very prominent man and his two sons who were known to be friendly to the American mission, and after a mock trial had, not in the presence of the accused, they were condemned to banishment to the Soudan, which is far in the interior of the country, with instructions from the patriarch to drop them in the White Nile. This was overheard by one of the sons of the missionary, who listened to the conversation of the soldiers on guard during the night, and he found means to send a message to a friend who carried it to the missionaries. An application was made to Mr. Hale, the American Consul-General, to interfere, which failed in some unaccountable manner, and Mr. Riddle, the acting

British Consul, applied for and demanded the release of the men, and procured an order for that purpose, which reached its destination just in time to prevent the murder. patriarch proceeded up the river in his work of persecution. imprisoning some and bastinadoing others, and ordering the Bibles burned, which were sold by the missions, although his sect professes belief in the same book, and uses it in their worship. In the patriarch's progress, and on his arrival at the various towns on the river, he was received with loud acclamations by the people; who all walked on foot, he alone riding on an ass. They strewed his path with branches of palm-trees, and conducted the procession precisely as our Lord's was conducted on his entry into Jerusalem. The chief object of this persecution was, as was afterward revealed. the putting down of a man whose career had been a very extraordinary one. For upwards of forty years Fam Stephens has held very high and honorable positions in the government and among his fellow-citizens, and in these capacities he became acquainted with the defalcations and misdeeds of others: Fam was a convert to the new religion. and could only be successfully put down on that ground: hence his condemnation, which, but for its accidental discovery, would have terminated his life; but, on his release, through the efficient interference of the British Consul, the tables were turned, charges were made by each party against the other, Fam's conduct was sifted during a period of forty years, and found to be entirely faultless, while his accusers, who are now on trial, have thus far been found to have cheated the government to a great extent, and each day of the trial only strengthens the evidence against them.

I would advise all who contemplate a trip on the Nile, to employ a dragoman who can speak and understand English; a great difficulty we have arises from Joseph's imperfect knowledge of our language, so that we frequently misunderstand each other. Joseph is a good fellow and honest, and understands his business; but let none suppose that great though these qualifications may be, they really make a thorough dragoman, to whom the traveller must go every hour for information, and who acts as interpreter between him and the natives. The duties of a dragoman are very numerous and by no means easy; he must see that the dahabeah is in perfect order before starting; he selects the reis and crew; he ascertains whether the furniture and all the appliances of the boat are in good order; whether the canteen is complete, and all the various supplies and stores for a two months' voyage are of the best quality and in sufficient quantity. He sees that the kitchen is properly built. He selects the cook and waiter, and let the traveller see to it that the waiter speaks English. Our waiter does not. and we suffer in consequence. If he has a "made-up party" he is equally the servant of all of its members, who sometimes expect more attention than they receive. I would, therefore, advise the traveller not to be hasty in the choice of a dragoman, or to be satisfied with his numerous and too flattering certificates. I would advise him to consult the Consul and the hotel proprietor or manager as to the choice, and having done so, not to make a one-sided contract with him, as is often done, and from which the traveller is sure to suffer at the end of the voyage.

We landed, and walked to the village of E'Dayr Aboo Homers, about two miles back from the river; we visited the convent of "Father John," and the Coptic church, also the village school; and, on leaving, the whole village, men, women, and children, followed nearly to the ruins of a Roman city, the name of which I cannot find in any guidebook, neither could the natives say more about it than "Roman." Portions of the walls and arches, with here and there a column and a capital, are all that remain of what was evidently a large city, covering an extensive area; now it is the habitation of hyenas, jackals, and other beasts, and

not a voice or sound is heard, except the cawing of the raven, the scream of the eagle, the vulture, and the cormorant, which lodge there; some foxes darted out of holes and caverns formed by the fallen walls, and the whole scene was desolate and dismal in the extreme. In the mountain there are extensive quarries with sculptures, one of which represents the turning of water into wine; another, Herod ordering the massacre of the innocents, and the raising of Lazarus. Some of the figures retain their coloring quite fresh, and they are well executed. The Coptic priest came down and invited us to visit him, which we had to decline, as we were pushing off to reach the Tombs of Beni-Hassan in time to spend the whole of to-morrow there.

The sun is setting in a flood of glory. Egyptian sunsets excel all others I have ever seen.

February 16th.—Last night, about 11.30, we tied up, and started again at 5.30 in the morning, and reached Beni-Hassan at 6.30 A.M.

Immediately after breakfast, the count, M. Menard, and myself, accompanied by a guide and the guard of the village, with his old flint-lock musket on his shoulder, started off to visit the far-famed Tombs of Beni-Hassan, which are thought to be the most ancient in Egypt. After a long donkey ride and as long a walk up the steep mountain, mostly through deep sand, we reached the gallery on which all the tombs open, many of which are large and roomy chambers, with arched roofs supported by columns, entirely hewn out of the solid rock. Many of these chambers extend far into the heart of the mountain. On the floors there are square openings cut in the rock to a great depth, as appeared when stones were thrown into them, which sounded on the bottom in four seconds by the watch. The columns at the entrances of many of these tombs very nearly resemble the Doric order, which, we doubt not, was borrowed by the Greeks from Egypt. The columns of some of the interiors

are in the purely Egyptian style. The walls and ceilings have been entirely covered with paintings, of which but little remained; we, however, found much that was yet quite distinct and deeply interesting. No two of these tombs are alike—they differ in almost every particular; we found no sculptures in them, a few hieroglyphics excepted, all the inscriptions and figures being in colors; so that it is most astonishing, and only accounted for by the excessive dryness of the climate, that so much of these paintings vet remain. The subjects of these paintings are very numerous and various: men are seen exercising in a variety of games; hunters are engaged in the chase, using bows and arrows, but, whether for war or in hunting, no other weapons are seen. Wild beasts, such as lions, tigers, and hyenas, chasing and capturing animals, are also seen. Others are plying various mechanic arts, such as preparing hemp, making thread and linen, washing and bleaching it, and men holding it in the sun to dry. You see battles and sieges of cities by testudo, for breaking down walls and fortifications; the men working the testudo are protected from the enemies' arrows by a roof. Kings on thrones are seen, with their subjects paving court, doing homage, and offering gifts; and kings in turn offering sacrifices to the gods. Musicians entertaining a group of people, and dancing-girls, the exact counterpart of the ghawazees of the present day, are dancing to the music of just such instruments as are now in use in Egypt. Dwarfs and buffoons are just such as kings of England employed for their amusement. In another place, men are dragging a net full of fishes, and in another men are dragging a net full of birds, large and small. In another place, men are harvesting wheat, cleaning and grinding it, and others making bread. Here, again, you see men thrown to the ground, and having the soles of their feet bastinadoed. In one of the tombs we saw a number of women represented at a game of ball, throwing, pitching, and catching, throwing a number

of balls up and catching them as they fell in succession. A barber is shaving a man in another place: others are playing checkers, precisely our game. Here are sculptors at work, near them are jewellers, and hard by others are making pottery; in short, all the occupations, trades, professions, manners, customs, and religions of four thousand years ago are illustrated by the paintings, devices, hieroglyphics, and inscriptions on these tombs. There too, prehistoric Egypt can be read; truly, there is nothing new under the sun. The upper chambers were used as chapels, and the catacombs for the dead were reached through openings in the floors. After visiting and viewing the entire opening on this mountain gallery, we took a view of the Nile and country, from this commanding elevation. The river is seen for many miles up and down, covered with a multitude of sails, giving it a most animated appearance. On the west bank, the brilliant green expanse stretches to the distant and dim outline of the Libvan range of mountains, which, as Herodotus eloquently expresses it, "guard the gift of the Nile," and protect it from the life-destroying desert. estimated the breadth of the cultivable land at this point. which is between the river and the desert, at fifteen or eighteen miles; it is, perhaps, the widest part of Egypt that can be cultivated. It is simply impossible to imagine a more magnificent landscape than that stretched out before us. On both sides of the Nile, and bounded east by the Arabian chain, on which we stand, and west by the Libvan chain, which extends in a long light-brown line which bounds the horizon, with the river flowing in the midst, is stretched an indescribably grand expanse of brilliant living green, dotted here and there with groves of palms which mark the sites of mud-built villages, partly concealing them, but entirely shading them from the tropical sun. The loveliness and magnificence of these rural scenes cannot be adequately described: they must be visited to be fully understood and appreciated.

Another curious coincidence occurred to-day, somewhat like others we have experienced in this strange mysterious land. On returning from the tombs, a dahabeah flying the American flag at her peak, hove in sight; hungry for news. I determined to board her. The wind was blowing half a gale, and the stranger's well-filled lateen sail was carrying her swiftly past us. My sandal struck the hull with such force that she swamped, and, but for the extended hand of a young gentleman, I would have shared the ill-luck of my Arab rower, who was precipitated into the stream: this gave me little anxiety, knowing the sailor was amphibious; fortunately my sandal righted, and the sailor was "all aboard" the next instant. Three ladies received me on the quarter-deck: taking in sail was almost impossible; the dahabeah was almost flying, so I had only time to say that we were all Americans. I begged a newspaper. All had been given away a few days ago. The lady inquired if I was from New York, and if I knew any one at Fort Washington? I answered "Yes, A. F. Smith." Covering her face with her hands, she exclaimed. "My husband!" One of the younger ladies said, "My father!" I again got into the half-sunken sandal and pulled off. The captain and the dragoman had seen our danger and were greatly alarmed: so intent was I on obtaining the object of my errand that I was not fully conscious of the hazard. After returning, and finding that the wind frustrated all attempts to continue our journey, I accepted the invitation of my friends on the *Ibis*, to visit the ruins of a temple about two miles across the desert; the guard of the town accompanied us with—as usual—his rusty flint-lock across his shoulder, in expectation of a couple of piastres (two cents) for his trouble. Some ten or twelve Arabs followed, eager for the job, and each vociferously asserting his superior qualifications as a guide, and all of them going the whole distance with us and returning. Wonderful to relate, not one of them asked for baksheesh. An hour's walk over the 200

hot sand brought us to the Spios Artelillos, a temple hewn out of solid rock, by, it is said, the father of Rameses the Great, over four thousand years ago, and dedicated to Pacht. the Diana of the Egyptians, who is sculptured in several places with the head of a lioness, receiving offerings from There are many other sculptures here, the antiquity of which is shown by the rudeness of execution. In the interior there are many unfinished columns and long dark inner chambers, also many grottoes, which were the burial-places of sacred animals. On a line with the entrance to this temple, and opening on a long outside pathway which skirts the face of the mountain, there are many catacombs of various sizes, each with caverns for mummies cut in the floors or sides, which are now the resorts of the wild animals of the desert, and the great birds of prey which drag their victims here to feast on them. These grottoes, like the others of Beni-Hassan, were the hiding-places of the early Christians. who took refuge here when they were fleeing from persecution. Many of their reminiscences are seen here in the form of crosses with the Greek Alpha and Omega cut near them

The tops of these mountains abound in very fine petrifactions; skulls are found in them, which the natives gather and offer to travellers. We saw a very fine jackal, but, luckily for him, we had no gun. The Temple of Pacht is in a wide ravine of the mountains, somewhat like the approach to the Tombs of the Kings, and quite as desolate and dismal. We returned through the village and a magnificent grove of palm and gum-arabic trees; and, as usual, we were beset by a crowd of the inhabitants, who manifested as much curiosity as if they had never seen white men before, proving what we have often heard, that travellers seldom visit villages on the Nile—a matter of surprise to us, seeing how interesting these people are in many respects. The wind continuing to blow a gale, we were compelled, soon after start-

ing, to tie up for the night. Our friends of the *Ibis* boarded us, and we had a game of dominoes, with four in the count's favor and three in mine, to be paid in an equal number of oyster suppers, the count's in Paris and mine in New York, when he visits that city.

VIII.

Minneah; M. Menard very helpful; Beni-zoof; Sakharah; Serapeum; Gizeh; Great Pyramid; Sphinx; Howling Dervishes; Coptic Church Service and Patriarch.

February 17, 1860.—Started again at 5.30 A.M. and reached Minneah at 8 by hard and incessant rowing, stimulated by my offer to the sailors of five francs if the boat reached Minneah in time to enable Miss McKown to take the train for Cairo, in which she was successful. After breakfast we walked to the town to see its people and bazaars, which differ but little from those of other places. We visited the donkey and camel markets, in the midst of which stood a rude gallows for the execution of criminals, as an Arab boy told us by signs. The executions are so frequent that it is a fixture. Great numbers of people crowded round us and showed much curiosity to see strangers. The great thoroughfare is crowded with a dense population, all engaged in various occupations. The party got separated, M. Menard and myself remaining together. We sauntered along, stopping now and then, that M. Menard might take a drawing of a school where a teacher and pupils were hard at work. sketched, also, a one-horse mill, grinding corn; a minaret, a baby, and other objects for his well-filled portfolio. Presently we reached a place where the engineers of the Vicerov were directing the demolition of some buildings to open a new street through the centre of the town, and we learned that this was done without consulting the owners or occupants of the houses or giving them notice to enable them to move! One of these engineers was very civil, and conducted us through the Mohammedan quarter of the town by curious narrow winding lanes until we reached a new house, and we were invited to enter. This is the only private dwelling the inside of which we have seen in Egypt; the entrance was through a heavy wooden door, into a court with several windows opening into it, and covered with lattice-work. The open court contained a water filter and a stone divan.

Two flights of stone steps conducted us to the second story, in which were the kitchen, sitting, and bedrooms, with lattice coverings in front of the windows, which enabled occupants to see objects outside but excluded the public gaze. In going through the bazaar I looked into a watchmaker's place to regulate my watch, which said 2.30 P.M.; that of the regulator was 8.30. It was only an hour after lunch, and I thought the sun was in its accustomed position; how, then, could it be 8.30 P.M.? The count's dragoman explained thus: the watchmaker's clock keeps Arab time, and on making a calculation I found that, taking the difference into account, my watch was right. I have seen more green turbans here than elsewhere, showing that there are more of the direct descendants of the Prophet here than elsewhere in proportion; for only such are allowed to wear the green. Miss McKown gave us an interesting instance of Moslem indignation on seeing a lady in a carriage at Cairo (looking at a procession of pilgrims to Mecca) who had a green veil on her bonnet. The excitement was very great, but the cause was not surmised until the infuriated mob were proceeding to drag the lady from her carriage, whereupon the veil was removed and order was at once restored.

The streets and lanes of this place are full of children, but for some cause only a small proportion come to maturity; were it otherwise, the population of Egypt, it is thought, would be duplicated in a few years. It is curious to see mothers carrying their infants sitting astride the right or left shoulder, and balancing them, just as they do heavy burdens, on their head. I never saw a hand raised to the child except to take it down; and there they sit, oftentimes leaning on the mother's head fast asleep, or playing with a toy.

I am, indeed, most fortunate in having such a companion as M. Menard, especially when visiting the great temples and ruins with which, and the sculptures and hieroglyphics of Egypt, he is quite familiar. He is never weary in giving explanations and answering questions; he is delighted to converse on all subjects, and he seems to have a thorough knowledge of everything. He is an excellent draughtsman and painter, as his overflowing portfolios prove. We have also had great pleasure in the society of M. Menard's friend. the count, who is twenty-six years of age, and will soon succeed to the establishment of his father, the Marquis de Cleremont, of Paris. The count is a gentleman of refinement and culture, simple in his manners and tastes, and he entertains very accurate opinions on all subjects, especially religion. I am happy to say that his family is Huguenot, and that he has a great aversion to the popular religion of France. He proposes that we join him in our travels through Syria and Palestine, Turkey and Greece, which we will be happy to do if consistent with the health and strength of my wife to keep up with the proposed speed of his movements. He spent the evening with us, and retired at 11 o'clock to the The head wind still continues. This.

February 18th.—The night has been exceedingly rough, with no cessation of the wind. The captain says this is a new storm, and he can't tell when it will end. As the wind had considerably abated, we started from Minneah at 5.30 A.M., and at 7.30 I went on deck and found the morning warm and mild. On the shore, just in sight, and within one hundred and fifty feet of us, I can count thirteen very large eagles feeding on a carcass.

When we arrived opposite the Gebel E' Tayr (" Mountain of Birds"), several of the natives threw themselves into the river and swam off to us, begging for money and empty bottles, and crying, "I am a Christian, O Hawager!" We gave them bottles and money, and they returned to the shore and climbed up the steep, rocky precipice with the agility of monkeys. On the top of the mountain, and just over our heads, we saw a number of the people of the settlement watching their friends who boarded our boat, and when they reached the summit there was a general scrambling to take the money and bottles we gave them. Among them were some priests, as Joseph said, who were distinguished by their dress. These people begged from passengers up and down the Nile, and the priests attend to claim and receive the gifts thus obtained, and put them into a common fund for the use of the village to which they belong; but selfishness prevails here also, and some of the beggars refuse to surrender their receipts, except in part; hence the struggle we witnessed. This is a strange community; it has existed here from time immemorial and is composed entirely of Copts, who, as already stated, are the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, and have preserved their manners, customs, and religion. They use the Bible in their worship, and in their schools, as Joseph tells me. They are very hospitable to strangers, and never allow them to suffer for want of food and shelter. When a stranger comes to them toward night they always shelter him and kill a sheep for him. Their hospitality is proverbial, and has earned for them from the government exemption from taxes and military duty. No wonder, therefore, that not only the travellers in the dahabeahs, but also many of the Arabs who trade on the river, are charitable to these kind people, whose character I did not understand when we passed their homes in ascending the river. I took them for savages, as they go almost entirely naked.

Joseph points out a place called E' Serareh, where we see

what appears to us to be a fine river, and just below, to the north of it, some very extensive quarries, of a mile or more in length and of towering height; but we could not land to see them, the wind having risen again, coming in hard, cold blasts and threatening to increase into the gale of yesterday.

I have just learned some new facts in reference to the history of Sheik Salem, the naked Dervish referred to. He was, many years ago, the chief of a tribe of Bedouin Arabs, which depredated the country far and near, and committed many murders. The power of the government was baffled; large rewards were offered for his capture, to no purpose. At last, in a penitential mood, he vowed to reform, and, as some expiation for his crimes, he resolved to pass his life naked and in the dust, and thus he has acquired a character for sanctity among his people, who reverence him, from the highest to the lowest. Even the Viceroy himself never passes without stopping to visit and bow down to this remarkable man, and to kiss his hand, just as our officers and sailors did the other day.

I went ashore with Joseph, at Golooauch, in the sandal, to buy lentils and such other supplies as could be found. Many of the people of the town gathered around me and showed much curiosity to see a white man. I noticed a fine-looking old man sitting on the ground, in a lively conversation with a party of Bedouins; his complexion was light, features large, forehead high and broad, eyes full and expressive, beard perfectly white and entirely covering his breast; he wore a cashmere turban and cloak of coarse wool in white and brown stripes. While I was looking, he arose and stood before me, and with great dignity and grace put out his hand and repeated words which I could not understand. I shook his hand heartily and asked how he did, and, to my astonishment, found he spoke some English. He was a Syrian, and crossed the desert with a large flock of camels, sheep, and

cattle, which he showed me, and which he was offering for sale. Truly he was a splendid specimen of manly beauty and dignity, combined with genial, pleasant manners, such as are rarely met with, even in civilized countries.

We have just overtaken and passed Dr. A. M. Bruen's dahabeah, which left Assouan several days before us. Our captain, officers, and sailors are pronounced the best on the river this season. In the evening the dahabeahs of Dr. Bruen and the count came up and were lashed on either side of our boat, and soon we had a merry party in our saloon, composed of the voyagers of the three dahabeahs. At 10 our party broke up, and we continued our way down the Nile with a two-mile tide, under a brilliant moon, the Belzoni in the embrace of the *Ibis* and the *Heloise*. While entertaining our friends in the saloon, the three dragomans were entertaining themselves on the deck over our heads, and the thirty-four sailors, waiters, cooks, and cabin-boys of the three vessels had a jolly time on our forward deck. Just here an English boat, bound down, hove in sight, and the four will probably keep together until they reach Sakharah.

February 19th.—During the night the wind arose again, and but little progress was made. The morning is fine but cold, wind still ahead; the *Ibis* and *Heloise* running nearly neck and neck, and the crews of the fleet are pulling lustily with the sweeps. The endurance of Arab sailors is wonderful; they pull for several continuous hours steadily with the heavy sweeps, each of which is as much as I can lift.

Later.—Nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of one of the finest days we have had. At 6 P.M. mercury seventy-four, a fall of five degrees since noon. My entire day, except while at meals, has been spent on one of the deck divans, field glass in hand, most of the time.

It is quite impossible to describe the splendid scenery of the Nile; it has been a shifting panorama all day, while we have glided smoothly on at about three miles an hour. On the west bank the Arabian mountain chain is in full view, sometimes parallel with the river, at other times jutting across the stream in lofty, precipitous walls, ledges, and turrets, which threaten to fall on the traveller and sink his boat. We are just passing a point in these stupendous, rocky precipices which resembles an enormous fortification, with walls perfectly smooth, sloping inward and meeting in a succession of acute angles.

On the east side of the river the whole country passed today has been an uninterrupted brilliant green, divided into sections by long ranges of splendid palm trees, with here and there a beautiful grove of the same, interspersed with groups of the gum-arabic. The eve fairly gloats on these scenes. and at the same time is never weary or satisfied with gazing on them. The air, land, and water abound in great numbers of birds in endless variety of size and plumages, such as cranes, storks, herons, flamingoes, eagles, pelicans, hawks, geese, ducks, pigeons, etc. Dr. Bruen shot a fine flamingo vesterday, and the count shot a plunger, an ibis, and an eagle: the first two he will prepare and send them to us for the children; the eagle was lost in the rocks. We have just run on a sand bar, a common occurrence to every boat, and our ten sailors are under the boat, aided by the count's crew. to get her off. After working more than an hour they got her off and we are again on our way.

An instance of how cases are heard, and justice is administered, occurred to-day. A traveller quarrelled with his reis, and the parties went before the governor, who heard the traveller, but would not allow the reis to open his mouth; he promptly decided, and ordered the reis to be bastinadoed, and thus the matter ended. I am told that this is a common occurrence, and I find it tallies with Lane and other respectable writers on Egypt. Another instance of glaring injustice was related to me by Allah Moosa, the dragoman of my friend Mr. I. H. Parsons, who was also the dragoman of the

unfortunate Daniel Cave, the young Englishman who was drowned in the cataracts above Assouan, already alluded to.

Mr. Cave was warned not to bathe in the rapids, but he disregarded the advice of his faithful dragoman, and he was swept away and drowned. Poor Allah was heart-broken, not only at the loss of his kind patron, but also of the entire wages and expenses of a four months' voyage; he remained on the spot nine days, searching for the body, and found it. On returning to Assouan he buried the unfortunate youth where he now lies. He was tried before the Kadi, convicted and imprisoned, and released only on the entreaty of the family of the young man. Since I have been in this country I have heard of many cases of gross injustice. A friendless and poor person is sure of condemnation on the ex-parte statements of the rich and influential. In his admirable book on "The Modern Egyptians," Mr. Lane gives instances of the despotism, injustice, cruelty, and venality of those who administer the laws that would stagger belief, but for the high character of the author, his long residence in Egypt, and accurate observations.

February 20th.—A dense fog retarded us during the night; both banks of the river are invisible this morning. The Heloise and Ibis are still close to us and we are approaching Beni-zoof, where, on landing, the Heloise passed on, as Dr. Bruen is anxious to receive letters which are awaiting him in Cairo.

Before breakfast I walked with M. Menard to the town, and went through the bazaars; but it was too early for business; the shops were not open. We, however, saw a class of the population which are not visible after 9 in the morning; these are the carriers of supplies to the town's people, whose cries are novel and peculiar. We skirted the village, saw the barracks and the palace, which is sometimes occupied by the Viceroy or some of his family. It is a large, unshapely building, covering an immense area, and but a single story high.

It stands in the open, sandy plain, outside the town, with not a single tree to shade it, or a wall or fence to protect it, and is quite unlike a royal residence, except in size. After breakfast the count and M. Menard accompanied the ladies and myself to the bazaars, which we found in every respect similar to all others visited.

In the afternoon the count and Joseph went shooting, and I spent a couple of hours with M. Menard, who read part of a manuscript he intends to publish on reaching Paris. It was in the form of a dialogue between the founders of the ancient schools of philosophy, and the fathers of the ancient Christian Church, each explaining and defending his own doctrines, in tones of great dignity and calmness. Simon Magus is introduced in this extraordinary assemblage, and Origen, one of the Christian fathers, refutes his doctrines and heretical teachings in a few firm but well-tempered words. meeting is on the anniversary of one of the Great Masters. and is held at the house of one of the assembled group. It begins with mutual congratulations and expressions of pleasure, and a libation is poured out by the host in memory of him in whose honor they have met. Then one of the guests opens the discussion by asking another to explain an allegory in his writings, and thus the dialogue proceeds, until each has had an opportunity of expounding his views on philosophy. mythology, religion, and poetry. The dialogue is, in fact, a beautiful poem, and abounds in profound learning on all these subjects. When the author was in the most beautiful and interesting part of his manuscript, our servant put off from the Ibis in the sandal, and called me to dinner, and, as I could not keep the party waiting for me, I reluctantly obeyed the summons.

February 21st.—A strong north wind has again sprung up and our progress during the night has been very small. This morning it is again foggy and chilly. Suffering from the lack of exercise, I landed in the sandal at 1 o'clock for a

walk, and visited seven villages on the way. This is the Coptic Sabbath, as well as our Sabbath. The Coptic places of worship are all open, but poorly attended. It is curious to see the sign of the cross on the entrances to some of the mud hovels, indicating that the occupants are Christians. As usual, a train of natives followed me in each village; all the people are friendly, except now and then a Moslem, in a green turban, who claims direct descent from the Prophet, and despises "Christian dogs," though some of these are also courteous and pleasant. In going through one of the villages I asked a man his name; he answered "Jesus Christ." Joseph rebuked him, saying, "You are a Turk, and that is not your name." He promptly replied, "My name is Jesus, the slave of Christ."

Joseph shot a pigeon, and as he was putting it in a bag, an eagle pounced down to seize it. Not willing to give up his prize, Joseph fired at the eagle, which had retreated a little, and in the next instant the eagle pounced on the ground, and seizing a large serpent, was flying off with him, when Joseph fired again and brought him down; the snake falling from the eagle's grasp, an Arab, who was near, ran after the snake, and Joseph after the eagle, but found him unwilling to surrender quietly. He was very savage and fought furiously, though wounded fatally. The Arab went to Joseph's assistance, and it required the united efforts of both to secure the bird and put him in a portable condition, as he did not wish to kill, but present him alive to the count, who wished to see a living eagle within reach. On the way to our sandal, the monster, which was carried by his wings, made a strong and sudden movement, seizing his wings with his talons and almost reaching Joseph's hand with his dangerous beak. In a moment Joseph forced his head and neck on the ground, and placing my strong Soudan club across the eagle's neck, asked me to stand on both ends of the club. I did so, but not bearing my full weight on the club, the powerful bird partially extricated himself; the club was replaced, and I stood upon it while Joseph bound his feet together with a strong cord and fastened it to the club, and thus he was carried to the count's boat. On the way we met a number of the natives, who rejoiced to see one of their most formidable enemies in durance. One told Joseph that it was impossible to keep their chickens and pigeons, on account of the depredations of the eagle; he also explained how eagles caught and killed gazelles by sitting on their backs and beating them to death with their wings. The count was much pleased with Joseph's gift, which he promised to prepare and have preserved in the best style. This bird is now in the Academy of Sciences in Paris, and considered one of the finest specimens of its kind.

On leaving the *Ibis* we pulled over to the west side of the river and visited some of the villages there, one of which was beautifully situated on the edge of a magnificent grove of palm trees, which occupied a park-like expanse carpeted with "Egyptian green." I gave a lad a few paras—about five cents—and to prove his gratitude he ran off and soon returned with a goolah of water, which we drank with much pleasure. On returning along the shore to join our dahabeah we saw flocks of birds, among them many flamingoes, tall and stately and little disturbed at our presence, within easy, short range.

After tea I boarded the *Ibis*, both boats having tied up for the night, the head-wind making progress impossible. M. Menard was very entertaining as usual. The magnificent sunset furnished a theme for conversation, which was delightfully prolonged until 10 o'clock by a lecture on the mythology of the ancients about the setting sun.

February 22d (Washington's Birthday).—Joseph tells me this morning that we started again at 1 o'clock, but as the wind is still ahead we have made little progress. The air is chilly; mercury in the saloon stands at fifty-eight, 8 A.M.

An American boat has just passed, bound south—up the Nile. It left Cairo yesterday, as the dragoman told Joseph, who hailed him in passing. A Mr. Hood is on board, but that is all we could learn, as the boat ran swiftly past us.

M. Menard tells us it is doubtful whether he will accompany us to Syria, as the journey from Jerusalem to Damascus is very long, and he dreads the horseback ride. Should he decide not to go, we will change our route through the Holy Land by returning to Jaffa, after visiting Jerusalem and surrounding country, taking steamer from Jaffa to Beyrout, thence to Damascus, Baalbeck, Lebanon, and other places in that region, returning to Beyrout and steaming to Constantinople.

We have been in sight of the so-called "False Pyramid" for twenty-four hours. The river is so serpentine for many miles above and below this pyramid that it is seen on the east and west sides at short intervals of time. Viewed from the river, it is a huge structure with immense smooth walls. rising apparently from the centre of a mass of fallen stones and débris; the apex seems to have been demolished and is nearly level, as if thrown down or left unfinished. I can get no information about this pyramid from any source at hand. The wind fell at about 10 A.M., and the sailors have been hard at work with the sweeps, rowing on a placid surface for the first time since we left Assouan, three weeks ago, showing how uncertain the navigation of the Nile is. Travellers and Toseph have told me that the return trip is always the shortest and most agreeable, and frequently made in eight days, not counting stoppages to visit interesting places.

We shall probably reach Sakharah this evening, and visit the interesting sights in that neighborhood, including the Serapeum, discovered, I think, by Mariette two years ago.

I P.M.—By the aid of my glass I distinctly see the Pyramids of Gizeh, between thirty and forty miles distant.

Our dahabeah has been managed so well, and to our entire

satisfaction, that I wish to record the names of the persons to whom we are indebted, to wit: Joseph Micalief, Syrian, dragoman; Sattie, Greek, cook; Edieh Genteel, Italian, waiter; Achmet, Arab, reis; Radowan, Arab, second reis, pilot; Hammed, Arab, sailor; Mohammed, Arab, sailor; Ismail, Arab, sailor; Aboulilah, Arab, sailor; Ali (surnamed by us the Prince, an Apollo Belvidere in form and beauty, and a good-natured, excellent man), Arab, sailor; Ismael, Arab, sailor; Hassan, Nubian, sailor; Halliel, Nubian, sailor; Mohammed, Arab, sailor; Abou Radowan, Arab, sailor; Ibraham, a boy, as fine a specimen as we ever saw, Arab, cabin-boy.

4 P.M.—As we approach Sakharah there are eleven pyramids in view. The river widens here into a bay. It is perfectly calm and picturesquely beautiful, reflecting the palm trees and other objects on its glassy surface.

Later.—A light wind is rising and favors us. The Heloise and Ibis are a couple of miles ahead, having passed us this morning while we were aground.

7.30 P.M.—We arrived at Bedreshayn, where we found the *Ibis* waiting for us; boarded her, and took tea with the count and M. Menard, both of whom afterward spent the evening on board of our dahabeah, and we entertained them with our best in honor of the day. M. Menard, who is a walking encyclopædia, told stories of the immortal Washington, to whose memory we poured out a libation. He told us how mortified he was when, standing in front of a picture store in Paris, where there was a portrait of Washington, a friend and countryman at his side asked him what portrait it was. He answered, "Who was the greatest man of the century?" The prompt answer was, "Napoleon." "Monstrous ignorance," was the equally prompt rejoinder.

At 11 P.M. our visitors retired to the *Ibis*, and we turned in to get rest for the long ride in the morning to Sakharah, to visit the Great Pyramids, Tombs and Temples of the

Serapeum, which, though discovered only ten years ago, is already much filled by the drifting sands of the desert.

February 23d.—Early this morning I ascended to the top of the hill, near which our boat is moored, and with my glass saw distinctly the Citadel, the minarets, and the tombs of the Memlukes at Cairo. Joseph laughed and said I was mistaken. He tried the glass. He looked again and again. Then he examined the glass, and looked at me in utter astonishment. Sure enough, there were the objects in Cairo! Breakfasted early, and started with M. Menard and the count to Memphis and the pyramids of Sakharah. In consequence of Mr. Crocker's increasing illness, it is determined that the Belzoni proceed at once to Cairo, and I will return in the Ibis with the count and M. Menard. after visiting Memphis and its surroundings. So, taking leave of Mrs. B., and Mr. and Miss C., we started off on donkeys. Our course lay through the Arab village of Bedreshavn, which is embowered in a dense grove of palms, thence over a very beautiful plain studded with palm groves and long avenues of the same gracefully magnificent trees. On our left, the grand Pyramids of Dashour raised their peaks, and on our right, the Pyramids of Sakharah, and bevond these, further to the north, the grander Pyramids of Gizeh were distinctly visible. After crossing these fertile plains, we entered another dense grove of palms growing on tumuli of débris, which marks the site of the once magnificent city of Memphis, of which there now remains scarce a vestige. Riding on, we came to a prostrate colossus hewn from svenite, which lay where it had fallen ages ago, partly on its side, with a face and form more beautiful and manly than any I have yet seen in any collection of statuary. The figure—by our measurement—is forty-two and one-half feet from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, and is admirably preserved. The face, which, from its position, is seen in profile, is perfect; and I can safely say I never saw a

human face in sculpture which combined such grandeur. beauty, and tranquil calmness of expression. Not the least impressive thing about this prostrate figure was the peculiar position in which it had fallen, forcibly recalling the terrible denunciations in the Bible (see Hosea ix., 6) against the idols of this once glorious but idolatrous city. Passing on. we were shown a variety of antique remains, such as broken statues, slabs of granite inscribed with hieroglyphics, portions of columns, capitals, pediments, friezes, and cornices; also broken arches and walls of immense thickness projecting through heaps of débris and rubbish. We rode and walked over a considerable extent of this ancient and most interesting and instructive sight, which now presents an indescribable scene of complete desolation. Further on we came to the Arab village of Sakharah, the houses of which are built in large part with stones from ancient ruined Memphis, and also from the neighboring pyramids. Some of them, bearing the hieroglyphic inscriptions of thousands of years ago. looked rather out of place in their present position. No accurate idea can now be formed of the magnitude and extent of area of ancient Memphis from a view of the site and surroundings as now seen. Murray says that Diodorus calculated its circuit at one hundred and fifty stadia, upward of seventeen English miles. After a hot ride over the desert, the sands of which drifted in eddies and gave us. when riding against the wind, no little annovance, we reached the cemetery of the Sacred Bulls, discovered by Mariette two years ago, after a laborious and most expensive excavation. The grand entrance is down an inclined plane of loose sand into an immense gallery of great extent and breadth, which seems to have been partly hewn from the rock and partly constructed of masonry. After passing in a short distance, it is totally dark toward the interior; but by the aid of candles we groped along and examined objects of great interest. The roof of the gallery is arched, and on

either side, at intervals of, perhaps, fifty feet, there are senarate rooms with arched roofs, each containing a sarcophagus of syenite, which once held the body of a mummied bull All these sarcophagi have been robbed of their contents, and now form curiosities in the museums and private collections of the world. There are thirty-three of these sarcophagi, all made of syenite, and so highly polished as to reflect objects with the distinctness of an ordinary mirror. Each sarcophagus, with one or two exceptions, is fifteen feet long by twelve feet wide. I estimated their depth at six and one-half feet The sides or walls of each are from eighteen to twenty inches thick. Each is said to weigh from ninety-five to one hundred tons, and each has a seating capacity of several persons. The lids of these sarcophagi are immense monoliths, and, like the bodies, are very highly polished, beautifully formed on the upper surface, and hollowed on the under side to correspond with the size of the hollowing of the sarcophagus. One or two of these sarcophagi were partly inscribed on the ends and sides with hieroglyphics. One of the chambers seems to have been left incomplete, as in preparation for the burial of the next bull. Another chamber with its sarcophagus had never been occupied. This immense gallery, which required so much expensive labor and time to excavate, is rapidly filling again with the drifting sands. We next visited the Serapeum, a temple which once communicated with the gallery by grand avenues, long since closed by drifting sands. This is one of the most beautiful temples we have seen in Egypt, and it is entirely unlike any other ruin. No part of the roof remains, but some of the passages have been covered with ancient Egyptian coffins to keep out the sand. The interior of this temple is filled with square columns, and the walls are covered with sculptures executed in superior style. The drawings are spirited, and the coloring is fresh and brilliant, owing, it is thought, to the dryness of the climate and of the

sand under which they have lain for ages. All sorts of curious devices are painted on the walls. The entire history of a sacred bull is depicted from birth to death, embalmment. and burial. He is seen in infancy, delicately cared for and nursed. In the next stage he is seen in the playground sporting, then in a temple getting his education, then attended by thirty-six naked females, who are bringing his food and other things; then, alas, having been so unfortunate as to reach the age of twenty-five years, he is slaughtered! The ancient Egyptians did not allow any Apis or sacred bull to survive his twenty-fifth year. On other parts of this temple's walls are to be seen dahabeahs with men navigating them. Some are spearing fish; under one of the dahabeahs is seen an immense crocodile. Another man is spearing a hippopotamus. Others are catching birds, and carrying them by their wings, just as the natives do now. Here is a group of cranes with men feeding them; there are chicks and chickens, and here a flock of geese. In another place hunters are facing gazelles and shooting them and other animals with golden arrows. In still another place, men are building dahabeahs and launching them, and in other places are seen five boats propelled with many banks of oars.

These are but a very few of the sculptures and paintings in this interesting temple, which seems doomed to be again buried by the drifting sands.

While we were lunching inside the temple, the sand gathered near us to the depth of half an inch, and our donkeys' saddles were completely covered when we came to remount. We met a French naturalist in this temple, accompanied by an Arab guide; he has been here some days gathering insects, of which he had a large variety in bottles. This collection interested me very much, especially to see how exactly the ancient Egyptians copied the same insects in stone, which are found in the tombs of the rich. We now turned our faces toward the river, returning partly by a different road,

and again passing over the site of ancient Memphis, to take another look at the prostrate colossus lying on its face, terribly suggestive of the judgments pronounced by the prophets on the idolatry of this once grand metropolis. (See Ezekiel xxx., 13-19.)

At 4 P.M. we pushed off to join the Ibis at Gizeh, where Joseph is to wait for us, that we may take our last excursion tomorrow, to the greatest of all the pyramids. The wind favored the *Ibis* at the start, but fell off when nearing Gizeh, on reaching which place, at 7.30 P.M., a note from Mrs. B. was put into my hands, saying that Joseph had induced them not to stop at Gizeh, but go on to Boulak, and visit the pyramids to-morrow, over the new carriage road and the bridge of boats prepared by the Vicerov for the Prince and Princess of Wales; otherwise our visit to Cheops and the Sphinx would involve the usual fatiguing journey by donkey. So the count ordered his dragoman to proceed direct to Boulak. On the way we sat down to a very fine dinner, and talked over our delightful Nile trip, which we reviewed with great pleasure. and which we all deeply regretted was so soon to end. usual, M. Menard was most amusing. Among other things he said he recalled with displeasure having once said that the journey was tedious, and if he ever took it again, it would be by rail or steamboat; but he now saw that the journey could not be made with profit and pleasure except in a dahabeah. We all concurred.

We reached Boulak at 9 P.M., and made fast to the *Belzoni*. Our friends came on board our boat and spent a couple of hours with us; Mr. and Miss Crocker having landed and gone to Shepherd's Hotel. Mr. C., being very ill, called in a doctor.

February 24th.—It was our intention to remain at anchor in the river, but while Joseph was absent at Cairo to provide our last dinner on board, the reis had the Belzoni hauled to the shore. When Joseph returned it was again hauled into

the stream, and put in good order for us until we leave it tomorrow morning.

At 10 A M, we started on a visit to the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx, the ladies, accompanied by the count and M. Menard in a carriage, myself and Joseph on donkeys. The visit of the Prince of Wales has been fortunate for us, otherwise the bridge and carriage road would not have been built. They are in excellent order now, and make an otherwise fatiguing journey very easy and pleasant. We went to the very base of "Old Cheops," a distance of twelve miles, said to be the longest continuous carriage ride in Egypt. Everything has been done to please England at this particular juncture in the history of the Suez Canal. The road has been ornamented by planting acacia trees on both sides; it passes in full view of the grand palace of the Vicerov, and hard by stands the palace of his mother, and some miles beyond is the palace of the children of the harem, their nurses, attendants. and military guards. Here, also, are located very extensive barracks, alive with soldiers, who were drilling, lounging, or working in the grounds. Beyond stands a military academy of the Vicerov, where, on our return in the evening, we saw a sham fight between several hundred cadets. The country on both sides of the road is very fertile and beautiful, and in a high state of cultivation. We saw fishermen drawing nets in the canals or aqueducts which skirt the road. They are constructed to supply the interior villages with water, and for purposes of irrigation. These canals communicate, at both extremities, with the Nile, which prevents stagnation. Over the heads of the fishermen there were hundreds of hawks and eagles, greedy to dart down on the fish as they were thrown out of the nets, and the fishermen took no more notice of them than if they had been pigeons or other harmless birds.

Near the extremity of the road there were hundreds of men, women, and children hard at work repairing it, and preparing

it to resist the next overflow of the Nile. The women and children were carrying baskets of earth and mud on their heads from the level to the top of the embankment, and the men directed where each basket was to be emptied. It seems to be the rule in Egypt that the least of the labor is done by the strongest, and all the really hard work is performed by the weakest of both sexes. Among the fellahs it is a very common thing to see the men, with the distaff, spinning varn from a bunch of wool carried under the arm, by twisting it with the fingers, and winding it on a spool, while the children of both sexes are doing the work in the field, and the women are carrying immense earthen jars of water from the river on their heads, jars too heavy for one woman (who is always assisted by another) to raise them to the head. We reached the Pyramid of Cheops at 12 M. This is said to be the oldest monument in the world. Herodotus says it required the labor of one hundred thousand men for ten years to prepare roads from the quarries to the place where it stands, over which the stones were carried of which to build it, and that three hundred and sixty thousand men were engaged twenty years in building it. Its present height is four hundred and seventy feet, and it covers an area of nearly fourteen acres. I stood gazing at this stupendous wonder, this enormous mass of masonry, utterly lost in a maze of thought as to the purpose for which it was built. I find among intelligent men here that the popular opinion is that all pyramids, great and small, of which there are seventy, were built as burial-places, mausoleums for those kings under whose reign they were built. This opinion seems to be favored and confirmed by the discovery of sarcophagi in such. of them as have been opened and explored.

It is impossible while looking attentively at Cheops to realize its magnitude, still less can the gazer realize its tremendous height.

A reis, claiming to be the captain of the pyramid, offered

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to go to the summit and return to me in eight minutes for five francs: taking out my watch I waved him off, and, to my amazement, he returned in seven minutes. This man's strength and agility astonished the party, who watched him closely with their field glasses as he almost leaned from stone to stone till he stood on the apex, and then he jumped from stone to stone in his descent, till he stood by my side to receive his stipulated remuneration. I attempted the ascent. but found it impossible without the aid of three Arabs, one on each side and one behind, and remembering my liability to vertigo, I abandoned the attempt. The steps are thirty inches high. We went to the entrance, or opening, which leads to the "King's Tomb," elevated some thirty-five feet above the ground, but were deterred from entering by those just emerging, who said it was totally dark, hot and stifling. and nothing to be seen. One of the explorers was deathly pale and unable to walk on coming out.

After viewing this pyramid and its eight neighbors, not very remote from it, we called on the world-renowned Sphinx, a description of which baffles my command of language. Everybody has seen pictures of this wondrous recumbent figure, with face of female and body of lion, and all have read books descriptive of it; but standing as I do now before it, I feel that every picture and description are as weak and unsatisfactory as this attempt will be to give any idea of this stupendous figure of cyclopean majesty. Most fortunate, indeed, are we in the time of our visit; for ages, the desert sands have covered the Sphinx, all except the head; but the Prince of Wales and his retinue of distinguished personages are here, and the Viceroy, anxious to gratify his visitors, has, by herculean labors of numbers of his subjects, excavated this wonderful figure, and, for the first time in many centuries, has shown it, and many of Egypt's grandest ruins, to the world. A short distance from the Sphinx we were shown the lately excavated ruins of a once magnificent temple, built of red granite, from which Mariette is now engaged clearing away the sand. The existence of this temple was unknown until now.

There is a small army of men now at work under Mariette's superintendence clearing these ruins. We were admitted to them and found immense blocks of alabaster between huge square red granite columns; but, strange to say, no such hieroglyphic inscriptions or sculptures as are found in every other Egyptian ruin. After an unusually fatiguing day we returned to our dahabeah, passing through the noisy, crowded and bustling town of Boulak, whose thoroughfares are so densely crowded as scarcely to admit of our passing. Here the din of Arab voices is almost deafening as they hurry along, ordering each other out of the way, and screaming to their donkeys.

On returning to our dahabeah we found an excellent dinner ready for us, and our Arab crew entertained us with their last serenade, which was given in their best style. We retired about midnight, to spend our last night on the Nile, with a feeling of sincere regret at leaving it, perhaps forever.

February 25th.—At 10 A.M. we left our dahabeah to go to Shepherd's Hotel, bidding our captain, crew, and Ibraham, our handsome, good-natured cabin-boy, good-by, though not for the last time, as all of them are expected to call on us to-morrow to receive the customary baksheesh at the termination of the voyage.

Nearly this entire day we spent in our room reading letters from home and answering several of them.

February 26th.—The great part of this day was occupied in settling the accounts of the Nile voyage and in paying the captain, pilot, cook, waiter, cabin-boy, and the sailors their usual baksheesh: To the captain, forty francs; pilot, thirty francs; cook, forty francs; waiter, forty francs; boy, ten francs; sailors (among the ten), sixty francs:

I also paid Joseph three thousand and twenty-seven

francs in full, of balance on contract and for moneys disbursed by him for the party.

After lunch, in company with Messrs. Booth and Parsons and their ladies, we went to see the "Howling Dervishes." They had already begun their peculiar form of worship in a sort of mosk which differs materially from all others that we have seen. A labyrinthine passage from the street brought us to a square chamber of some forty feet on each side, covered with matting, and at the entrance on each side the shoes of the worshippers were left. Ranged around the sides of this square were the members of this strange brotherhood of fanatics, in various costumes and of all complexions, from ebony to European white; all having long flowing hair, except the negro, whose locks were enormous, giving his head the appearance of unnatural size.

On the fourth side of the square sat the musicians, who played on rude flutes and pipes of reed, a sort of trumpet, a tambourine, a drum, a kawango, and other instruments like tambourines. The musicians accompanied themselves with vocal music, all on the same sad and melancholy strain as all the music heard in Egypt. The worshippers swaved their bodies backward and forward, their long hair following these motions, until they became more and more rapid and violent according to the time of the music as it increased in rapidity, until the long hair of the worshippers touched the floor, and their faces became almost purple with wild excitement; each uttering a loud bark or grunt at each successive movement up and down, until some, more excited than others, left the lines and continued their wild and violent motions and sounds until others of their fellows took hold of them, and by a violent effort threw them on their backs on the floor, several others holding them down until the frenzy abated. One man in particular advanced to the centre of the square, and continued swaying himself violently about from right to left, his long flowing hair describing a circle,

and the rotation of his body was such as to resemble an oscillating movement, as on a pivot, at the waist. This was continued for about half an hour and until the worship ended, when it was necessary to seize him violently and throw him down, keeping him on the floor until he became calm.

The difference in the costumes of some of these worshippers, which were of silk, with bright stripes, showed they were priests, who wore turbans and directed the ceremonies. The congregation was strangely composed; among them was a boy of, perhaps, twelve years of age, who engaged in the services with all the fervor and apparent earnestness of his seniors. There were between sixty and seventy worshippers, whose whole performances were to us singularly mysterious and unmeaning, and the state of suffering into which they were thrown by their fanatical gestures, motions, and howls was painful almost in the extreme. Their only utterance during the performances was "Ya Allah" (O God).

On returning to our hotel, we took a carriage and drove over the celebrated Shoobra Road, which is bordered in its entire length by acacia trees said to be several hundred years old, but in a most remarkably flourishing condition. Here, as elsewhere, angry crowds jostled each other, struggling along and acting as though they only had a right to the highway.

February 27th.—Engaged nearly the whole day in settling up the business of the Nile trip; at home half an hour would have sufficed to do what it took six hours to do here—there are so many details arising chiefly from outside appeals and demands, which Joseph finally arranged satisfactorily. Of the two bags of copper coins, which we took by advice of our Consul, Mr. Hale, for baksheesh, I returned thirty-seven pounds' weight to Tod, Rathbone & Co., the bankers, which remained after the free distribution of the eighty pounds to the natives, sailors, and others. As I sauntered through the

crowded thoroughfares, I saw the sign of "Madame Barbot, Court Modiste," and over the entrance a crocodile at least fifteen feet long, with open mouth, showing a formidable array of sixty-two immense teeth; "appropriate," I said mentally. In an instant I heard the familiar word "Owa" (Take care), and a donkey loaded with water skins, well filled, nearly knocked me down. Turning to avoid another donkey carrying a fat man and a boy, I heard the words, "Shinralack, va Hawager" (To the left, O sir), when a camel came, loaded with building timbers on each side of the animal, the lower ends dragging on the ground, and the upper ends above and beyond the animal's head, and swaving as if they would smash the delicate lattices which cover the windows on each side of the narrow street. Such are some of the sights to be seen and dangers to be avoided in this truly Oriental city. Wishing to find Joseph, who is engaged in making preparations for our journey to the Holy Land, by procuring tents, furniture, and the necessary appliances, I went to his brother's house, at the end of a long, narrow, dirty lane, not three feet wide. The door of the courtyard was fastened. On knocking, I was admitted by the captain of the Belzoni; he was with a party, consisting of the owner of the boat, Joseph, his brother, and some of the sailors. The tall owner seized me, and, lifting me up, passed me from one to another, hailing me as Bashaw. I learned that the cause of rejoicing was that the Belzoni was the only boat on which there had been no trouble this season. The owner said he would hire his dahabeah next season, and the reis said he would wait for us until he knew we were not coming. I mention this to prove not only the gratitude of these people, but the importance of treating them well in order to secure the comfort of the traveller on the Nile

It is strange to see how tame the birds are in this densely populated city; numbers of the largest of them hover among the people and alight on the trees and the ground, almost at their feet. There are hawks, an owl, and lots of chattering jackdaws on a banyan tree just outside of our windows.

Great preparations are being made for a grand ball, to come off on the 4th of March, in the new Palace of the Viceroy, in honor of the Prince of Wales, who, it is said, will not reach Cairo in time, as he is lingering among the ruins of Thebes.

After dinner Messrs. Parsons, Booth, Hamilton, and Dr. Bruen called, and while smoking our pipes we had a most enjoyable chat over sights and experiences in Egypt.

February 28th.—At 6.30 A.M., M. Abdallah, my new guide through Cairo, knocked at my door for me to attend service at the new Coptic church. Dr. Bruen joined me. We arrived before the services commenced, and had a good opportunity of seeing the building, which is very spacious and has much architectural beauty; we estimated the length of the auditorium at two hundred feet by about one hundred in breadth. The style is peculiarly modern Egyptian, in which the pointed Saracenic arch predominates. The interior is very lofty, and the roof is made up of circular, domelike openings with windows admitting the light. The centre opening is a very fine and well-proportioned ellipse, with windows to admit the light. The centre aisle is formed by two ranges of columns terminating in the entrance to the inner court, or Holy of Holies, which is separated from the auditorium by heavy draperies; these draperies were drawn when the service began, and the deacons and priests marched out in uniform, followed by the Patriarch and the bishops. The Patriarch is much above ordinary stature, and somewhat corpulent; he was enveloped in a white silk robe, embroidered with gold thread and a cap or cowl of the same material similarly ornamented; he carried a long staff in his left hand with a silver cross and a red flag on top of the staff. The people bowed with profound reverence before him, and kissed his right hand; he took his seat on a throne prepared

for him; the deacons went through a chant, and a priest, facing the congregation, read from the Gospels. While the service was thus in progress, another priest went around with a censer, burning incense, swinging it to and fro, and another priest passed among the people putting his right hand on the head of each and blessing them. When he came to us, he passed on. Every worshipper or visitor entered with bare feet, or in stockings, leaving his slippers or sandals at the door. We occupied a very favorable position to witness the whole ceremony, which had a most imposing effect. The costumes of the people were in great variety of forms, and especially of colors, greatly heightening the picturesqueness of the scene.

The Abyssinian Copts were conspicuous by their long white robes, with a broad, bright red stripe running from top to bottom, giving the whole group a most picturesque and attractive appearance. In this great house of worship, as in the smaller one I visited at Thebes, flocks of sparrows flew about and settled on the cornices and capitals, chirping and twittering incessantly, but without any apparent disturbance of the congregation, who took no notice of them. I was again forcibly reminded of the third verse of the Eightyfourth Psalm. Oh, how much light do these and other scenes throw on the Sacred Scriptures! While in this church, a bright-looking but poorly-dressed boy, of twelve or thirteen years of age, spoke to us in very good English. He said his name was Michael Hannah, and he wished to explain what was going on. Of course we assented, and found him far more intelligent than ordinary. Speaking of himself, in answer to questions, he told what branches of an English education he had studied. He talked familiarly about grammar and arithmetic. He begged me to take him to England. either as my slave or son. On asking why he wanted to go to England, he promptly said, "To go to college and finish my education." "You will find me a very diligent student."

he said: adding "Do take me." We asked him what he most wanted: he said, "An English dictionary; any one will do, Walker's, Webster's, or Johnson's," I almost fear to write this, it seems so incredible, in view of our imperfect knowledge of these people. I gave the boy my address and told him to call to-morrow, and I would give him a dictionary. This boy's intelligence astonished us: he translated what the priests read as he went along, and at a pause I asked him who God was, whose name the priest so often mentioned; the prompt reply was, "Jesus Christ, who died for our sins." On leaving the church he wished to show us the Coptic school where he was educated. He led the way and we followed him through several large rooms furnished with desks and benches, and said that the school examination would begin to-morrow at a quarter before eight in the morning: that the Pasha would be there and a band of music, and that he would come for us and take us to see it. This boy was waiting at the door of our Mission Chapel, where we attended the services of the United Presbyterian Church; when we came out he followed us to our hotel. I got my dictionary, wrote his name in it, and gave it to him. He was in such ecstasy of joy that he kissed the hands of Mr. William A. Booth, Dr. Bruen, and Dr. Wilson, who came up at that moment, and then ran off with the book open before him. feeling he had secured a great treasure. In the afternoon we attended the Mission Chapel, and heard the Rev. Dr. Torry on the text, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling." The congregation was large, made up of Americans and Englishmen; all seemed much pleased with the service. After the service the Rev. S. C. Ewing, of the mission, said he had been requested to give a statement of the work and progress of the mission in Egypt, and he made a most interesting narrative, beginning in 1854, when the mission was first established, with its various stations on the Nile, eight in number, from Alexandria to Es-Siout, together

with the struggles, hardships, and cruel persecutions it had suffered and continued to suffer. At the close of his remarks Mr William A Booth made some remarks as to the great importance of sustaining and encouraging the only mission in Egypt, and he moved the appointment of a committee composed of Mr. Ezra Farnsworth of Boston, and the writer, to draw up a paper on the subject, to be presented to travellers now in Cairo, containing information as to the mission and soliciting aid for it. To this committee Mr. Wm. A. Booth of New York, Chairman of the Board of Foreign Missions. was added, and in the afternoon the committee waited on Dr. Torry at the Hotel du Nil, and conferred with him as to the best plan to effect this most desirable object. Dr. Torry gave us, also, a most interesting account of his travels in Syria and Palestine, with much good advice as to visiting the chief places, and as to hotels and modes of travelling.

March 1st.—At 7 A.M., accompanied by Mr. Booth and his son, Mr. Frederick A. Booth, we started off to visit the Coptic school examination. Michael, the Arab boy, whose acquaintance I made vesterday, called, as he promised, to be our guide. He took the dictionary I gave him out of his pocket, and said, "See how careful I am of the book you gave me, good master." He had covered it with paper. When we reached the school, we found an immense gathering of boys, several of whom crowded around us, and expressed pleasure that we had come to the examination. Many of them spoke English There was a fine band of music from the Vicerov's palace, which performed Egyptian and European pieces very well indeed. Presently the portly form of the Patriarch came down a long flight of stairs, step by step at a time, and when he reached the floor, all present surrounded him and kissed his right hand, and bowed reverently to him; each person touching the forehead, lips, and breast with the right hand as he entered. Then the teachers entered and walked among the boys, who all seemed to vie with each other in showing respect and affection to them, by clasping their arms and kissing their hands. We were told that the examination would not begin until 11 o'clock, so we went home to breakfast, followed by Michael and another boy, who asked permission to go with us as far as the hotel. On the way I asked the other boy his name; not understanding him exactly, he answered again, "I have the same name that the father of David, King of Israel, had." This boy also astonished us by his superior intelligence. He said he was studying nearly all branches in English. I asked him which was the greatest country in the world, and he answered, "England is the greatest power, but America is the biggest country."

Again, accompanied by Mr. Booth and son, we returned to the Contic school examination and witnessed things of great interest. As before, we were surrounded by English-speaking boys with bright faces, whose condition in life was shown by their humble and poor attire. Michael had told them of my gift to him, and they all wished that I had more dictionaries to give away. All testified to Michael's good character: one said that Michael's father was dead and his mother poor, and he deserved the book. Soon after we entered the building this boy came again to us and explained what was going on, and told us the names and ranks of the distinguished persons present. Among them were several Pashas, the Prime Minister of Abyssinia and the next to him in rank, also some nine or ten of the nobility of that country, who constituted a delegation to the Viceroy on business of state. All these were as black as ebony; some were bright-looking men, and the splendor and elegance of their costumes added greatly to the attractive and unique appearance of the party. After an hour or more the examination was suspended to give time for dinner, which was served in the adjoining rooms, to which we were freely admitted, which gave us an excellent opportunity to witness the manners of the various nations represented while eating. The Egyptians sat at round tables

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by themselves, and the Abyssinians occupied a round table exclusively, except that the Bishop of Luxor, who was formally presented to the Abyssinian delegation by the Patriarch took his seat, by invitation of the Prime Minister, with them. On entering the room the Abyssinians wore long cloaks of white with a broad border of red, which, with their fine turbans, gave the group a highly picturesque appearance. On taking their seats the cloaks fell partly from their shoulders, disclosing their dresses of silk, embroidered with gold or silver and of very bright colors. The Patriarch entered soon after they were seated, and the whole delegation arose and bowing reverently to him, he retired and all resumed their seats. This done, the slaves in attendance brought in the dishes and laid them on the table until it was entirely covered. Among these were half a sheep and a large turkey, both roasted; the other dishes contained a variety of meats, pastries, jellies, and confections. One of the number, who seemed to be master of the feast, arose, and with his hands tore the meats to pieces, and passed portions to each of the others; that done, the turkey was divided in like manner, and then each helped himself to the other things until they were all consumed. The repast done, three slaves approached with a basin, a vessel of water, and a towel, and going to each of the party, until all had washed their hands, they arose and left the table in dignified order, the Bishop and Prime Minister heading the procession; they resumed their places in the adjoining room. The Pashas and other dignitaries dined in a similar manner and the examination was resumed. Before resuming the examination chibouks and coffee were served to each, and their highest enjoyment seemed to be attained as they sat on the divans with their feet under them. Then the examination proceeded. The boy under examination was asked a question by each, indiscriminately, and the answers elicited sometimes a grunt and at others applause by the clapping of hands. At the side of the Chief Pasha sat the most distinguished scholar in Egypt, in conversation with his Highness. He appeared to be about sixty years old, dress and turban of white, himself quite black.

On leaving the school we were again followed by a number of boys who greatly amused us with their conversation and begged to let them guide us to our hotel; on the way they requested us to give them each a New Testament. I said I had only one copy for my own use; several of them answered. "We can show you where to get some," They led me to a book-shop, but found none: seeing their disappointment I proposed to go to the American Mission, where I found two old copies, all they had. I bought them, and then came the puzzling question, To whom, among so many eager boys, should I give them? I proposed to distribute them by lot. but the boys settled it by selecting two of their number, to each of whom I gave a copy, which was followed, as before, by a scene peculiar to the Orient when people express gratitude. Late in the evening the recipients of the Testaments called at the hotel to show me how careful they were of their books, both of which were neatly covered.

This evening, accompanied by Dr. Bruen's sons, we attended a newly opened circus, and saw some splendid Arab horses go through performances such as we had never seen before.

March 2d.—We commenced our begging for the missions here with a subscription paper which Mr. Booth and myself carried around among the travellers in the hotels, with what success will appear later on.

On leaving the hotel to go to the Esbekiah some of our sailors followed, and insisted on shaking and kissing hands; Joseph objected, and hurried us on, saying it was only to get more baksheesh; "like other Arabs," he said, "they have no blood in their faces;" meaning that they were unblushing in their demands, as long as they were gratified. We took his advice and pushed on.

Our Vice-Consul, Mr. George Taylor, a son of Mr. Moses Taylor, of New York, sent us cards of admission to the grand ball to be given at the Viceroy's new palace, at Gizeh, on the 4th inst., in honor of the Prince of Wales. But learning that few or no Americans intend to go, we doubted whether we should not also decline.

Had a final settlement with Joseph to this date; he was entirely satisfied and grateful. He goes to Alexandria to-day to see his family, and get ready for our journey to Syria and Palestine, which will require three days. He is so much attached to us that he has declined an engagement by a large English party, more lucrative than his engagement with us. He says he will go with nobody but us as long as we want him.

Tombs of the Caliphs; Miss Whately's Mission Labors; University of Egypt; Mosk of Sultan Hassan; Viceroy's Grand Ball to Prince of Wales; Whirling Dervishes; Shoobra Road; Cairo.

AFTER lunch we drove to the tombs of the Caliphs, my second visit: we entered three of them, two of which I had not entered before. The largest of these is very extensive. covering a broad area, each having two fine towering minarets and two grand domes, excellent examples of Saracenic architecture. The interior is in the form of a great square, open above and floored with what was once a magnificent mosaic pavement of a great variety of kinds and colors of marbles, alabaster, and other semi-precious stones. rounding the square on the two sides are lofty buildings extending the entire length, made of square stones in alternate layers or courses of red and cream color. On one end there is another building, at the two outer corners of which stand the minarets, and on the other end a building of similar extent with an immense, well proportioned dome on each corner. Under each of these domes are the tombs of the Caliphs and the family of each. The floors and walls of the great rooms crowned by these domes are of the finest mosaics which are rapidly decaying, and of which there is only enough remaining to show their ancient magnificence.

These great buildings, erected as burial-places and monuments for the Caliphs who ruled Egypt in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, are now occupied by wretched Arab families who live in their recesses on the ground floors,

and also by immense numbers of vultures, eagles, hawks, rooks, and other birds which build their nests on the tops of the ruined walls, domes, and minarets. Here also, the fox, wolf, and jackal prowl at night from the desert, on the borders of which these great mausoleums stand. On emerging from the gate of Cairo, we entered a cemetery of immense extent, stretching from the city walls to the tombs of the Caliphs. On returning by the same gate, we met an Arab funeral, conducted like all others I have attempted to describe, and just as funerals are described in the Bible. the tombs we were beset by children all holding out their hands and clamoring for baksheesh. Of course we gave only to those who rendered some service: to give indiscriminately is to gather a crowd around one wherever they go: we learned that lesson since entering this poverty-stricken country. We returned to the hotel by the same narrow and tortuous streets and lanes and by-ways of this great Oriental city, teeming with a crowded and hurrying population, dressed in their picturesque costumes, all orderly and respectful to strangers, but loud-spoken and menacing in their language and attitude to each other, and to their donkeys and camels. The streets and lanes of the city are widest on the ground and become narrowest as the walls of the houses on both sides extend upward, until the latticed windows on each side approximate so closely that a child can step from one to the other.

South of Cairo, toward the Delta of the Nile, there are no wheeled vehicles, except on the railroad to Alexandria. All travelling is done on donkeys, horses, or camels, and travellers in that direction should be careful to provide themselves with English saddles at Cairo or Alexandria, as those supplied by the natives are anything but clean. I am stating, not my own experience, but the accounts of guide-books and the stories of travellers.

On the question of cleanliness I am sensitive; and was in-

duced to scrutinize the Arab saddles and the donkeys before using them, but I never found them in the least unclean: in fact. I have always found the Arab servants who have waited on us to be tidy and cleanly in their dress and habits. chief fears have arisen from contact with the people who crowd around for baksheesh. Of the donkeys I would remark that they are the most patient and uncomplaining of animals. Sometimes they are overloaded. I have seen a donkey not much heavier than a large Newfoundland dog with two full-grown men on its back, and I have seen their slender legs bending under these loads until they looked as if they would break. While I am writing there are several in sight. waiting for employment, already saddled and accounted. There they stand demure and patient, and seemingly resigned to whatever may await them. That they will get heavy blows on their heads and backs with thick, heavy Soudan clubs is certain, and when the blows fall they take them as a matter of course, and scarcely shrink or even show feeling as the club sounds on their heads and backs. The Arabs are very cruel to their animals, and the poorer classes treat them as they themselves are too often treated by the rich and powerful classes.

March 3d.—After breakfast a party, consisting of myself, wife, Mr. and Miss Booth, and Dr. and Mrs. Bruen, went to visit Miss Whately's school. We were received by one of the native teachers in the absence of Miss Whately and the superintendent, who showed us into some of the rooms and made some of the boys read for us. In the mean time Miss Whately and her younger sister, who, we learned, is the authoress of the life of their distinguished father, the late Archbishop Whately of Dublin, entered and received us with much courtesy. After a short talk on the general affairs of the school, and its seven years' history, she said that the school now numbers one hundred and seventy boys and from forty-five to sixty-five girls. She had some of them

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examined in geography from the map of Europe in English: they all answered correctly. After which they read part of the Sermon on the Mount in Arabic, which was done with great fluency by several of the boys, and, as Miss Whately said, accurately. One of the native female teachers examined her class of young children in a catechism written by Miss Whately in Arabic. The whole class answered simultaneously and without hesitation, and the superintendent (a Syrian). who came in at this moment, said that all answered correctly. The children were very orderly and well-behaved; they all stood up and bowed when we entered, and remained standing with their arms crossed; all of them looked neat and clean. I conversed with the Misses Whately, and learned that while they are greatly pleased with their school and hopeful as to its future, yet there were some difficulties relating to the uncertain tenure of the buildings which, besides, greatly needed repairs which they cannot undertake because they know not how soon they may have to surrender possession, so that what is most wanted is a building of their own, in order to insure the permanency and success of the great object to which Miss M. A. Whately has devoted her life and her entire income. I suggested that aid might come from persons of wealth and influence in America, if she would give us the means of properly representing the condition and necessities of the mission. We had already mentioned the name of the Rev. Dr. John Hall as having prompted our visit, and Miss Whately gave me a copy of "The Fourth Annual Account, giving details of the progress of English Mission Schools in Cairo," adding that he might aid the cause with his influence. I promised to hand him the report and tell him what she said, and also that I would write Dr. Hall. The younger Miss Whately said that Dublin met with a great loss when Dr. Hall went to New York. On leaving the school the ladies invited us to accompany them to their dwelling-house. We did so and found them comfortably

domiciled in a nice, clean, stone house, to the third story of which we mounted by a flight of stone steps and were shown into a room pretty well furnished, with a bookcase filled with religious books, and some of the best poetical works. The superintendent's wife entered with her baby, a little fellow some months old, with what we all thought the finest eves we ever saw, and an olive complexion with peach-red cheeks, in fact, a miniature of his mother, who is a native of Lebanon in Syria, and who, with her husband, was driven out of that country to Egypt during the dreadful massacre a few years ago. This woman on reaching Cairo was very young, and Miss Whately adopted her as her daughter, and the superintendent, who was a teacher in the school and also a refugee from the same massacre, afterward married this young and beautiful refugee. Both of these interesting native Christians are doing much good in Cairo as teachers: Miss Whately is much attached to both of them and while she fondles their bright little boy baby, she calls him her grandson.

This lady is doing a great work here; the influence and benefit of her school and of the American Mission have stimulated the Copts to greater activity; they have erected schools, of which the rewere none previous to those of Miss Whately and the American Mission, so that the largest Coptic school numbers four hundred pupils.

On returning to our hotel, Mr. Booth, Dr. Bruen, and myself conferred as to making up a purse for Miss Whately's school. A subscription was started which reached five hundred and fifty francs in a few minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and ourselves, having agreed to accept the invitations to the grand ball to be given to-morrow, are all actively engaged in preparing for that great event.

Michael, to whom I gave the dictionary, met me to-day at the door accompanied by two other boys, who begged for English Bibles; we called on Dr. Barnett and received two copies, which were gratefully received by these boys in their customary hearty manner. While I was talking to these boys, Ibrahim, our cabin-boy, edged slowly up to me and timidly putting out his hand called me by name. For some grave reason Joseph objected to Ibrahim's visits at the hotel, and wishing to conform to a custom which prevails here respecting minors, I reluctantly told him to return to the dahabeah when Joseph appeared. He said he did not want to go, he wanted to stand where he could see me. Who will doubt that an Arab has a heart?

When the subscription to the American Mission reached two hundred and fifty dollars in gold, Mr. Booth and I spent the afternoon and evening in calling on several of our countrymen, who gave us their cards and promised to contribute when the meeting of last Sunday was held; but they now declined, two of them on the plea that they did not anticipate such liberal individual contributions as appeared on the list, to which Mr. Booth replied that a pound or two would be gladly received, but it drew no response.

March 4th.—Early this morning the two boys who received English Bibles yesterday met me at the door on going out. They produced the books from under their jackets. Each of them was neatly paper-covered. They timidly asked me to write their names and my own in the books. Having done so, one of them said he would read my name every day when he opened his book. The names of these boys were Tadrus and Maclim. They thanked me again and again, kissed my hand, and ran off quite delighted. Later in the day Tadrus returned with his Bible buttoned up in his jacket and begged for a Concordance, which he said would help him to find places. On saying I had no Concordance he said, "Well, I'll try to do without it until you come again."

A party was made up this morning to visit places not usu-

ally seen by travellers, to which admission could only be obtained by Government order through our Vice-Consul, which Mr. Taylor kindly procured for us. With the order Mr. Taylor also sent a janissary to act as guard. An interpreter also being quite necessary, the Rev. Dr. Barnett and the Rev. Mr. Ewing kindly offered to accompany us. The party consisted of these two gentlemen, Mr. Wm. A. Booth, son and daughter. Mr. Ezra Farnsworth and two daughters, Rev. Mr. Jenks, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Parsons and Miss Parsons, Mr. Crocker of Oswego, Mrs. Hamilton, wife and myself. I regret to say that the name of the first place visited, and the most important, has escaped my recollection; it was the great University of Egypt or, as I am told, of the Turkish Empire, which has several thousand scholars. We were detained at the gate until slippers were procured, no easy matter for so large a number, this being an absolutely indispensable requirement before entering. The janitors could not procure a sufficient number of slippers, in which dilemma all the pocket-handkerchiefs were required, and still some feet were unprovided for ; some of us, rather than be denied admittance, pulled off our boots, intending to enter in our stockings. The risk of catching cold deterred us, and a kind Arab, taking in the situation, wrapped some rags around our feet. After half an hour thus lost, the party, headed by the janissary, and flanked by the missionaries, marched into the interior of this great seat of learning—this Oriental Oxford.

First, we entered a spacious chamber, ornamented on one corner by a handsome minaret. The entire floor was covered with matting, occupied by an immense concourse of Moslem students, sitting, lying, or standing in groups, requiring visitors to thread their way through them, until a man with a stick rushed in, and, without a word of warning, laid it over heads and backs lustily and indiscriminately, until they rushed out of the way on all sides, and tumbled over those

who were reclining or sitting; the whole mass was soon in a jumble of excited confusion. Many of these persons who were thus rudely treated were professors, between whom and the students there was no discrimination. The missionaries told us that the chief and almost the only branches taught were grammar, arithmetic, and the Koran, and that little or no attention is given to geography and other branches. The classes are arranged in small sitting groups on the floor, each with a teacher, and the hum and noise of voices proved their diligence.

Next we were conducted into a very large room adjoining. which was also crowded by teachers and students, some of whom surrounded us until driven off by blows of a stick in the hands of a man whose duty it was to preserve order. After viewing these spacious halls of learning, we requested to be shown the library, which is said to be the most extensive in the East; but the janitor, who had the key, was absent. so we left the university, took our handkerchiefs and rags off our boots, and started to visit the great Mosk of Sultan Hassan, where we were required again to cover our boots and shoes before entering. This mosk has no architectural beauty to western eyes, and is, in fact, as I am told. not remarkable for anything except the infrequency of the visits of strangers. The interior is low, but of extensive area. It has several alabaster columns: the floors are laid with rare and expensive marbles in mosaic, and covered with soft Persian carpets and rugs, on which many worshippers were engaged in their devotions.

We next visited the ruins of another great mosk, where, it is said, the Druses worship, and the sect originated. The roof of this immensely spacious temple has long since fallen in the dust, leaving only the walls and some huge columns; also two square towers on opposite corners, each crowned with a ruined dome. The thickness and solidity of the walls of this enormous building amply attest its ancient strength and

grandeur. It is not easy to determine its style of architecture, though the portions of its remaining arches are somewhat like the Saracenic, but not so pointed, and the bases of each curve inward. This temple is occupied by wretched Arabs, who loiter about or lie basking in the sun. Some are engaged in making twine, and in a remote corner some are engaged in making glass bottles.

We next visited the most remarkable of all the gates of Cairo, "Bab I Nuser," or the Gate of Victory, just outside of which are two scaffolds for the execution of criminals by hanging: these are kept standing.

The Gate of Victory stands on the east side of the city, and opens in the direction of the great cemeteries and the tombs of the Caliphs. Just outside of the gate is a very fine fountain supplied by the Nile. This is a very ancient gate, but I could not learn its date. It is of huge and massive proportions, and rapidly falling to decay. Just inside of this gate is a high tower, which I entered, and ascended to the top by a long and dark flight of stone steps, lighted at long intervals by loop-holes. The masonry is very fine indeed; it arrested my attention. From the turreted top a fine view of Cairo and the surroundings is obtained; also of the Pyramids of Gizeh, Sakharah, and Dashour looming up in the distance. The guard led us along the battlements a great distance, several hundred vards, where are yet to be seen some of the ancient guns at their port-holes, whose voices have long since been hushed. These embattlements are pierced with loop-holes at short and regular distances, from which warriors fought with arrows and javelins long before gunpowder was invented. The walls of this fortress are of immense thickness. It is through this gate that the pilgrims pass when their caravans leave Cairo for Mecca to remove the covering from the tomb of the Prophet.

At 9.30 P.M. we started with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton to attend the grand ball given by the Viceroy of Egypt at his

new palace at Gezerah, in honor of the Prince and Princess of Wales Gezerah is on the west side of the Nile about three and a half miles from our hotel. We crossed the river on the temporary bridge of boats prepared for this grand occasion, but, most unfortunately for the Prince, Vicerov, and the three thousand guests, the Prince is prevented from reaching Cairo by unlooked-for detentions on the river, such as running on sand bars. The whole road from Cairo to the palace was illuminated; grand equipages were preceded by footmen bearing flaming torches, and closely followed by runners with long flowing white robes, bound round the waist with bright-colored sashes, and drawn together on the front and back with velvet embroidered with gold or silver: they also wore broad white sleeves, made very full at the shoulders, looking just like wings as the runners flew swiftly and gracefully on to clear the way, holding in the uplifted right hand a long white wand, which they used with easy and effective dexterity on men and animals indiscriminately, and keeping on their course without stopping.

We delivered our tickets at the palace gate, which was guarded by janissaries with drawn cimeters, and we were driven through the magnificent grounds, which were amply illuminated with gas in round glass globes, to the grand entrance, where, on alighting, ushers with broad, flowing silk badges approached, offered the left arm to each of the ladies, and conducted them to the dressing-room. grand entrance hall was indescribably magnificent. floors of the ante-chambers and halls are laid in the finest and most expensive marbles of endless variety of designs and colors. Massive chandeliers and brackets in Oriental styles, skilfully arranged, shed a brilliant lustre all around. At the foot of the grand marble flight of stairs on the east side, and also on the second and third platforms on each side, stood a tall man clad in mail, with a vizor and drawn sword. At the top of this flight we entered a very spacious and magnificent reception hall, brilliantly illuminated with immense gorgeous chandeliers, and filled with a brilliantly dressed and decorated assemblage of guests. The floors were laid in splendid mosaics, and the walls and ceilings were most beautifully and tastefully frescoed and ornamented with various colored marbles. On the side opposite the stairs, and most skilfully arranged, was a parterre of rare plants and flowers, with a fountain so artistically located as to conceal the flame, and show the form, size, and color of the plants and flowers, so that every one was brought out clearly and distinctly without the glare of the gas flame. At each end of this hall folding doors opened into a succession of spacious rooms, sumptuously furnished and frescoed, the floors of which were laid in mosaics of woods and marbles. The decorations, furniture, draperies, and painting of each of these rooms were all different, and each was so complete in itself and harmonized so entirely as to leave no space for criticism.

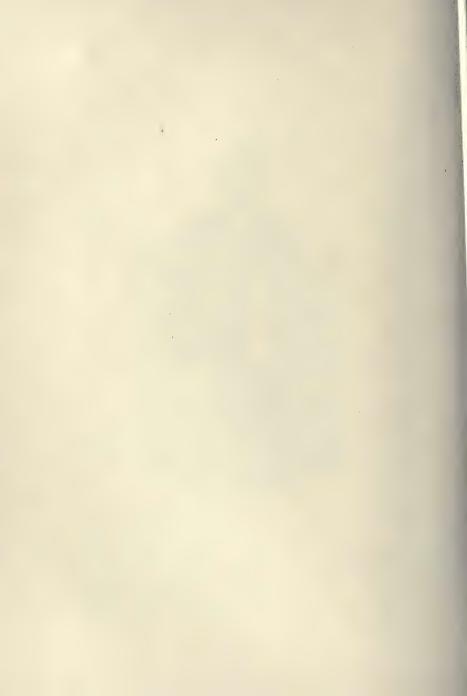
We wandered through twenty-one grand halls, saloons, and apartments in all, which were variously appropriated and used on this occasion, as reception, drawing, refreshment, smoking, supper, and card rooms; there were also beautifully draped boudoirs, and an elegantly furnished room of great length, the windows of which overlooked the gardens and the Nile, with most exquisite and rare growing plants and flowers at each extremity of the room. The view of another boudoir was almost entirely of the kiosks and statuary in the grounds, with the Nile beyond, dazzling in the moonlight, and the bridge of boats splendidly illuminated with four long lines of lamps. To forget this scene is impossible. The band of music in the ballroom was very full and effective. It was so placed as to conceal all its performers except the leader. Adjoining the ballroom, and communicating with it by large folding doors, magnificently draped, there was a refreshment room, where was spread out an immense profusion of all kinds of dainties on tables running the whole length of the room, and elevated a few inches above each other, thus giving a comprehensive view of the entire contents. The stock of wines, liquors, and other drinks, I should say, comprised all that were known in any country, and they flowed as freely as water, and were, as our Consul said, of the most expensive and highest grades.

Dancing continued till midnight, when the guests were summoned to the supper halls, of which there were four, all filled with long tables, covered with a princely banquet, including every variety of dainties in profusion. There were iced champagnes, a variety of clarets, Burgundies, Clos Vigot, sherries, madeiras, marsalas, Rhine, and other wines of the highest grades and in prodigal abundance. The Vicerov walked among his guests, sometimes alone, at other times with one or two attendants. He is said not to like formal presentations, and he avoided them on this occasion. He is free, and sometimes even familiar, in his deportment to such as present themselves to him. He was dressed in a suit of black cloth, frock coat, with a single button at the neck, and a tarboosh on his head. The only mark of distinction on his person was a great star on the left breast composed of large brilliants. In person he is stout, broad shouldered. erect, perhaps five feet six or seven inches in height, and about fifty years of age. His complexion is lighter than that of his countrymen generally; his features are regular, somewhat large, forehead broad, ears set well back, and eves rather prominent; the expression of his face is difficult to read, but I do not credit him with firmness, judging from the shape of the mouth and the chin. On the whole I would pronounce him a jolly, good-natured, fat fellow.

The company was gathered from the four quarters of the earth, and appeared in the dresses and costumes peculiar to each nation represented. All ranks and conditions of men and women were there, from the Viceroy to the slave. Dukes, duchesses, lords, marquises, counts, and chiefs were repre-



Ismail Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt. (1869.)



sented, as the multitudes of brilliant decorations, orders, and insignia, sometimes covering the breasts of the wearers, attested The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland represented the British nobility. Several officers in their uniforms and decorations, who are attached to the suite of the Prince of Wales, represented the army and navy of his country, and its learned men were represented by the distinguished Professor Owen and others, who also form part of the Prince's suite. France, Germany, Prussia, Spain, and Italy were numerously represented. Greeks and Turks were there. Among the various Arab tribes represented by their chiefs were the Abadeh, Bishareen, and Bedouin, each wearing a decoration on his left breast: Nubia, the Soudan, and Kartoom, by their sable representatives; and the Prime Minister of Abyssinia and suite, with their brilliant red and white mantles, and splendidly embroidered under clothing, represented their government and country. Western Asia, between the Black and Mediterranean Seas, was also represented by various chiefs, in bright costumes and decorations.

We strolled out about 12 o'clock, to view the gardens and surrounding palace, which I hardly trust myself to describe. My fancy never painted such sights; they surpassed all I ever read about. Fountains in great numbers and designs, and ornamented with various rare and expensive marbles and statuary in endless variety, are everywhere to be seen in the great expanse of these gardens. Kiosks in a great variety of exquisite styles and workmanship are numerous, all floored in their outer and inner courts and halls with mosaics, and ornamented with splendid vases, sculptures, and columns. But the grand fountains and grottoes surpassed everything else. These, and their vast surroundings, were illuminated with gas-lights, and at short intervals with fires of various colors, which lighted up the fairy-like scene, and gave it an indescribable loveliness.

The grottoes are composed of rocks, corals, shell, and peb-

bles from the Red Sea, and form the most successful and perfect imitations of nature imaginable. In the centre the mass is perhaps forty or forty-five feet in height. Some time before reaching it the flowing and rushing of water is heard. and on turning a structure which hid it from view, it stands suddenly before the delighted and astonished beholder. The entrances to this great grotto are numerous and easily found. but not so with the exits. On reaching the top of the mass by a labyrinthine path, on either side of which are streams and cascades, from innumerable and variously shaped fountains surprising the visitor at every turn, he has a view that astonishes and delights him when he looks over the extensive gardens and grounds surrounding the palace, with the Nile placidly flowing between him and the great and populous city of Cairo, presenting a scene of enchantment which, perhaps. cannot be surpassed. The interior caverns and grottoes of this grand pile are also very interesting. One is taken by surprise on finding himself suddenly confronted with all these as he wanders along. The roofs of some of these caverns are ornamented with long pendent corals to imitate nature in a striking manner. On the top of the grotto, and occupying its prominent points, colored fires were placed, and ignited by some invisible agency, perhaps by electricity, the effect of which on the surroundings can be more easily imagined than described.

On returning from our ramble to the palace we found the guests at supper, and joined them as soon as vacancies occurred at the crowded tables. I have already alluded to the supper, but cannot omit adding that we found the viands most excellent, especially the asparagus, which we all pronounced the finest ever tasted. The four immense halls filled with tables were insufficient for the number of guests, so that when we left, early in the morning, the supper halls were still filled. We were told that there were nearly three thousand guests in the palace.

After supper we again wandered over the grand halls and courts, or reclined in divans, viewing the gay throng as it passed. Such as had a desire to gamble (and they were not few) assembled in the great card hall, where every table was occupied. Gold lay in piles on some of the tables, or was held in salvers or in bags behind the players by slaves. Coffee and tobacco for smoking were served, and the atmosphere was thickly charged with smoke. On reëntering this hall a few minutes afterward, I found it quite clear of smoke, by the use of some occult plan of ventilation, and the games were going on in full blast.

One of the halls was fitted up as an arbor, the walls and arched roof of which were covered with luxuriant grape-vines. full of clusters, and a variety of fruit trees in full bearing. There were also beds of beautiful plants and rare flowers in full bloom. These clusters of grapes, fruits, and flowers were all made of glass, painted in imitation of nature and lighted by tapers which burned in the clusters, flowers, and fruits, so that the flame was invisible. There were no other lights in the entire arbor, so that the scene was unique and so much like the fairy scenes that delighted our childhood as to make us feel that our early dreams were realized. Here, too, grew in all their beauty and luxuriance the citron, the pineapple, the orange, the pomegranate, and the lemon, besides many other fruits and an immense variety of flowers, the shapes and colors of which were shown by the lighted tapers which burned within them. I was in a dream, from which, when I awoke, it occurred to me that after all the "Thousand and One Nights" was not a mere fiction.

Toward morning I strolled off by myself and took a ramble, for observation, around the palace, and looked into the nooks and corners, to get a glimpse, if possible, of "life below stairs." Guards with drawn swords stood everywhere, and mounted janissaries flew around the place on swift horses with drawn cimeters, regardless of guests and all others,

who were expected to look out for themselves and keep out of the way.

Thus have I imperfectly attempted to describe some of the sights and experiences of this memorable night. The impressions they made on my mind will, I think, be ineffaceable.

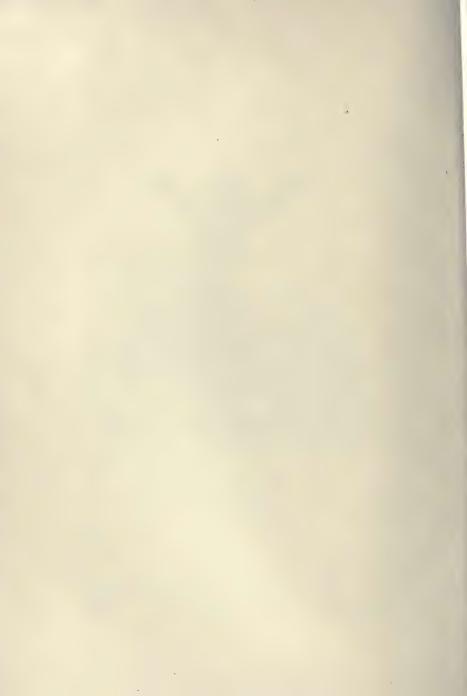
March 5th.—"Ratherish unwell," as Charles Lamb wrote a friend, after just such a night as my last was. Nevertheless, not wishing to trust to memory, I wrote my notes of the ball before 8.30 A.M. when we breakfasted.

After luncheon went with Mr. and Mrs Hamilton to see the Whirling Dervishes. Their place of worship is rather remote and not easily found, but it is a better hall than that of the Howling Dervishes. Their hall is circular, the centre surrounded by a rail, and nicely floored for the worshippers. who enter by a gate, in front of which a large rug is placed. on which the sheik sits or stands during the service. As each entered the circle he stood with his eyes on the ground and his arms folded across his breast, then advancing a step or two, he bowed slowly and reverently toward the rug and took his place, standing with his back to the railing, with his arms and eves as before. Each worshipper as he enters does likewise, and the sheik, having gone through the same ceremony, takes a seat on the rug. The musicians occupy a gallery opposite the sheik; the musical instruments being similar to those already mentioned as used by the Howling Dervishes

When the music begins the sheik and worshippers bow very low, nearly to the floor, then very quickly resume their positions. A priest then advances and reads from a book, after which the congregation again bow low, and again resuming their position, headed by the sheik, march round the circle several times, each time, when opposite the rug, bowing reverently at one end of it, and turning round at the other end, facing the next worshipper, they bow face to face; and this done by all several times, the sheik resumes his



Dancing or Whirling Dervish-Constantinople.



place on the rug, and the worshippers, having taken off their outer garments, advance toward him and pass along from left to right, giving their bodies a whirl, with the hands folded across the breast, keeping up the rotary motion, until they turn very rapidly as if on a pivot, disengaging their hands and arms as they proceed, until the arms are stretched out almost at a right angle with their bodies, turning the palm of the right hand up and the palm of the left hand down. the head leaning toward the left shoulder, and the eves closed. Thus the whole of the worshippers, except the sheik and an old man, who walked among the whirling throng and acted as master of ceremonies, whirled about for ten full minutes by the watch, stopping at a signal, and going on again after a couple of minutes' rest. This continued thirty or forty minutes, when the dancing ceased. Each resumed his outer garment, and the services closed. The dress of the Whirling Dervishes differs only in respect to the head-dress. Instead of the fez or turban they wear a hat shaped like an inverted flower-pot; it is made of a kind of felt, and of a light brown color. There was a large attendance of travellers present, who were provided with seats for a small entrance fee.

I attended a trial to-day at the court of the American Consul-General. The case was between a traveller and his dragoman; the former refused to pay the balance of the latter's claim, and was cited before the Consul, when the case was stated by each party, the dragoman speaking in French and the traveller in English. The trial resulted unfavorably for the dragoman, who was ordered to deduct a considerable sum from the amount he claimed.

This evening Joseph returned from Alexandria, and he begins a new engagement with us to-morrow on the following terms: We pay him ten francs a day while we remain in Cairo, and twenty francs a day when travelling begins, on leaving Cairo, each of which sums includes his board and

other expenses while in Cairo, and the per diem allowance after leaving Cairo includes nothing but his wages. I thus pay his board and travelling expenses in addition to his wages as aforesaid.

When anything adverse to his wishes occurs in his dealings with others and he finds he has been cheated, he says in a mild tone of resignation, "Malesh, God is good" (Never mind, God is good). Compared with others of the same profession, he has the reputation of being the best dragoman on the Nile this season, and we confirmed this from our experience of his dealings with us. It is said that we are the only party which had no trouble with their dragoman, reis, and sailors.

March 6th.—Ioseph called at 7 A.M., and brought some articles that he had provided for the journey for Syria and Palestine, for which I paid him. After breakfast he took Mrs. Buckham to the Turkish bazaars, where they bought some beautiful things. Not feeling well, I remained at home. While Mrs. Buckham was reading her lesson a number of sparrows flew in through the open windows and sat on the chairs and tables chirping for some time, and out again, Later in the day, while I was writing, a flock of sparrows flew in and perched around me. The banyan tree under our window is alive with these birds; indeed, Egypt seems to be full of birds of every sort, size, and variety of plumage; but strange to say, I never saw, read, or heard of a singing bird in the length and breadth of gloomy, melancholy Egypt, a dismal land, literally a valley of dry bones. "A land of darkness, as darkness itself; and of the shadow of death, without any order, and where the light is as darkness" (Job X., 22).

In the afternoon I took a ride with my wife on the beautiful Shoobra Road, the fashionable drive, where we saw many fine equipages, preceded by their graceful out-runners. Presently came a mounted janissary followed closely by the Viceroy in his state carriage, flanked on each side by a mounted janissary. The carriage was a close one with open windows in front and on each side, and contained a single seat occupied by Ismail Pasha, who honored us in Turkish fashion with a bow, which we returned in Yankee style.

March 7th (Sunday).—Attended service at the American Mission; heard a good sermon by Dr. Barnett, from First Peter, first chapter and eighth verse.

After church Joseph took me to some of the churches of Cairo. We visited the Armenian, Schismatic, Roman Catholic, Maronite, and Greek churches. All of these were decorated with paintings, but scarcely a good one among them. This is a great day among the Greeks residing in Cairo, who fill the streets and lanes in a great variety of costumes and masks, making music with peculiar instruments, such as I had never seen before. Near the Esbekiah—the grand square—there was a wild group of Egyptians dancing to the accompaniment of rude tambourines.

In my rambles through Cairo I have often considered how I should attempt a description of the great city and its surging, multitudinous population and endless variety of sights and scenes. The more I saw the more I was puzzled. I have asked others who accompanied me in my walks, how they would describe Cairo; the answer invariably is, "It would require much thought, the task would not be easy." With the exception of the grand square, called the Esbekiah, and the street called the Mooskie, there are no parts of Cairo resembling any in Europe and America that I have ever seen. The lanes and alleys which thread the city have not the least regularity; I can safely say not one of them extends a hundred yards in a straight line; in fact, the city is a complete labyrinth from which it is impossible for a stranger to extricate himself, except by accident or with a guide; indeed, so completely was Joseph (my guide) lost in his

attempts to find the Greek church—a very prominent and well-known building—that he had to employ a guide. Many of the streets are arched over and almost totally dark, when one has to grope his way along: many of them have arched gateways in the Saracenic style, with gates of immense thickness closely studded with iron rivets and bolts clinched on both sides. These gates, from their position and the accumulations of dirt around them, have evidently stood partially open for many years; some of them date as far back as the fifth and sixth centuries, as Mr. Hale tells me. Joseph conducted me to an enormous stone gate which opens to a dry canal communicating with the Nile, and which he says is filled during inundations and was built in the time of the Pharaohs. The city is, in fact, one grand heterogeneous jumble of the ancient, mediæval, and modern, with very little of the latter. The remains of centuries meet the eve at almost every turn in the ruins of palaces, mosks, fortifications, temples, walls, and gateways which stand just in situ for ages, showing no attempt at restoration or clearing away. where, in many places, it is necessary for the comfort and convenience of the population.

Here stands a modern dwelling-house which was built on ancient ruins with materials taken from the ruins; one part of the wall of the house is built of a portion of a marble capital and a beautifully chiselled frieze in juxtaposition to the roughest kinds of stones and rubbles. We entered the great court of what was once a grand palace, now nearly a total ruin, with just remnants enough to show something of its ancient magnitude and splendor. Here stood two fine pillars, there the remains of a grand gallery, which surrounded a quadrangle, from which many doors opened to as many chambers, some of which still remain. This grand court, where once the great and noble were entertained, is now a resting-place for camels and donkeys, whose keepers were sitting or lying in the dust all round; some were gam-

bling with a few paras, others were sleeping under the full glare of the hot sun shining on their faces.

By way of advice, Joseph said to us, "The climate, he no like you more; better go to the Red Sea." We quite agree with him; everybody complains of the oppressive heat, and we are shaping our plans to get off to Suez on the 10th or 11th.

March 8th.—Went early to Vice-Consul Taylor's office. Read late New York papers—James T. Brady is dead. We were boys together. Poor fellow! his place cannot easily be filled at the bar and in the social circle.

Engaged some hours in consultation as to our Syrian journey. Mr. Taylor gave much good advice on this subject. Spent some hours in getting an outfit for the journey through the Holy Land, and in procuring photographs of Egyptian places visited, for which travellers pay the highest prices, especially when, as now, the stock of photographic views is limited. This afternoon my poor wife was taken ill, but Dr. Ryle relieved her and thought a change of air would do her good, another strong motive for hurrying away from Cairo.

After dinner I went with Mr. Booth to the mission, and handed in the subscription paper to Dr. Barnett and Rev. Mr. Ewing, and paid over to Mr. Strong, treasurer of the mission, seventy-five pounds twelve shillings in full of the amount collected. It took the good men by surprise; they said it was the largest sum they had ever received in aid of the mission from travellers, and they expressed their thanks.

The eagerness of the Copts for knowledge is astonishing. They have just started a new school, which is well attended already. The number of children in these Cairo schools, where they receive instruction in the ordinary branches of education, is, as nearly as I can make out, made up of about one thousand three hundred of both sexes. In view of the fact that no efforts were made to educate the common people

before the establishment of the mission schools, which is recent, and also in view of the more important fact that the Moslems are exceedingly reluctant to have their children instructed, except in the doctrines of the Koran, the present progress is very surprising. The people are very suspicious of Americans and Europeans, and they have thus been the more active in promoting education in their own creed.

The boys to whom I gave the books visit me daily to express their thanks. One said to-day, "I heard you had gone, but I rejoice to see you here yet." They inquire when I will return, and hope when I return that I will find them better scholars, and one of them added, "Perhaps you will bring some more books for us."

March oth.—Mr. Booth and I called on Miss Whately: Mr. Bruen's sons accompanied us. The subscription paper was handed to her, and the subscriptions of a few American travellers, amounting to seven hundred and twentyfive francs, were also handed to her, for which she expressed much gratitude. The Syrian superintendent and his brother, also a teacher, were present, and greatly delighted with the little gift. We had some talk with the Englishspeaking boys, and found them bright and intelligent. In answer to questions as to what business they expected to engage in when they left school, all but one answered that they would be teachers, the other said he would be a dragoman; still another boy, who entered at this point in the talk, said, "I will take my chance, because I don't know what I will be best fitted for when I finish at school." Miss Whately is a highly accomplished woman. She came to Egypt seven years ago to devote her life and her moderate income to the instruction of these people, in whom she is deeply interested. I learned this, not from her, but from others who have known her many years. She is simple, natural, and frank; she has not the least vanity, never speaks of herself or her labors in an ostentatious way. She is desirous to have her school known abroad, simply to relieve it from pecuniary embarrassment, and consequently to extend its usefulness; she explained her plan of education and mode of bringing children into the school. She has a written agreement with the Moslems, which parents or guardians of children are required to sign, whereby the children must remain two years with her, during which time she is not to be interfered with in the course of instruction and training. Many children not thus entered suffer from the bigotry of their parents or others, and are severely punished for expressing belief in Christianity, in the face of which it is surprising how many of them tenaciously adhere to it until driven from their homes.

When we took leave of Miss Whately she expressed an earnest wish to be remembered to Rev. Dr. Hall. She gave each of us a catechism in English and Arabic, prepared for the use of her school.

Mr. Charles Hale, our efficient Consul-General to Egypt, sent us an invitation to accompany him with a party of eight on Thursday to visit Memphis and Sakharah, in one of the Viceroy's steamers, but Mrs. B.'s illness compelled us to decline; besides we are hoping, if she is able, to start on Friday for the Red Sea.

March roth.—This day has been occupied in preparations for our Syrian journey. Consul Taylor very kindly aided us by telegraphing to Alexandria to reserve a state-room in the steamer of the 17th, either to Jaffa or Port Sâid. Called on Consul-General Hale to bid him good-by and thank him for his great kindness to us while in Egypt during the past few months. He again urged my going with him to Memphis, which Mrs. B.'s illness compelled me to decline again. Mr. Hale gave me a note, introducing me to the proprietor of the Hotel Mediterranean at Jerusalem, which will secure us good accommodations in that hotel.

Got my passport viséed by Consul Taylor for use in Syria,

Palestine, Turkey, and Greece; spent two hours in reading New York papers to 17th February, kindly lent me by Mr. Booth; then selected photographic views, for which paid seventy francs. Took leave of Dr. Bruen and family, who start early in the morning for Alexandria; we hope to meet them on the steamer and go to Jerusalem together. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mr. A. W. Craven and two daughters, Dr. and Mrs. Bruen, daughter and two sons, and ourselves, expect to meet in Jerusalem.

March 11th.—This is a most disagreeable day; a high Khamseen wind fills the air with blinding clouds of sand and dust. Paid hotel bill to date, five hundred and fifty francs; and drew two thousand francs on letter of credit, through Tod, Rathbone & Co.

Saw an Arab selling quails, which were all bunched together by the ends of their wings, all alive. All birds are thus sold in Egypt. The quail differs from ours in not being more than half the size and quite different in the color of plumage. The Arabs catch them by spreading their abyahs (cloaks) on the ground, raising one end with a stick, to which a string is fastened; the ground is strewn with maize, and when the birds enter for the maize, the stick is jerked away, and thus the birds are captured.

Not the least reliance can be placed on the statements of the people here; no two of them agree on the same story, and it is not unfrequently the case that the same person will flatly contradict himself. Joseph calls them a nation of liars. I have before remarked that there is no such thing as standard values for anything. The same article has been sold on the hotel piazzas in three instances, at as many different prices, within half an hour. Yesterday an Arab was offering a peculiar kind of lock for sale, for which one man paid twenty pence, another twelve pence, and a third, one franc. The rule is to get all they can, and take half, or sometimes less, if they can get no more. A druggist charged Joseph for a

pint of lime-water seven francs. Joseph objected, saying it did not cost one-quarter of a franc to make it. The prompt reply was, "If you want it, there it is; if the price is too much, leave it. I did not come from Alexandria to Cairo for a change of air. I want some money, and then I will go back and live where I came from." He knew Joseph must have the article, and so Joseph paid the exorbitant price.

Start for Suez; Ain Moosa; Ismalia; Port Sâid; Jaffa and Surroundings; Rameleh; Jerusalem; Traditional Sites; Via Dolorosa; Gethsemane.

March 12th, 1860.—Breakfasted at 7.30, and started for Suez at o A.M. by rail. We traversed much the finest part of Egypt we have seen so far, as luxuriant crops, great fertility, and superior husbandry are concerned, to Zagazig, where we arrived at noon and lunched. Zagazig is a large town. The day is very hot and clear. Our warm clothing. which we did not think it safe to change when travelling, intensifies the oppressive heat. Here we were surrounded by a crowd of Arabs, clamorous to carry our things, or to sell us bread, onions, salad, oranges, dates, and a variety of other things. Boys offering to black shoes attacked us, and so rapidly are these people falling into European customs that the Oriental character of the country must soon be changed. While waiting for the train a large band of convicted criminals arrived, on their way to serve out their respective sentences for horse and sheep stealing. Each had a heavy collar round his neck with a chain fastened to it and connected with iron rings round each ankle. A most woe-begone and miserable company of human beings truly.

At 4 P.M. we reached Ismalia, which is a large and sparsely built town in the open, sandy desert, utterly devoid of interest except that it stands on the Suez Canal, yet unfinished, about midway between Suez and Port Sâid. We were put into a carriage with broad-tired wheels, at least six

inches wide, to prevent sinking into the sand, drawn by four horses, which took us to a hotel. Here we saw some splendid Arabian horses. The eyes of the world are at present fixed on this great enterprise (the Suez Canal), in doubt as to its success. The time for testing it is fixed for October next, when the waters of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are to meet, and thus open the great and muchneeded highway between Egypt, Europe, and the East Indies. Many scientific men doubt the success of this grand scheme.

We reached Suez at 9 P.M., and went to the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel; but, unfortunately, the steamer from India arrived just before us and the house was full; so we trudged to the Hotel d'Angleterre and secured fair accommodations, but not over-clean. Beds so-so, mosquitoes in abundance and sharp-set, weather very hot and clear.

March 13th.—Up at 6, out for a stroll at 7. Suez, I need hardly say, is on the Gulf of Suez, an arm of the Red Sea. Our hotel is just on the water, and we have an extensive view of the harbor and numerous steamers and shipping. The railroad depot is in juxtaposition to the docks of the Peninsular and Oriental Mail Steamship Company's station, so that travellers step from one to the other without detention. The P. and O. Hotel, which is for the accommodation of travellers, is a large quadrangular building, two stories high, with an open court in the centre filled with plants, tables, and chairs where travellers take their meals, read the newspapers, and lounge. All the servants were dressed in long white gowns, like night-shirts, and white turbans: all are as black as iet. The town is a busy, stirring place with many bazaars, and well stocked with a mixture of East Indian and European goods. The fish market is filled with a great variety of fish, most of them entirely different. from any I had ever seen. There are also quantities of shell. fish of strange shapes and sizes. The oysters are not at all like ours, as also are the crabs; all these are from the Red

Sea. At o A.M. we started on an excursion to the traditional "Hebrew Ford," where, under the leadership of Moses, the Israelites crossed in their flight from Egypt. pursued by Pharaoh and his host. We hired a large sailboat manned by two Maltese sailors and depending on sweeps and a large lateen sail. At starting we had no wind and had to row. On reaching the harbor, where a fleet of steamers flying the flags of nearly all nations lay at anchor, the wind freshened and gave us tolerable headway. On the way I talked with one of the sailors, and found his faith strong in the identity of this locality as being the true ford taken by the Israelites; when I inquired the reason of his belief he said, "The Bible says so, and the story is true." The alleged crossing is six miles wide. The western shore or starting place of the Israelites is mountainous, and the eastern shore where they landed is flat, and but little elevated above the surface of the sea, extending back into the desert for a distance of three or four miles to a mountain range. The water of the sea is a beautiful green, and so clear that small objects are visible at a great depth; this is a peculiarity of all the waters of the East. At I P.M. we landed at the spot where the Israelites landed, as the best authorities say, and we are really on the ground, perhaps the very spot. where Moses stretched out his rod and the waters returned to their place. The shore is of a beautiful cream-colored sand, nearly covered with shells of all sorts, sizes, shapes, and colors; many bushels of them could be gathered in an hour. The sailors said that a few miles beyond, where the beach is not so much visited, a greater collection and variety could be gathered; very fine corals are also found here in abundance. We lunched under the shade of an ancient ruin, and then started to walk over the hot desert sand to the Ain Moosa-· Fountain of Moses-where the Israelites commenced their wandering toward Mount Sinai and the Land of Promise. Mount Sinai is three days from here on camels. After a short walk, an Arab, fortunately for Mrs. B., met us with a camel. He dismounted, and my wife and Joseph mounted the animal and proceeded to the fountain. She was delighted with her first camel ride. We found the water of this most beautiful fountain disgustingly bitter, although it looked as clear as crystal. There are two fountains in the form of wells of great size and depth. We went to a kind of an inn made of scantling and timbers, kept by a Frenchman for the convenience of pilgrims, where we got English ale and were refreshed. All the caravans which cross the desert stop at the "Well of Moses," and take a supply of water for the journey from a spring in the neighborhood which flows from the top of a beautiful conical hill, with a single palm tree growing most luxuriantly at its side, as if to indicate the place where the greatest luxury of this region of the world can be obtained. From the top of this hill the caravan route is clearly visible, and it is said to be the same which the Hebrews took in going to Elim, the celebrated site of the Seven Palms, where they rested. On returning to the beach we found ourselves in a serious difficulty; the tide had fallen so much that the sailors anchored the boat threequarters of a mile out, and they carried us out; but this done, our weight grounded the boat and the tide rushed out so rapidly that the boat was immovable, and it was evident that we would have to wait patiently for the incoming tide. which would not be until about 10 A.M.

It is not difficult to understand, on viewing this region and taking into account the great fall of the tide, in addition to the immense power of the east winds which sometimes prevail here, that a dry passage might be made such as the Israelites availed themselves of when fleeing from their powerful enemies; and when, in addition to these agencies, Divine Providence intervened to aid them, all doubts are entirely removed as to the truth of the Scripture narrative. When it is low tide, one of the sailors told me, he could wade

from shore to shore, all except the ship channel, which is artificial, recently made. The desert sands are continually filling up the Hebrew Ford to such an extent that the vastly increased commerce of modern times has required a constant and regular clearing out of the channel, otherwise Suez would cease to be a port of entry in a few years.

After waiting till 6 P.M., and finding the tide still receding, with a prospect of spending the night in an open boat. the camel was called back to take Mrs. B. to the inn, where it was determined to pass the night and make the best of our unfortunate situation. On reaching the inn we were shown into the state chamber on the ground floor, without carpet or covering, but well sanded. The roof was thatched. but sufficiently open to study astronomy. The windows were partly boarded over to keep out some of the weather, and the door was much in the same style. Running the length of the chamber there was a sort of settee built of rough stones and covered with a blanket at each end: this was our bed and divan. In front of it a table was set for our supper. with a candle in a bottle at one end, and another in a candlestick at the other. Over the bed and divan hung bundles of dried fish, and in a corner of the room half a dozen bushels of hard-shell almonds, the product of the country, were piled. The only thing that reminded us of home was a diary on the wall, which told us that this was the 13th of March

One of the sailors accompanied us from the boat to the inn to carry the gun and other articles, and we dismissed him for the night with a bottle of wine for himself and companion to cheer their dreary solitude until morning, when we hope to embark at the rising of the tide.

Dinner was served at 7.30; there were several courses; everything was good, very good.

The landlord of the "Hotel Ain Moosa" entertained us with stories of hyenas and other wild animals which visit the

hotel every night to drink at the fountain. He added the consoling information that he had several mastiffs, and we would not be troubled except by the noise of the dogs, which might disturb our sleep.

Strange to say, game abounds here; there are plenty of quail, desert partridge, or grouse, and pigeons, and the Red Sea is full of fish, some of them excellent, but most of them not fit for the table. The most ferocious sharks are so numerous that it is very risky to bathe. Dolphins and swordfish abound. Oysters are plenty, but not at all like our oysters; in fact, only fit for starving people.

At nine o'clock we were shown into the chief room, which we were told was ours for the night. It contained two beds and a stone divan, two wooden benches, and six nails driven into the wall to hang our clothing on. The floor was like that of the dining-room—as nature made it—well sanded. Joseph, ever mindful of our comfort, brought a bit of carpet from the boat and spread it between the beds. This completed the furniture of our dormitory. I forgot to say that several bushels of onions occupied a corner of the chamber.

March 14th (Sunday).—Slept tolerably well, barring the mosquitoes and the furious barking of the landlord's dogs about 3 A.M., when the hyenas thirsted for the Well of Moses and came down in large numbers about the house. The landlord started out with his gun, but they were off. The landlord invited me to take an early stroll; we left at 6 o'clock accompanied by Joseph. There were numerous tracks of hyenas in the sand, also of gazelles. The hyena makes a track peculiar to itself: both feet are placed in nearly the same spot; the tracks of one showed him to be very large. We walked to the desert, taking the path of the caravans to Mount Sinai; we found two fountains close together; one seemed stagnant, the other was a brilliant running stream of sweet water, flowing from the top of a high hill. We ascended and found the source; it was a cir-

cular basin some twenty feet in diameter, and the entire surface was covered with a dense mass of coarse grass, from which the water flowed in a clear sparkling stream down the hillside. Here stands the solitary palm tree, referred to in vesterday's notes, and which marks the starting point of the Israelites. Around these two fountains there were innumerable fresh tracks of hyenas, and, at a distance outside the centres of the fountains, numerous gazelle tracks were visible, these timid animals fearing to approach while their formidable enemy was drinking. My field-glass enabled me to distinguish objects at a great distance from the top of this eminence. The caravan paths are clearly marked in the sand for many miles, running now in a straight line and again winding round a high mountain until it is lost in the distance. The view of the desert on both sides of the Red Sea is very striking, and forms the most dismal, sad, and dreary scene imaginable. While gazing on it I did not wonder at the discontent and rebellion of the Israelites (Exodus xvi., 2, 3). "And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness. And the children of Israel said unto them. Would to God we had died by the hand of the LORD in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full: for we have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger."

After a tolerable breakfast we prepared to start again for Suez in our little boat. One of the sailors came in and said the tide would serve about 10 o'clock, so we paid forty francs for our dinner, lodging, and breakfast. My wife and Joseph on the camel and myself on a donkey, we again crossed the desert to the sea, were carried by the sailors to the boat, raised our lateen sail, and were off again. On our way to the sea we saw great numbers of hyena tracks in the sand, also gazelle and other tracks. On pushing off from the shore we encountered a violent and sudden gust of wind,

which blew us back again, and after alternate squalls, calms, and fogs, we reached Suez at 12.30 P.M., thankful for our escape, especially when the sailors said very frankly that the boat was entirely too small for such an excursion; it was like going from New York to Long Branch in a skiff through a heavy sea. The winds on the Red Sea at this season are very violent, sudden, and changeable. Within half an hour they blew from three different points directly opposite each other. To-day a violent Khamseen wind is blowing; it is hot, sultry, and oppressive. Everybody, natives and travellers, are rendered unfit for any exertion; perspiration flows freely without the slightest exertion.

Arab salutations are very beautiful: "Salaam likah," that is, Peace be with thee, the reply to which is, "With thee be peace." How like the salutations in the Bible, "The Lord be with thee." We have seen to-day a possible reason why this sea is called "Red." On a large part of the surface there floated masses of small red insects, which, we are told, sometimes cover the sea. Others affirm that it is called "Red" from the hue its surface takes from the immense range of red mountains which skirt the western side from Suez for several miles along the coast.

I walked through the town to-day and found it much larger than I supposed; the population is also more mixed than that of any other Egyptian city, in consequence of its being a seaport, open to the trade and commerce of all nations. All are represented here, distinguishable by their various costumes, and like the most of seaport cities, it contains a large population of the depraved and vicious. It is said that murder and robbery are so common here as to make it unsafe to go into the streets at night. Our boat to Ain Moosa cost forty francs; the entire excursion cost one hundred and thirty-five francs, nearly double the usual cost, but for the fall of the tide; nevertheless it was not dearly bought experience.

Suez is not a place to remain at. The hotels are on the quay, where an incessant din is kept up night and day. The screechings of locomotives, the whistles and other noises of the steamers, large and small, the heavy roll of the railroad trains, the yelling of the Arab longshoremen, the clamor of the crowds of donkey-boys, and the barking of the dogs, are a few of the causes of disquietude which make life at Suez almost intolerable, so that when the traveller for pleasure and instruction has visited the Hebrew Ford and the canal, the sooner he is off again the better for his nerves. Besides, the hotels are by no means the cleanest.

March 15th,—The incessant noises kept us awake nearly all night, and we are gladly preparing to leave at 8 this morning by railroad for Ismalia, where we may or may not secure the rooms we engaged some days ago, in consequence of the great crowd gathering there to attend the Vicerov's balls, one of which was held vesterday (Sunday) at that place, and another is to be held on Tuesday next on board one of his frigates at Port Sâid, which will probably crowd the hotels there, on our way to Jaffa. At 7.30 we left the hotel to take the 8 o'clock train, which started at 55 minutes past 8, with characteristic Egyptian punctuality. At 12.15 P.M. we reached Ismalia, and were told that our reserved rooms were occupied and not a room to be had! So we were dumped out on the desert sands under a burning sun to wait until Joseph could ransack the town to find a place of shelter. In forty-five minutes he returned successful, having found a hotel which had three rooms, just vacated. So we loaded our goods again on the backs of three Arabs, broke the circle of donkey-boys and loungers who surrounded us clamoring for a job, and, after a hot walk, reached our inn and were shown into a second-story room in a little wooden shanty on one side of an enclosed quadrangle, the other three sides of which were occupied by one-story sheds portioned off into dining and sleeping rooms. Each bedroom is furnished with

a narrow folding camp bedstead of iron, a small unpainted table for wash-basin and pitcher, a wooden bench and some nails driven into the wall to hang clothing upon. The floors are of square red tiles entirely bare. We were called to breakfast at I P.M. The first course was the irrepressible omelette, followed by other courses of mutton stew, cold fowl, cheese, nuts, and apples. Tea was served in tumblers for lack of cups. Flies covered everything, ourselves included

Ismalia is set down in the desert and was the creation of the Suez Canal, now in process of construction, said to be nearly completed. We had another instance to-day of the entire unreliability of Egyptian modes of travel. The steamer through the canal from here to Port Sâid is advertised to leave daily at r o'clock P.M. by town time; to-day it started at 12.15!

This town is gayly dressed in Turkish and French flags today in honor of the Viceroy who is here on a visit of inspection of the canal. Grand arches with highly complimentary inscriptions are erected and decorated with bunting. Salutes are being fired and the whole place wears the aspect of a grand holiday. The oppressive Khamseen winds have ceased and a pleasant breeze comes in from the desert, a great relief indeed. These winds prevail at this season and affect natives and foreigners alike, weakening and wilting everybody.

This afternoon we visited the locks and other parts of the great Suez Canal at this point. The stone work is on a magnificent and stupendous scale, a triumph of engineering skill. The "Quay Mohammed Ali" extends a long distance in front of the canal and forms a splendid roadway beautifully macadamized and curbed; another street crosses the quay at right angles and runs to the lake, from which small steamers start, which traverse the canal. There was a grand triumphal arch stretched across this street, splendidly dec-

orated with flags, and this and other streets and the quay were similarly ornamented on both sides making a gay and brilliant scene. In the evening the arches were illuminated and the whole town was bright and enlivened with fireworks and music in honor of the Viceroy.

Some English gentlemen spoke to us on the train: they heard we had visited the Well of Moses and congratulated us on our escape from Bedouin Arabs, who suddenly attack the inn where we slept and carry travellers off to the mountains, and hold them until ransomed. These gentlemen visited the Well next day after we left and had to flee after resorting to fire-arms. We had indeed been most fortunate; this is the third similar escape we have made. Joseph said he was attacked some years ago by these marauders, but thought there was now no danger. He evidently was not free from fear while we were there, as he sat on the ground all night with his back against our chamber door and a pistol in each hand. Had we anticipated any possible danger, we would have preferred to have passed the night in the boat to returning to the Well.

At this place the "Sweetwater" Canal and the other canal which is fed by the Mediterranean meet, and mingle their waters together. This so-named canal was constructed not for navigable purposes, but to supply the laborers with water, who were engaged in building the canal which runs through a desert in which there is not a drop of water.

Ismalia is populated chiefly by Arabs, Egyptians, Turks, Syrians, Greeks, East Indians, and Frenchmen, the latter greatly outnumbering all the rest, for the reason that the Suez Canal is almost exclusively a French enterprise.

March 16th.—We retired at 10 last night, and slept well in our desert home. At 7.30, walked out with Joseph, visited the market, which is well supplied with game, eggs, fish, dressed and dried fruits, brought in by the Bedouins on their camels.





Sheikh (Captain) of working Arabs on the Suez Canal.

The Viceroy's bugles sounded a march as a signal that he was moving off, and a grand cannonade announced his departure. He precedes us on the Suez Canal to Port Said, with a flotilla of steamers for himself and suite.

We started in a small steamer at 12.15, and expect to reach Port Sâid at 7.30 P.M. Our boat is about twenty feet long, and is full of first and second-class passengers. Our route lay for some five or six miles through the Lake Menzaleh, on which Ismalia stands, emerging from which we entered the mouth of the canal, where there has just been erected a temporary palace for the Vicerov, adorned in all possible tawdry ways, such as long lines of lanterns strung on wires and running in all directions. They are made of tin, and glitter in the sun, looking in the distance like myriads of large spangles; they were all lighted last night, and were said to have presented an unusually splendid appearance. This new palace is covered with flags and a profusion of bunting, so also is the steamer-landing and broad stairway leading from the water to the palace. Long lines of flags and gay bunting are stretched across the canal, and every boat and floating thing and every telegraph pole for miles and miles are similarly decorated. There are also many triumphal arches, each bearing a flattering inscription, one of which is "Long live Ismail, the regenerator of Egypt." All these are publicly said to have been erected by order of the Viceroy! Certain it is that none of his people, except those about his person are so poor as to do him much or any honor. I write on board the boat, having stood on the deck some hours together, looking at this great enterprise; but judging from what I have seen, and more especially from what I have heard from persons familiar with this work from the beginning, I venture to predict that the stockholders will be disappointed, for the reason, chiefly, that the expense of keeping the canal free from sand will alone be so enormous as to forbid the possibility of dividends. The canal may be said to be filled with dredging-machines, all worked by steam, all actively engaged in keeping the channel free from obstructions, among which the most formidable is the desert sand, which is constantly being blown and washed into it. Large sections of the canal are, in fact, said to be mostly filled with a solid mass of sand, leaving only a narrow passage for boats. Thousands of men, including a multitude of forced labor from Upper Egypt, are hard at work on the embankment or in the machines. These dredging-machines. which are very numerous and very close together, are said to be of three hundred horse-power each, and every pound of coal consumed comes from England. The last section of several miles in extent is built through Lake Menzaleh, the embankments being laid in deep water. This section of the canal is said to be by far the finest and most expensive: it is of great breadth, but like all the rest encumbered with sand and alluvium, requiring the daily use of the dredgingmachines. Half an hour before we reached Port Sâid a brilliant illumination overhung that place. All the Vicerov's war-ships at this place, consisting of three steam frigates and a corvette, were splendidly lighted up. The whole shore was also in a blaze with torches and lights of every kind and color. Every house was illuminated and the air was filled with rockets, Roman candles, and blue, red, orange, green, violet, and other colored lights. In the midst of all this not a rejoicing voice was heard, but the whole populace looked on with silent indifference.

It was 8 o'clock when we arrived at Port Sâid, and we trudged through the sandy paths to Mme. Pagnona's Hotel, where we were fortunate enough to find rooms in the midst of the crowd who had just arrived to attend the Viceroy's ball. Mme. Pagnona's Hotel, said to be the best in town, which is crowded to-night with six thousand people, including its regular population of, it is said, four thousand five hundred, is made up of a long series of chalets, or one-

story wooden houses, running parallel with the beach of the Mediterranean; each chamber opens either on the sea or on an enclosure in the rear, each having a window and a door, and furnished with two narrow iron beds, a double washstand, and a table and three rush-seat chairs. A yard of matting completes the furniture of the room; the rent of which, Joseph says, is six francs a day for each person. On leaving, Joseph's mistake was corrected, the bill calling for six dollars a day for each of us on this grand occasion! Madame saying that hay must be made when the sun was shining. The table is not equal to that of second-class hotels. The population is chiefly French, mixed with people from nearly all parts of the world.

March 17th.—Passed an uncomfortable night; the drinking water and irregularity and inferiority of meals the cause. Walked with Joseph at 7.30; the sea air is invigorating, and as we have been inland four months, we are hopeful of improved health. Sharks are so ferocious and numerous that nobody ventures in the surf, which prevented my bathing. We walked to an Arab town, a suburb of Port Sâid; it differs from all others I had seen in being built of undressed stones, the prevailing rains on the coast forbidding the use of other material, such as the Nile villages are built of. Beyond this town is an extensive cemetery, where quicklime is used at every interment to prevent the bodies from being carried off by the animals. After breakfast I walked to the Grand Ouav. which skirts the sea and forms the harbor. It is built of immense square blocks of stone to form a breakwater for several miles, necessary to check the sea and deepen the entrance to the grand canal. These blocks of stone are not yet placed, and cannot be until a sufficient number is procured to complete the work. They are composed of a kind of concrete which water hardens, and it is thought to be more indestructible and durable than natural stone. There are great works erected in the neighborhood where they are made; the work is suspended to-day to give the workmen a holiday to unite in the festivities. All these immense stones are made on patterns to suit positions; most of them are nearly square. and of equal size. I estimated their length to be eighteen or twenty feet, and nearly as wide, and ten or twelve feet thick. I next visited the Quarantine ground, near which are extensive abattoirs, where animals are slaughtered for the town market, and where the offal is thrown into the sea. I was attracted to the place by the great agitation in the water. which was lashed into white foam by enormous fish either playing or fighting. The cause of the excitement was soon apparent. It was a school of porpoises struggling for offal. so near that I could have touched them with a rod: everybody was away to see the cavalcade, and I had an uninterrupted view of the brutes. Presently there was a great commotion beyond the shore scene, and Joseph called my attention to a lot of sharks approaching to contest the right of the porpoises and dolphins to the prey. On came the sharks and off flew the porpoises, but not until after a furious contest, in which the white foam was splashed on the land where we first stood. While this fight was progressing, the Viceroy's ships of war, which lay about half a mile off, were preparing to salute his departure from Port Sâid on his return to Cairo. Every ship was in its gavest colors. every inch of bunting was flying, the yards and rigging were covered with sailors, those who manned the vards joined hands, the bands on each ship struck up, the sailors faintly cheered, and a royal salute was fired. But such cheering! It was neither hearty nor simultaneous; a good many people stood in groups on the quays, but there was not the least enthusiasm, not an answering cheer was returned. People freely talked, and said that Ismail Pasha could not. after that, be insensible to his unpopularity.

This afternoon I walked with Joseph to a large Arab village lying between Lake Damietta and the Mediterranean,

said to contain a population of two thousand. The houses are all alike—each for a family, with a single room and a sort of dais on which the family sleep. At night the animals of the family are all gathered in the same room. One of these chalets contained eleven large cats of the Maltese breed. We visited the Kadi's court, a room of some fifteen feet square. Behind the railing, seated on an elevation of about eighteen inches, sat the learned Kadi, cross-legged, on a rug, ready to hear cases, smoking a chibouk, patiently waiting to hear aggrieved parties, who, as they entered, made respectful obeisance to the Kadi and stated their cases, which were decided promptly. There were no seats or tables or writing materials in this court, the cases were short, and so were the judgments.

March 18th.—The French steamer Scamandre hove in sight at 6 A.M., and Joseph and I boarded her at 7.30, and learned that Consul-General Hale, finding that she would be overcrowded with passengers to Jaffa, took a state-room and paid our fare to secure it. A great favor indeed, when it appeared that a great many ladies and gentlemen had to take places in the third-class cabin, and many got no accommodations and were compelled to wait for the next steamer, ten or twelve days.

We returned to Mme. Pagnona's Hotel, got breakfast, and prepared to embark for the Holy Land. Procured some photographs (a dozen) as souvenirs of this remarkable place.

Just as the steamer was about to start a messenger placed a letter in my hands from Consul-General Hale, saying that for the reasons already stated, he had taken our state-room and had paid one hundred and fifty-six francs to secure it, so I handed that sum to the Vice-Consul at Port Sâid. Thanks to Mr. Hale's kindly consideration we have one of the best rooms amidships. We met Dr. Bruen and family on board, all the rest of our friends being detained until the

next steamer. After an excellent dinner and supper we retired to our state-room. This line belongs to the line of the Messageries Impériales, and is provided with every comfort. The table is most excellent. I never saw such a crowded ship; decks and between decks are covered with pilgrims on their way to attend the solemnities of Holy Week, which begin next Friday, at Jerusalem. Thus have we made our exodus from Egypt, and hope, God willing, to land in Palestine, the Land of Promise, to-morrow morning.

March 10th.—The Scamandre sighted the coast of Palestine early this morning, and we reached anchorage at 6 o'clock. I had a distant view of Jaffa with my glass. The sea is very rough; it is said to be seldom otherwise here. and, as there is no harbor, our ship anchored about a mile from the shore, and such a rock-bound shore! The captain feared that landing in such a sea would be impossible. and unless it calmed in an hour or two, he said he would have to weigh anchor and go on to Beyrout. In a short time a fleet of boats came off, and the captain very kindly selected one and helped my wife on board, and directed that our luggage should go with us. There were also four female passengers put into our boat. I never fully understood the meaning of the word "Pandemonium" until I witnessed the scene and heard the sounds and screams at the ship's side on the arrival of the boats and their Arab crews from the shore. Each boat was manned with four Arabs, and the crews of at least a dozen boats all contended furiously for the nearest place to the gang ladder, and after they got on board they fought for employment, knocking each other down and screaming at the top of their voices, as if just out of a lunatic asylum. These were the creatures we had to make our way through to reach the ladder, and when, after great risk and trouble, we got into the boat, which rose and fell several feet with each wave and threatened to dash the boat to pieces against the hull of the ship and against the surrounding boats, we were changed by the captain's orders to a sail-boat, amidst the screeching and yelling of the Arab boatmen and the terrible commotions of the sea. The trip to the shore seemed most perilous; sometimes our boat would sink so low between the waves that we lost sight of the ship entirely for a few moments, and the breakers dashed so high on the rocky shore that I could see no escape from swamping. Suddenly the boat rounded a sharp point of rocks, and in a few minutes we were carried swiftly to the stone quay on the top of a huge wave, and we all breathed more freely again. Nothing but strength and skilful management of the Arab boatmen could have brought us safely ashore.

On landing, a burly official in Turkish dress demanded our passport, which, on being shown, we were allowed to go with the words in universal use, "All right," which, I doubt not, comprised the whole stock of the officer's English. We were then shown to a stone dungeon with an arched entrance and roof, which we were told was the Custom-House, and which, being passed, my poor wife with Joseph's help on one side and a stout boatman on the other, began the ascent of the steep, narrow, winding lanes leading to the "English Hotel."

Jaffa is built on a round conical hill and the hotel is nearly on the top of it, standing on a narrow dirty street, with a long flight of crooked, narrow, broken stone steps, leading to one of the oddest kinds of uninviting inns. We were shown to a sitting-room until a chamber was vacated and put in order. It faced the seashore, and here we are doomed to lodge until 5 o'clock to-morrow morning, when we hope to leave for the Holy City. On strolling through this ancient place from which Jonah sailed, and in which Peter saw his wonderful vision, we were conducted through a succession of dirty, steep, and narrow lanes, at the end of which, near the seashore, we were shown the "House of one Simon, a tanner." It is now a mosk. I ascended to the roof, where,

it is said, Peter saw the vision, and though my faith in the identity of the locality might have been stronger, I was nevertheless deeply impressed. A fine view up and down the seashore is to be had from the roof, and the whole surroundings of the house have the appearance of great antiquity.

We visited the British Consul, our own Consul being absent, and we were handsomely entertained. He gave us good advice, and wine of the country, and informed us as to our journey, the country, and the people. Outside of the gates we found a beautiful and most fertile country, the plantations hedged with formidable-looking cactus fifteen feet high. Orange groves and lemon plantations with rich crops were seen on all sides, and the almond, fig, and palm were abundant.

We walked through the bazaars: they are like those in Egypt, except that they have a greater variety of wares. chiefly the manufactures and products of the country. The people are evidently of a superior class to those of Egypt; they are more dignified and easy in their carriage and bearing. We engaged seats in the only two-wheeled vehicle in Palestine for to-morrow, from Taffa to Terusalem, paid one Turkish pound, equal to twenty-three francs. Bought an Arab cloak, called a mushlah, as a protection from rain, price twenty francs. I visited the few remaining American families which emigrated to this country some years ago, and heard the story of their residence here. They sailed from Maine, taking with them the materials with which their houses here are built and furnished. There were originally one hundred and fifty of them; seventeen have died, and all except sixteen of the survivors have returned to the United States. Their object in coming here was the conversion of the people and the improvement of the country, but they have utterly failed, in consequence, as they say, of bad management of their President, the Rev. S. G. Adams, formerly of Newark, New Jersey, who is now in England.

The crops of mandarin oranges and lemons are now being gathered. The town overflows with these and other fruits; oranges of the largest and finest kinds are sold for three pence a dozen.

We start at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning in the so-called diligence, and Joseph goes with a man and horses to carry our baggage. So early a start is necessary to enable us to reach Jerusalem before sundown, when the gates are closed against even the Pasha himself.

March 20th.—I awoke at 3.30. The same roar of the breakers on this rock-bound shore that saluted the ears of the apostle salutes ours, and we go back to his time when Christianity was cradled here.

Breakfasted at 4.30; we have to walk to the city gates, as no wheeled vehicle is allowed to enter on account of the narrowness and steepness, as well as the crookedness of the streets and lanes. The landlord tells us that the city gates are never opened until sunrise, which will detain us an hour.

Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Bruen and their three children, who are stopping at the American colony, came to town and called on us, making a pleasant visit. It now appears that we did not over-estimate the dangers of the passage from the ship to the shore. Dr. Bruen's dragoman in going to the ship had his boat wrecked on the rocks and entirely broken to pieces, and he narrowly escaped drowning. The same misfortune befell the dragoman of the Count de Cleremont, who lost his money and all his personal effects.

Joseph and his servant in charge of our baggage, together with the kind proprietor of the "English Hotel," accompanied us to the city gate at 4.45 A.M., where, after waiting a few minutes, we took the diligence and started on our interesting journey at 5.30 A.M.

We passed through extensive gardens literally loaded with the finest mandarin oranges, lemons, and limes, and then emerged into an open plain, which the driver (a boy from

Maine, attached to the American colony) said was the Valley of Sharon Our course lay off to the southeast of Jaffa over a road not good, because covered with loose stones, spread on the surface and occurring at intervals of a mile or two. Our interest in the country was so intense that we gave little heed to these annovances. All along the road and at unequal distances from it, large white stone buildings crowned the rising ground and were numerous; these were watchtowers, as the driver told us: some of them antedate the early crusades and originated before that time, as they are mentioned in the Bible. The Valley of Sharon stretches from Jaffa to the base of the mountains of Judæa, which are prominently visible all the way. The whole country has a rich appearance. The soil is a rich, black loam, and the fields are covered with a luxuriant crop of grass. Wheat, lupins, barley, etc., are all along the road; brilliant flowers of various kinds and colors grow, and in some places so thickly that the ground is literally carpeted with them. There are but few trees, only the olive, fig, and almond seem to be cultivated: they are planted in rows like our orchards.

The town of Lydda, where Peter restored Æneas to life, is seen on the northeast of the road, and so is also the Tower of Ramleh, supposed to be the Arimathea of the New Testament. The Castle of Ramleh is one of the remaining creations of the early Crusaders, and though in ruins, is still a splendid structure of about one hundred and twenty feet in height. At Ramleh are several convents which are open to travellers, who sometimes find Ramleh, thirteen miles from Jaffa, a convenient place in which to lodge and spend the night. Here we saw the first case of leprosy. The poor creature sat on the wayside begging; a hideous object indeed, covered with disease, one hand nearly gone, and the toes of one foot completely eaten off.

Here the cactus grows in immense bunches of thirty or forty feet in circumference, also in fine hedgerows; it is so

rank and tall as to attain a height of twenty feet and upward. The country is full of it, but it especially abounds at this place. On the outskirts of Ramleh, as also of all other towns in Palestine, there are large cemeteries on the roadside, entirely unfenced, where the people continually resort, particularly on holidays, to spend the time and enjoy themselves. A little beyond Ramleh is the traditional place where Joshua commanded the sun to stand still. It is a piece of rising ground, from which an extensive view of the plain can be had. Farther on, and to the southeast of the road sits Ladron in ruins, said to be the birthplace of the penitent thief, who was crucified with the Blessed Saviour

At 11.30 we reached Bab-el-wad, "The Gate of the Mountain," where we rested an hour and a half, took lunch and changed horses. From this point begins the ascent of the great mountain ranges that environ Jerusalem, which is thirteen miles farther on. Here Joseph left us, and went ahead to prepare our rooms at the hotel. Here we were shown the "Husk Tree." the fruit of which is mentioned in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Here were fields of wheat nearly ripe; also barley, millet, and dura, growing luxuriantly. The road now runs through a mountain gap for a long distance, until we reach Aboo Gouch. "Kirjath-Jearim." where the Ark of the Lord rested until David brought it to Ierusalem. This place appears like a ruined fortress on the side of the mountain, and has the ruin of a grand old Roman church, which is now used for a cattle stable. Aboo Gouch was until 1848 the stronghold of an Arab chief, who was the terror both of the government and the people, until captured, taken to Constantinople, and beheaded. There are some beautiful vineyards in the valley; we passed Samuel's tomb, a stone erection at the very summit of a mountain ridge to our left.

Our driver's boy, who played the part of a postilion at

times on the way and sometimes rode in the carriage with us, pointed out all these places and added, "since I have lived here, the Bible reads to me like a new book." I think that every visitor to this land of the Bible will realize the force, truth, and beauty of the boy's remark. I bless God for bringing me here; it has already shed much light on the Bible.

The ruins of several ancient towns and villages are to be seen among the mountains, and always on the tops and steep sides of them for protection. We passed the birthplace of John the Baptist, the name of which has escaped me. Also the place where was fought the battle between David and Goliah; it is called "Collowiah" by the Arabs. The spot is marked by a stone structure erected by the Crusaders where Goliah was slain. It is near a brook in a valley, nearly elliptical in form, and surrounded by terraced hills, with natural ledges of rock from the base to the top, and forming a grand colosseum for the armies of the Israelites and the Philistines to view the contest.

Here we saw groves of the bitter almond in full bloom, which is exactly like our peach bloom.

The ascent of the last mountain begins here; it is very steep, and requires forty-five minutes to overcome. We reached the summit at 5 o'clock, and got a view of the Mount of Olives, and in a few minutes Jerusalem lay before us. We left our carriage at the "Jaffa Gate," where Joseph met us and conducted us, on foot, through the narrow winding streets and lanes of the Holy City, to the "Via Dolorosa," through which we passed, sometimes bowing, to avoid striking our heads against the low arches, until we reached the "Hotel Mediterrani," where we found comfortable rooms to which we were conducted by the pleasant inn-keeper. On the way through the Via Dolorosa, Joseph, in his broken English, pointed out remarkable places. "Here," said he, "is where Peter warmed himself with the servants,"

and "here on this stone where the cock stood and crowed," and "here where Peter stood and him cry."

The little boy from the State of Maine, who came as an assistant to the driver of the diligence, gave us a good deal of information on the way about remarkable places and events relating to them, as told in the Bible, the lessons of which he said, "My mother licked them into me, but since I have been here, I understand them better." Again he said, "The Jews believe they will be saved, if they go to Jerusalem three times." I asked what he thought about that. He answered, "If it is true, I'm all right, for I have been there seven times."

To me the dream of years is more than realized. Often as I have yearned to visit Jerusalem, I always feared disappointment till now, that my feet stand in "Jerusalem, the chief city of the Holy Land, and, to the Christian, the most illustrious in the world."

March 21st (Palm Sunday). - Got up at 4.30 to attend Pontifical Mass and the procession with palms at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. At 6 it rained heavily and continued in showers till II, when the sun shone gloriously. Joseph called for me at 5.30, and we made our way over the bad and slippery pavements to the church, which is an extensive, irregular building of cream-colored stone, with a Grecian front now falling to decay and only saved from ruin by constant restorations. This building, I need hardly say, was erected on the supposed site of Mount Calvary, and covers the traditional spot of the Crucifixion, which is, as nearly as I could judge from a view of the confused architecture of the interior, nearly in the centre. The alleged socket of the cross is covered with a sort of altar which is lighted with candles, but so low and small is the entrance to it that visitors approach on all-fours, one at a time to kiss the spot. I stooped down and could see the aperture in which the cross is said to have stood; it is covered with a block of marble or

alabaster, and the opening, of some three or four inches in diameter, has a metallic rim. The chapel was filled with people all crowding around the sacred spot, each waiting his or her turn to enter. Adjoining and to the left is another small chapel into which Joseph led me, saying "That is the place where Mary stood and cry." We entered a number of chapels and passed through many halls and winding and dark passages, up and down stone steps of which there are several flights, into places where the various services of the Armenian, Coptic, Latin, and Greek churches were proceeding simultaneously, causing much confusion by the commingling of the voices of so many different choirs, and the intoning of priests of so many different creeds at the same time.

The building was filled with all ranks and conditions of men and women; many of these most wretched, squalid, wild, and dirty, particularly those in the Greek Church. Patriarchs, bishops, priests, novices, and various other grades mingled in the crowd of people of all countries. Turkish officers and soldiers, who are the government custodians of this holy place, in vain attempted to keep order in the various halls, chapels, nooks and corners where the peculiar forms and ceremonies of each denomination or creed were being conducted. Joseph showed me the spot where the "Column of the Flagellation" stood. It is surrounded by a heavy iron railing, with an opening sufficient to admit the head to kiss the stone on which the Saviour stood. He next showed me the place where the body was washed after death. It is a marble slab enclosed by a railing on three of the sides, the fourth being left open for worshippers to kiss it. Joseph led me also to the place where it is said the cross was found. Next we proceeded to the Holy Sepulchre, a large and beautiful structure under the centre of the dome of the church. It is made, I think, of alabaster. An immense number of lamps with colored glass lighted the interior, and

so also was the sepulchre lighted. The pendent lamps around the sepulchre are said to be of gold and silver mostly the gifts of crowned heads. The ornaments of the front of the sepulchre resemble those in Roman churches. with candles of various sizes, some of which were lighted, The door opening into the sepulchre was closed and we could not enter until the close of the services, which were in progress. The procession entered, headed by high officials of the Coptic Church and followed by the patriarch and attendants, also by a long line of priests bringing up the rear. As the Patriarch passed he waved his hand as a sign to the faithful, who devoutly crossed their breasts and stooped to the floor. The Patriarch was conducted to a seat, and chanting by a choir of boys began. After standing a couple of hours on the cold stone floor of the church I departed with a feeling akin to disgust, and with the words of Mary ringing in my ears, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

The immense gathering of strangers in Jerusalem at present is, I am told, chiefly composed of pilgrims from almost every quarter of the earth, of all ages, sexes, complexions, and costumes. Many are with infants in their arms. They visit the River Jordan this week to bathe, wrapped in the garment prepared for their burial. After bathing, the garment is allowed to dry on them, and they take it home with them unwashed, because of the reverence they entertain for the mud-stains of the Sacred River. There are said to be between nine thousand and ten thousand of these pilgrims here. Each bathing gown has a black cross sewed on the back.

Went to the Church of the "Ecce Homo," on the Via Dolorosa. This church stands partly on the traditional site of the Guard House (some of the walls of which are pointed out), in which our Lord was kept after he was tried and condemned. Over the altar there is a life-size marble figure in

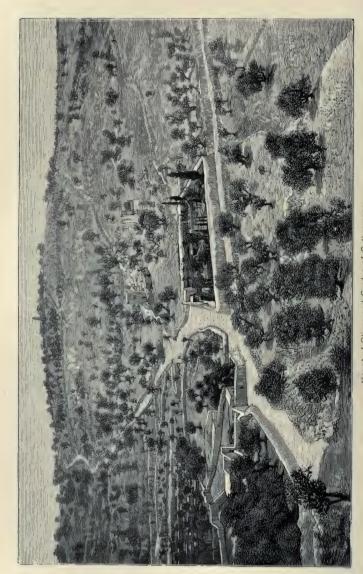
royal robes with a sceptre in the right hand, and over a marble figure in the dome pointing to the entrance are the words, "Ecce Rex Vester." In the vestibule there is a group of statuary representing Mary holding her dead son in her arms, and fronting the gateway there is a cross of rough wood with the inscription, "Jesus Nazarenus, Rex Judæorum;" written also in Hebrew and Greek.

Following the Via Dolorosa, we entered the house of Pilate, now used as barracks for the Turkish soldiers. From the roof there is a commanding view of the city and its surroundings on the north and west sides. Leaving this place I was conducted to "The Chapel of the Flagellation," built on the spot, as it is said, where our Blessed Lord was scourged. Over the doors are the following inscriptions deeply cut in stone: "Apprehendit Pilatus Jesum, et Flagellavit; Joan. xix., I;" "Et Imponunt ei Plectentes Spineam Coronam; Mar. xv., 17."

We now passed out of St. Stephen's Gate, at the beginning of the Via Dolorosa, into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and visited the tomb of Absalom, a beautiful structure, but much in ruins. The Arabs, in token of their hatred of the character of Absalom, as it is said, have broken a large hole in the immensely thick wall of this beautiful mausoleum near the roof, into which hole, as he passes, each throws a stone. It is said that the custom has been continued from time immemorial. From here we visited the Garden of Gethsemane.

Joseph knocked at the low entrance gate, which requires visitors to stoop very low to pass in. A voice answered "Yes," in Arabic, and a tall monk in brown cowl and hood, with sandals on his feet, opened the door, and with a pleasant smile and a motion of the hand, invited us to enter. The interior of the garden, which is enclosed by a high stone wall, is divided into four sections, separated by picket fences, to which visitors are admitted by gates. These sections are planted with flowers, and in a little corner there is a bed of





Mount of Olives and Garden of Gethsemane.

The Garden is the small square surrounded by a wall.

lettuce. Interspersed through the garden, which contains perhaps half an acre or even less, there are eight olive trees, all very ancient in appearance. There are also a few cypress trees. An intelligent English gentleman who was present with some ladies said he had no doubt that at least four of the olive trees existed in the Saviour's time. Contrary to strong inclination I doubted, for reasons which, on farther reflection, I may state.

The good-natured monk made up a handsome bouquet of flowers in which there was a small sprig of olive; these he handed to me with some lettuce we had at dinner. Lieut. Warren, who has been exploring in behalf of the Palestine Exploration Society for several years, says he has no doubt of the identity of the garden as the same to which our Lord resorted. The garden is near the foot of the Mount of Olives, and almost opposite the "Golden Gate" or "Gate Beautiful," in the eastern part of the city. Two of the arches of this gate still remain.

On leaving, the monk drew water from a well and gave me a drink: he followed me outside of the garden, and pointed out the spot where the disciples slept who followed Christ to the garden. The spot is marked by three large stones. He also took me to the place where Judas betraved his Master: the spot is walled in, except at one end, to admit visitors. He also pointed out the place, at a distance to the west of the garden, where Judas hanged himself. He also pointed out the spot on the side of the Mount of Olives near the top, not far from where we stood, where Jesus predicted the fall of Jerusalem and wept over it. I took leave of the obliging monk, who shook my hand heartily, and went. to visit the tomb of Mary, a fine massive structure going to decay. We then crossed the Brook Kedron, passed over the extensive Hebrew cemetery, the tomb of Zechariah and other tombs, the names of which Joseph had forgotten. We next visited the Pool of Siloam, which flows at the foot of the hill

on the side of which stands the village of Siloam. We then ascended and passed along the city walls to the Hill of Zion, visited the tomb of David and the wailing place of the Jews. I omitted to mention that the monk showed the place where Peter smote off the ear of one of the servants of the High Priest; it is not far from Gethsemane.

"Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion." I gazed on it and its surroundings with admiration. The great cemeteries of the valley of Jehoshaphat are now all in full view. Large plain blocks of stone cover the graves, each with an inscription in Hebrew. In one part of these extensive cemeteries some of the tombstones have mechanical instruments cut on them, which Joseph thinks indicate the trades and occupations of the deceased.

Next to us at the hotel table sits the Marquis of Bute, a Scottish nobleman, said to be one of the wealthiest men in Europe. He gave us an account of how he changed his religious creed. He said he had been brought up a Presbyterian; his mother was an Episcopalian; and within a year past he entered the communion of the Romish Church. His chaplain, Monsignor Capel, and his physician, Dr. Montgomery Gibbs, accompany him.

March 22d.—Got up at 5.30. Engaged part of this day preparing for our trip to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Called on Mr. V. Beauboucher, our Consul, with whom I spent a very agreeable hour. He read a letter to me he had just received from Mr. Hale requesting him to visit us while in Jerusalem and tender kind offices, etc. Mr. Beauboucher kindly offered to serve us and gave us excellent advice as to visiting the Jordan, the Dead Sea and points of interest within a circuit of fifty or sixty miles around Jerusalem. He invited me to report my return to Jerusalem so that he might introduce me to Lieut. Warren, who has conducted the British exploration in this region for several years. He proposed that I should make up a party to visit the Mosk





The Janissary of the United States Consul at Jerusalem.

Our guard on visiting the Mosque of Omar, to protect from violence or insult.

of Omar and the Church of the Knights Templar, and he would send his janissary to conduct us safely through these most interesting places. I accepted, and invited Dr. Bruen and family, and Rev. Mr. Payne, mother and sister. This is the only day the mosk can be visited until after the end of Passion Week

The janissary and Vice-Consul came to escort the party at 2.30 P.M., and each, with slippers in hand, followed the janissary, who carries a heavy baton, silver mounted, and a sword and pistols. On reaching the gates which opened to the grand square of the mosk, and which, it is said, once opened to Solomon's Porch, some Turkish soldiers were ordered to join us, a precaution deemed necessary to protect Christians from insult, for it is only since the close of the Crimean War that Christians were allowed to enter mosks: before that it was a capital offence. I cannot attempt a minute description of this splendid mosk, which has lately been so well described by travellers. It stands in the centre of a plain, partly natural, but mostly artificial, on the very summit of Mount Moriah, the scene of the trial of Abraham's faith in offering Isaac as a sacrifice. The plain is one thousand five hundred feet long, and nearly one thousand feet broad, and is bounded on the east and south by the city walls. The mosk is hexagonal, each side being sixtyseven feet long, and is crowned by a magnificent dome, on top of which is a crescent. Before entering, we were shown the "Iudgment-place of Solomon," now called "The Dome of the Chain." It is a circular building surmounted by a dome, and was until lately the place of execution. The criminal stood in the centre under the dome, and when sentence of death was pronounced, execution followed at once by means of a ball at the end of a chain suspended from the dome, which fell on his head. This building is nearly opposite the grand doors of the mosk on the eastern side where we entered. The walls of the mosk are of porcelain, of many colors, and they are in a remarkable state of preservation. At the grand entrance stood the sheik of the mosk, a tall, fine-looking Turk, who welcomed us with a smile and waved his hand for us to enter. When the party entered, the sheik preceded it through the building, explaining everything in Arabic: all the English he could command was "come along." It is said on high authority that the Temple of Solomon occupied the present site of this mosk. and, indeed, that the mosk stands on the same foundations. The centre of the interior of the mosk is fenced in. The bare rock, which is said to be the very top of Mount Moriah. is an immense mass, of rough, irregular form, covered with a canopy of variously colored silks and satins, composed of Turkish flags, which are suspended a few feet above the top of the rock. The flag of Mohammed is preserved here—it is of green silk; here also, is his bronze shield. The interior has a gloomy, dirty appearance, but through the dirt of ages is seen much of the ancient splendor of the temple. The walls and ceilings are covered with the richest mosaics and a great profusion of gold ornaments. The stained glass windows, we all agreed, surpassed any we had ever seen for variety and brilliancy of coloring, and for the artistic arrangement and combinations of their figures and colors. We passed to the grotto under the great rock in the centre of the mosk, where "Solomon's Place of Prayer" is shown. There is a lamp kept constantly burning here. On leaving the mosk the dignified and courteous sheik extended his hand and bade us adieu.

Next we were conducted across the southeastern part of the court to the church built by the Knights Templar, at the close of the eleventh century. First, we visited the crypt; the foundation walls and rude columns of which are constructed of some of the largest stones to be found in any buildings, except perhaps the Trilithon at Baalbek. We then ascended to the chapel, which is an immense cruciform

chamber with many columns, crowned with capitals of great beauty, no two of which correspond in style. There is also a dome on this building, covered with splendid Turkish mosaics. The Turks worship here every Friday. On leaving this building we strolled over the grand court to a corner of the city walls, where we descended to a subterranean room. in which we were shown what was said to be the "Cradle of our Lord." From one of the loop-holes in the eastern wall of the city, and near the golden gate, we were shown a distant point in the Mount of Olives, between which and the place where we stood the Moslems believe that Mohammed will extend a bridge, finer than a hair, over which all must pass, and those who do not "go through" will fall into the hell which will be prepared for them in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. When we passed out of the great plaza we found a mule at St. Stephen's Gate, which Joseph had considerately ordered for Mrs. B., on which she rode round the eastern and northern walls of the city, and through the extensive cemeteries which cover the entire surroundings of the Jaffa Gate, and thence to the hotel. This evening Joseph will complete his preparations for an early start to-morrow morning to the Iordan and the Dead Sea.

The Jordan; Jericho; the Dead Sea; Jews' Quarter in the Holy City; Church of the Holy Sepulchre; Siloam; Bethany; Tombs of the Kings; Mount of Olives; Rambles in and out of Jerusalem.

March 23d, 1860.—Up at 5.30, breakfasted at 7, and mounted at 8.30. Our equipment was as follows: First, a Bedouin Arab on horseback with a carbine slung over his back, a brace of pistols in his belt, and a sabre; second, a palanguin mounted on two mules, one in front and the other in the rear, each mule led by an Arab, and an Arab on each side of the palanquin to keep it steady, my wife riding in this: third, a mule with Mrs. B.'s saddle, led by an Arab. on which she will ride if she gets tired of the palanquin; fourth, Joseph on horseback with a revolver in his belt; fifth, four mules with our tents and canteen, and two Arabs in charge; sixth, our Arab cook, and seventh, myself, with a revolver in belt, mounted on a full-blooded Arab horse, all white, a fine showy animal with an easy gait and very fast. The procession passed out of the Damascus Gate, down the valley of Jehoshaphat, along the foot of the Mount of Olives, along the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane, and the edge of the Brook Kedron, until we began to ascend the mountains, which continue, range after range, all the way to Jericho, nearly twenty miles. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery on this road. On reaching the so-called "Ruins of the House of the Good Samaritan," half way to Tericho, we lunched there. The country is covered with brilliant verdure interspersed with an unending variety and

profusion of beautiful flowers of almost every shape and color. The valleys, glens, crevasses, and nooks were perfectly filled with them. The olive trees are in full foliage. and the fig trees are putting forth their new leaves and the early fruit, which always drops off like the blossoms of other trees, giving place to the crop that follows. Thus we travelled on a walk all the way, the road being so rough, rocky, and precipitous as to be dangerous. Our path led us at one time on the narrow edge of a rock overhanging a deep ravine: at another, up and down the narrow pass scarcely wide enough for a horse: at another, over loose sharp stones or rocks worn perfectly smooth, or on shelving rocks; at another, over and along the top of a high ridge, from which we could see the Iordan, fifteen miles beyond, winding through the valley of Siddim, and we saw also the Dead Sea with its placid surface glittering and shimmering in the brilliant sunlight. After travelling an hour or more, my wife was strongly tempted to return to Jerusalem, but, anxious to proceed, she left her palanquin and rode on her mule for a couple of hours, and then returned to the palanquin, in which she finished the journey of nearly eight hours, in a recumbent position, on a soft, easy mattress and pillows. While we were making the change from palanquin to mule Dr. Bruen and his three children came up. My horse began to show his Arab mettle and rushed into the midst of the party, regardless of all my efforts to restrain him. He plunged and stood erect on his hind legs, but I determined not to be unhorsed if possible, and kept my seat. The Arabs and Dr. Bruen thought I was a capital horseman, the reverse of which is (I regret to admit) true, and they complimented my management of the animal.

At 4.30 we reached the site of ancient Jericho, and found the tents of Dr. Bruen and ourselves pitched in agreeable proximity, and our flag floating over our tent, and everything in excellent order for our reception. We were encamped on one of the numerous mounds which cover ancient Jericho, and just under the shadow of the Mount of Temptation, with the valley of Siddim mapped out before us, the Dead Sea on the right, about nine miles off. The Jordan was on the left, about eight miles away. We see before us something of fulfilment of prophecy. The whole of this once fertile valley, where grew the balm of Gilead and the grapes of Eshcol, is now covered with thorns and briers, and its soil is incapable of cultivation.

At 5.30 our cook, under the guidance of our good Joseph, gave us an excellent and well-cooked dinner. Dr. Bruen and his three children spent the evening in our tent, and later, the Bedouins of the neighboring village joined the Bedouins of our two tents in a dance by moonlight and the light of our camp fires, making a most interesting and picturesque sight; after which we threw ourselves on our beds, as we expect to make an early start in the morning for the Dead Sea and the Jordan.

March 24th.—We slept soundly through the first night in our tent. I got up at 5, took breakfast at 6, and all except my wife mounted our horses at 7, and were off to the Dead Sea. Yesterday's fatiguing journey was too much for my wife and she preferred to rest in camp. After a ride of ten miles we reached the shore at 12.30 P.M. Our course—there are no roads, only bridle-paths—lay through a thicket of tall briers and thorn bushes, mingled with trees of the "apples of Sodom," filled with fruit. I find that our tents are pitched just over against the valley of Achor, where Achan was stoned by order of Joshua for criminal avarice. On our right are seen some of the ruins of Jericho, as it is said, but I think not of the ancient city, though on its site. There are some broken arches of what was once an aqueduct and fragments of walls of enormous thickness. On a line with the aqueduct is the Fountain of Elisha, the waters of which were cured by that prophet. Around this fountain there are

ruins evidently of very high antiquity, which are believed to be some of the ruins of the Jericho of Joshua's time. This fountain flows from springs in the mountain, and emerges from several arches of great antiquity. The supply is so copious as to form a wide and clear stream, which runs over a pebbly bottom and affords an ample supply of water to caravans. We drew our supplies from it, and in the evening on returning from our expedition to the Dead Sea we bathed in its sweet, refreshing waters.

On emerging from the undergrowth of thorns and briers. we passed through the village of modern Jericho, a wretched place of fifteen or twenty low huts inhabited by Arabs and their cattle. Beyond that, a sterile, sandy plain stretches to a vast extent, bounded on the west by the high ranges of the mountains of Moab, one of the peaks of which is said to be. and pointed out as Mount Nebo, from which Moses viewed the Promised Land. The valley of Siddim between the mountains of Judæa and the mountains of Moab is estimated to be twenty miles in width, yet so level is the plain that it does not seem to be more than ten miles wide. About fifty miles to the west of the mountains of Moab the Jordan pursues a serpentine course, so crooked that, though it is only sixty miles in a straight line from the Sea of Tiberias to the Dead Sea, it is, according to the surveys of Lieut. Lynch, two hundred miles by the Jordan. The Jordan has a fall of one thousand feet between these two seas, making it, of course, a very rapid and dangerous stream. To the south lies the Dead Sea, said to be forty miles long, with an average breadth of ten miles, and, according to Lynch's survey, one thousand three hundred feet deep and one thousand three hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The day was excessively hot and we picked our way at a slow pace to the Dead Sea, which is ten miles from our camp, consuming two and one-half hours. We dismounted and left our horses in charge of the Arab guides. The sea

was calm and so transparent that the pebbles at a great depth were distinctly visible; we tasted the water and found it disgustingly briny, bitter, and peppery. Dr. Bruen, his two sons, and myself bathed and tested the buoyancy of the water in which we found it absolutely impossible to sink. Immediately on leaving the water our bodies were covered with a salt and became as white as marble statues, such is the rapidity with which crystallization forms. The towels used were as stiff as if starched. My sun-hat was as white as chalk and could not be cleaned. We dressed and mounted and followed our guide in single file to the Iordan (six miles). to the traditional place where Naaman was cured of leprosy, and farther on where our Lord was baptized. The river was greatly swollen and so rapid that bathing was impossible, except the wetting of heads and feet. I procured a tin vessel at Jerusalem which I filled with the water of the sacred river to take home. Here we lunched, our table being the beautiful green under the shade of the willows, oleanders, and tamarisks, which line the banks of the stream, and which with the cane-brakes and terebinths form a dense thicket. After a delightful hour and a half the party remounted and struck across the hot and arid plain, a distance of seven miles to our camp, making a round of twenty-four miles in all. On our way we halted at the Pool of Elisha and washed off the coating of salt which adhered to us, a very great relief, as it gave one the disagreeable sensation of varnishing.

March 25th.—We retired early to be ready to strike our tents at 5 in the morning and to return to Jerusalem. Sleep for me was impossible, owing to bruises by the fall from my horse, so I lay awake and listened to the voices of the night among the ruins and in the desert around us. The dove, the screech-owl, and the frog were almost hushed now and then by dismal howls and cries not familiar to my ear. The horses and mules of both camps, which were tethered very near, showed much uneasiness at times. Camp fires

burned and guards, who talked in Arabic occasionally, also disturbed sleep. Between 3 and 4 the wind rose and almost blew a gale which shook our tents violently, so that we all got up and dressed at 4. Toseph gave us breakfast by candlelight, and at 5 our tents were struck and loaded on the mules in a few minutes. Heavy black clouds covered the sky. It rained at the Dead Sea and we all thought we could not escape a drenching; but fortunately the wind changed suddenly and the sun appeared. At 5.30 Dr. Bruen's party mounted, bade us good-by, and were off. a few minutes we followed slowly. On ascending the mountain next to the Mount of Temptation, emotions which can hardly be expressed crowded the mind. We were traversing the ground once trodden by the feet of Him who had not where to lay His head, the same scenery He beheld was all around us, and such scenery! As we ascended, what a landscape meets the gaze, and how useless is the attempt. on reaching the summit, to describe it! There reared the gigantic, black mountains of Moab; the beautiful Jordan flowing with torrent rapidity in its serpentine course; the Dead Sea as placid and shining as a sheet of silver, and between us and all these the plain of Siddim, dreary, desolate, and sterile: these views are indelibly photographed on my memory. It is quite impossible to describe the roughness and dangers of the road, which runs through steep, narrow, rocky precipices, with sharp, jagged stones covering the surface and lining the sides in some places; in other places the road is over smooth, flat, shelving rocks on which our horses slipped; again it runs on the edge of deep and dark ravines, which make the head swim to look into them; in other places again the road runs through narrow ravines which are decked with beautiful wild flowers.

At 12 M. after six and one-half hours of incessant riding we reached the fountain of En-Shemesh (Joshua xv., 7), which is covered by a very ancient ruined arch, and flows

into what was a marble trough, now in fragments; within a few yards stand the ruins of an inn called Khan El Ahma, which is said to be the House of the Good Samaritan by those who forget that the story was a parable. The road is still dangerous to travellers, as the bands of half-clad, bareheaded, but fully-armed Bedouins in numbers of from two to six show. They skulk among the rocks and grottoes which abound along the road, rendering guards absolutely necessary. By advice of our Consul we took guards specially deputized by the Pasha of Jerusalem, a precaution which costs nothing in comparison with the feeling of security the traveller enjoys, as these guards are all known on the road, and parties under their protection are always safe.

At this point my bruises and the fatigue of the journey unfitted me for continuing on horse-back. An Arab lifted me off and laid me on the ground, and after a short rest we started again. My wife, tired of her palanquin, mounted her mule. I was placed in the palanquin quite unconscious, until roused by one of the Arab drivers on entering Jerusalem through the Damascus Gate. My wife and Joseph entered by St. Stephen's Gate, and reached the hotel a few minutes later.

The inhabitants of the vale of Siddim are remarkable for their gigantic stature and beauty of face; they are thought to be the descendants of Anak; compared with them we are small. (See Numbers xiii., 33.) They are perfectly erect and dignified in all their movements; there are no corpulent men among them; their features are exceedingly regular, with the exception of the nose, which in every instance was bold and prominent, straight and well formed. Eyes bright, frank, and good-natured; mouth and chin small and the forehead broad; in short, nearly every face I saw among them had a high degree of manly beauty and refinement. Dr. Bruen estimated the height of all the men engaged in the dance at our camps at Jericho the other night as upward





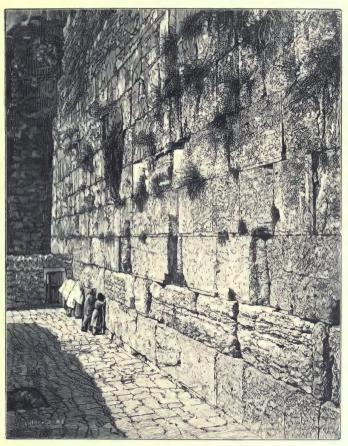
Pharisee Rabbi.

of six feet. Our Mukhar was six feet five. The Anakim are well described in the text aforesaid, the language of which is, "And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants; and we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in their sight." We all agreed in the description given by Joshua's spies. This is a very interesting region; besides the places mentioned, the following were pointed out to us: Gilgal, where Samuel made that remarkable address and where Saul was crowned (I Sam. xii.,—read the whole chapter). The traditional place where Elijah was carried up to heaven, and the mountain pass where the she-bears destroyed the wicked children, the account of which is found in 2 Kings ii., are pointed out. Zaccheus lived in Jericho, and our Lord opened the eyes of two blind men, on "the way-side," near the city.

March 26th.—Visited the "Iews' Quarter" with Ioseph: it was being thoroughly cleansed, the lanes and alleys were encumbered with piles of dirt, broken dishes, glass, tin, and other articles. Joseph says the Jews destroyed all their old household goods last night, which they do annually, and replace them with new. We entered several private courts. and found them all newly whitewashed and cleaned. This is the festival of the Passover. We visited a synagogue, but it is not easy to describe it. Entering through a low gateway into a narrow alley, we passed down a few stone steps to the right, and entered the auditorium, which has an elevated stage or platform in the centre, railed at the top and painted with rude designs representing landscapes. On this platform there were seats, and at one end an opening, from which Joseph said the priest addressed the congregation, and round the priest the vocal and instrumental performers sat. Around the main room rude wooden benches were placed with a strip of matting on each. At the end of the room, opposite the speaker's stand, a curtain was drawn across a section nearly the whole breadth of the hall, and

over it was placed a crown in bas-relief. Behind the curtain was the Holy of Holies, as Joseph said; it also contained the manuscript parchments and vessels of the synagogue. From this chamber we passed successively into three others adjoining two of which were larger and one smaller than the first, all furnished similarly and lighted by suspended lamps or glass cups fitted into tin rings and containing tapers burning in oil. An attendant showed me large rolls of ancient manuscript in Hebrew language, written in a beautiful, regular hand on parchment, and kept with great care locked in closets behind heavy draperies, the doors of which were gilded. In these closets were also kept cups and vessels of gold and silver. There were many sparrows in these rooms. flying and chirping about: they entered through the latticed windows, which brought to my mind, as it did in a Coptic house of worship in Egypt, the language of the sweet singer of Israel, "Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O LORD of hosts, my King and my God" (Psalm lxxxiv., 3).

At 3 P.M. we visited the "Wailing Place of the Jews," situated at a part of the city walls erected with some of the great stones of the Temple of Solomon, as I was informed. There was a large assembly of the very aged and the young; each had one or more books from which he read, and, with his face to the great stones in the wall, sobbed and cried most piteously, their tears running down their furrowed cheeks and wetting the stones. Others wept aloud, "lifting up their voices." The joints between the stones are much worn from the kisses of devout mourners. It is a very touching sight to witness the grief of "God's ancient people." Very old men and women totter up to these sacred stones and lay their faces lovingly in the crevices and joints, wailing and sobbing aloud with their whole frames violently convulsed. As the poet pathetically says:



Wailing Place of the Jews.



"Oh, weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land's a dream.
Weep for the heart of Judah's broken spell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell."

I visited the new synagogue built by Sir Moses Montefiore a few years ago. It is a fine structure; but, of course, it lacks the deep interest with which antiquity invests the other synagogue, which I have so imperfectly described. An attendant showed us the sacred parchment rolls, and plate of gold and silver with the Decalogue engraved on it in Hebrew, the gift of the munificent founder of the building. One of the priests invited me (Joseph interpreting) to attend an interesting service at 7 A.M. to-morrow.

This afternoon I went to "Pilate's House" to attend the procession from the Judgment Hall to Calvary, a ceremony which has been regularly observed and kept up from time immemorial. The procession was headed by two janissaries to clear the streets; several priests followed, then two friars, each of whom recited the particular occurrence which transpired at each of the "Ten Stations" or stopping places of our Lord, on the way through the Via Dolorosa to Calvary bearing the cross. Each of these brief announcements was followed by a Latin prayer, in which all united kneeling on the ground and reverently kissing it, and thus passing from one station to the other, until the procession entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. After dinner, accompanied by Miss Bruen, we went to that church to witness the ceremony, which has also been kept up from very early days, of crucifying the Saviour, or rather, of enacting the scene of the crucifixion. We were fortunate in obtaining a position on the platform erected on a level with the top of Mount Calvary, a few feet from the spot where the cross stood. After waiting from 7 till 8.30 the procession began to move. A choir of boys in a distant and invisible quarter of the great building singing a wild and mournful air, the effect of

which commingled with the voices and sounds of the dense multitude which packed the building, was indescribably strange and almost unearthly. This effect was greatly increased as the choir slowly approached, turning many angles and ascending the steps to the top of Calvary. Following the boy choir came a number of soldiers with an effigy of the Saviour nailed to the cross, then more soldiers, and, following them, a choir of priests singing the same wild strains. When the whole procession had reached the top, an English address of about fifteen minutes was made by Monsignor Capel, chaplain to the Marquis of Bute: then followed an address in German, during which we retired, and thus ended the sights and experiences of this day. From what I learned of the subsequent parts of the ceremonies at the church. I consider myself very fortunate in not having witnessed them. The effigy was taken from the cross, washed, embalmed and buried in a manner which produced strangely different effects on the spectators, some of whom laughed and others wept hysterically. There were seven addresses in as many different languages-English, Latin, Greek, German, French. and Spanish. The immense concourse was dismissed at 11 o'clock.

March 27th.—I wandered part of this day, unattended, through Jerusalem, looking at the strange sights at almost every step. I am chiefly interested in the ancient remains which abound all over, and which belong to different periods, but I find no key to many of them even in the best guidebooks. All are silent, and the guides, who serve for wages, are ignorant, so I have to content myself with gazing and wondering.

Selected twenty-one large photographs and thirty-six small ones of views in this illustrious city, which cost one hundred and eleven francs; all are excellent, as I can attest by comparison, and they will be invaluable helps. Went with my wife and Joseph to Mr. Bergheim, and had our-

selves taken in group in his largest size, which will cost for fourteen copies seven pounds sterling. There was no place to sit but in the garden, where with a hot sun in our faces, which closed the eyes of all but Joseph, we were taken.

The operator, who is a son of a banker in Jerusalem has lived here many years, is well acquainted with, and takes a deep interest in the city and its antiquities. He led me to a place half a mile beyond the northern wall of the city, and showed me the ruins of an ancient wall which has been traced long distances, and is thought to be the wall destroved by Titus; it is of immense thickness, at least eighteen feet, and of solid masonry. There is no doubt that the city must have exceeded its present limits and it could not have extended in any other direction. If that is true, there is no doubt that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is not on Calvary, which was without the walls, "without the gate;" it is now inside the walls, and if the ancient city extended farther north, the church covers a spot which must have stood as nearly as possible in the centre of the city. Besides. the places assigned to the cross and to the sepulchre are within a few feet of each other, and as Golgotha was the place of execution of all criminals, it is beyond credence that a wealthy lew like Joseph of Arimathea would violate a sacred rule of his creed, and build a sepulchre in a forbidden place. To the north of the remains of the ancient wall referred to there are many tombs or sepulchres, the entrance to each of which is closed with a huge stone, which is literally "rolled away" into an opening hewn in the side of the rock. These stones are perhaps six feet high, two and one-half or three feet wide, and revolve on heavy iron or copper bolts fitted in the centre of the top and bottom. They are easily opened from without, but not so from within. Woe to him who enters and on whom the door is closed! without friendly aid outside, he is entombed!

Next, I visited the Pool of Hezekiah, a basin about two

hundred and fifty feet long by one hundred and fifty broad. It is full of clear water, very deep at the southern end, but only nine or ten feet deep at the northern end. It is completely surrounded with houses, the rear walls of which are the bounds of the reservoir.

March 28th (Easter Sunday).—Up at 6, intending to witness the services at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at 7, but found myself too much injured by my fall from my horse at the Dead Sea.

I make the following memorandum in front of the facade of the grand old Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Commenced in 326 A.D., and finished in 333. The gigantic square tower is now almost a ruin, and would have fallen and crumbled long since, but for restorations from time to time. It is roofless, and only four of the lower windows remain, the arches of which are supported by beautiful columns, surmounted with rich capitals, all in different styles of sculpture. The front of the building is in the Byzantine style; the arches of the two great doors are supported by eleven pillars of different marbles (and capped with beautifully and variously carved capitals), the bases of which are much worn by the kisses of the faithful and devout, some of whom (Arab chiefs from Hasbava at the Upper Jordan) worshipped there while I was present. The windows over these grand doors (one of which is now closed with masonry) are exceedingly ornamental and display some of the richest and most delicate carving of stone, much of which is decayed and broken. The great dome over the Holy Sepulchre is splendidly gilded on the exterior, and surmounted by a magnificent golden cross, and is the most brilliant and attractive object in the city, when viewed from the Mount of Olives or any other of the surrounding heights. It is impossible to walk through Jerusalem without stopping at very short intervals to gaze on some object of antiquity which arrests the attention and, in the absence of a guide or a good guide-book, arouses speculations in the mind of the gazer. Being built on hills there is scarcely a level of fifty feet in any part of it. The streets are so wretchedly paved that walking is difficult and fatiguing, and equally so to ride on horse, donkey, or mule; there are no wheeled vehicles in the city or in any city in Palestine. The stones in the streets are worn so smooth that men and animals slip as if on ice.

At 3 P.M. Mrs. Buckham and myself attended a service at the Church of the "Ecce Homo," where Monsignor Capel preached in English. The services lasted two hours. We then visited the Chapel of the Flagellation and saw the column to which, as is said, the Saviour was bound when scourged. This chapel is just opposite "Pilate's House." We then visited the Pool of Bethesda, now dry. There is nothing remarkable about its appearance except its great depth. It is at the base of the wall of the temple, and the outside wall which separates it from the Via Dolorosa is hedged with a growth of enormous cactus trees between thirty-five and forty feet high. We next went to, and passed out of St. Stephen's Gate, and, from the summit of the rising ground in front, we had a superb view of the Mount of Olives, Mount of Offence, and Mount Scopus. Between our standpoint and these mounts the valley of Jehoshaphat lies in a steep and narrow gorge through which flows the Brook Kedron. The valley is dotted with small trees, some olive and fig trees among them. It contains the Garden of Gethsemane, the tombs of Absalom and others hewn out of the solid rock. There are also innumerable ancient and modern tombs which cover the valley and make it appear like a great cemetery, which it is in truth. To describe one's emotions in gazing at the many interesting objects at this point, once hallowed by the presence of our Blessed Master, is impressive. It ought to stimulate to greater love for Him and greater hatred of the sins which crucified Him. But, alas, what is Jerusalem now? (See Lamentations ii., 15.)

A gentleman from Boston has just returned from the Jordan. He reports that his party was attacked by Bedouins at the narrow pass I described, just after they left Jericho. They were fired on, but succeeded in driving off the bandits. These gentlemen on starting from Jerusalem were advised to go under the protection of the Pasha's guards, but they declined.

March 20th.—Joseph and I mounted our horses at 8 A.M. and passed out of Damascus Gate to visit Bethlehem and the Pools of Solomon. The morning was cool and clear. Passing along the outer walls we saw several lepers sitting on the wayside, begging in piteous tones for alms, and showing their emaciated limbs and bodies. Our road, like all the others in this region, was very stony and precipitous, and rougher as we advanced than any we had passed over. In the intervals the verdure was beautiful and most brilliant, with wild flowers in great variety. Many of these little valleys are dotted with olive and fig trees. On the way we passed and met several companies of pilgrims on foot, some of them singing with open books in their hands. We also met many natives coming from Hebron with camels loaded with charcoal for the Jerusalem market. There were also several groups and individuals of both sexes from Bethlehem, distinguished by the peculiar beauty of their costumes, and the females for their beauty of face, on their way to the Holy City, carrying something to sell. An hour and a half brought us in sight of Bethlehem. It is beautifully situated on the side of a hill looking straight across to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, of which we caught glimpses, with the huge black mountains of Moab beyond. Bethlehem is surrounded by hills, some of them so round and symmetrical as to look like artificial creations, of grand and towering height. We passed Bethlehem to the right, intending to return there after visiting the Pools. On the way, Rachel's tomb was pointed out. It is kept in repair by the Jews. After passing an extremely rough and rocky road we came in sight of the great fortresses built to guard the pools, three in number, which lie in front. pools are extensive reservoirs of different sizes and depths and are supplied by springs rising from the surrounding hills. Of the authenticity of these grand structures I believe there is no doubt. We dismounted, the better to examine them. The upper pool is estimated at about four hundred feet in length: the next, which receives its supplies from the upper, is perhaps four hundred and fifty feet; and the lower, into which both empty, about six hundred feet, and is the finest of all. In breadth they are at least two hundred feet or more, and in depth quite forty feet. They are not full of water, but we estimated the depth of water as at least half the whole depth of the reservoirs. The water is perfectly clear, so that the walls and bottoms of the pools are distinctly visible. These immense structures are built of very large stones, covered in the inside with an indestructible cement, which seems to have resisted the ravages of time wonderfully. On leaving the pools we followed the course of an aqueduct. which carries their waters to Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and which skirts the south side of a mountain in this great wilderness of Judæa. An hour's ride brought us again in sight of Bethlehem, which soon appeared in full view. A circuitous pathway around the hills, in some places scarcely a foot wide and fearfully steep, brought us into the place of our Blessed Lord's nativity. We were soon surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, clamoring for baksheesh, or offering to sell rosaries and souvenirs of various kinds, or to hold our horses. We proceeded to the "Grotto," which may be described in another place. We were then shown into the convent, where a kind monk refreshed us with orange water. After a brief rest I went to see the monk dispensing provisions to the poor. Then we were each handed a wax taper and conducted down a dark stone stairway, through an iron gate and a long dark passage, in which

our guide stopped at intervals, to show us the burial-places of St. Jerome, Eusebius, and others, until we reached another door, which, with a key hanging to his girdle, he unlocked, and passing through a very dark passage, we entered a chamber lighted with tapers. On the floor, marked by a silver plate, is the spot where it is said our Lord was born. The inscription on the plate is, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est. 1717." I asked the meaning of the date, and was told that it was the year when the plate was put there. I said that the Saviour was born in a stable, but this was a cave in a rock; the answer was that all the stables of our Saviour's time and also of the present time were and are caves in rocks, and so it turned out on visiting a number of them.

Joseph served my lunch in the dining hall of the convent, where I found Mr. Alfred Craven and two daughters and Mr. and Mrs. Kearny Warren, all of New York, on their way to the renowned convent of Mar Saba, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan. From the heights of Bethlehem a grand and most extensive view is seen. The region far beyond the Dead Sea and the Jordan was distinct; with the aid of my field-glass, Mount Nebo (doubtful) even was pointed out. After lunch we bought rosaries enough for everybody. Then we visited David's Well, which is within a quarter of a mile of the town, the beautiful story of which and of David's selfdenial and devotion is familiar to all Bible readers. We left this place, so sacred to the heart of every Christian, at 4 o'clock, and reached Jerusalem after a necessarily slow ride of two hours, reflecting on what I had seen. I cannot recall a scene combining so many elements of beauty as that which lies between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea, an expanse of several miles. In the foreground, which extends from the base of the rocky summit on which Bethlehem sits, to the hills on the right, is an almost level expanse of living green, dotted here and there with blue-eved pools shining brilliantly. In the distance, cascades flow from the hills, white as milk. On the green meadows a few sheep tended by shepherds are seen. When we recall the boyhood of David tending his father's sheep on these very meadows, who does not recognize in all this the inspiration which the shepherd-boy, afterward the "Sweet singer of Israel," put in words, when he sang:

"The LORD is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:

He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Just before we reached Jerusalem, outside of the walls we overtook a large procession of pilgrims just returned from Bethlehem, all singing with open books in their hands. Near by was a group of Iews in holiday attire looking on. Mr. Hornstein, the keeper of the hotel, visited our room and entertained us with a most interesting account of Terusalem. his native city. He is a converted Jew: the words bring an incredulous smile on many faces. I do not sympathize, because, in common with Christians who have known him long. I believe in the sincerity of his conversion. He said he had noticed the deep interest we take in his native city, and was induced to increase our interest as much as he could. Among other things, he said he would show us tombstones in the valley of Jehoshaphat dated in the time of Christ, and some shortly after His crucifixion, of persons who. as he said, "No doubt witnessed it and perhaps joined in the cry, 'Crucify Him, Crucify Him. His Blood be on us and on our children!'"

March 30th.—This morning Mr. Frederick A. Booth and I went to the tomb of the Virgin Mary, where a large caravan of Armenian pilgrims had gathered to pay their devotions. Such a motley crowd I never saw before, clad as they were in all sorts of costumes, and some indeed with scarcely any clothing. Their long journey on foot, many of

them from the shores of the Caspian Sea, had worn out their clothing, and they were ragged and dirty. Many had neither shoes, sandals, nor hats, and it is very doubtful whether there was a comb among them. Their devotions were hearty and apparently sincere. The great subterranean cavern containing the tomb was filled with them, all prostrated on the cold and damp stone steps and pavements in prayer, some in an agony of grief and others kissing the stones in the ecstasy of adoration. The scene was touching and most impressive. This grotto is reached by a long flight of wide, smoothly worn stone steps, sixty in number: it is of great extent. In the extreme rear there is a chapel lighted by an immense number of silver lamps. The shrine is of gold and silver, and is very massive. Here also the tomb of Joseph is shown, and far in the interior the tomb of the Virgin. It is manifest that the entire place is of very high antiquity; it is gray with age. Very near is the Garden of Gethsemane, to which I made my second visit, and though my faith in the authenticity of the spot is not satisfactory. I cannot doubt that it is not remote, but in the immediate vicinity, on viewing the locality from the elevation of St. Stephen's Gate, or of the Mount of Olives, as well as from the description of the locality in the Evangelists. As on my former visit, the good-natured monk gave me a bouquet in exchange for a rupee and I bade him adieu. We continued our walk along the base of the Mount of Olives and over the ancient Hebrew Cemetery to the tombs of Absalom, St. James, and Zechariah, which are all hewn out of the solid rock on the east side of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing on to the southwest we entered the village of Siloam, about which there is nothing remarkable, and we then descended to the Pool of Siloam, which is covered by an ancient stone arch, and is reached by two flights of long, curving stone steps. The water of this pool is so pure and transparent that we did not discover it until within a few inches of its level.



The second outlet as it flows from the base of Mount Zion.



The bottom is covered with smooth white pebbles, looking as if entirely dry, so limpid is the water. We drank of it. and found it very sweet. We then followed the valley toward and along the base of Mount Zion and found the outlet of this pool, which flows for a long distance through a rocky grotto and forms a fountain nearly opposite the centre of Siloam. Continuing our walk round the base of Mount Zion, we came to the second outlet of this beautiful pool as it emerges from the hill-side into a sort of reservoir. which, in ancient times, must have been splendidly ornamented, as we found the remains of beautiful columns of variously colored marbles which supported the structure covering the pool. Part of a long flight of steps to the water still remains. We now ascended the steep brow of Zion. which is covered with sharp stones all the way to the summit, on which stands the tomb of David, a very massive structure, to which access is gained through a wide gateway opening into what is now used as a stable vard, in which there were several horses. We ascended to the next level by a high flight of steps, and passing through one or two large chambers, we were shown that in which the tomb is said to be enclosed in a dark chamber within doors of iron grating. On one side of this chamber is an oblong form of peculiar shape, which is covered with a large green drapery, much worn and dirty, under which, it is said, the dust of King David slumbers. We now returned to Jerusalem and entered through the gate of David. Passing along its crowded bazaars, we reached our hotel, fatigued with a four hours' tramp over what we considered the most difficult paths we ever trod. After the mid-day meal, my wife and I went about the city to see the sights and buy a few things. Then we went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which we saw to great advantage in the absence of the usual crowd. We ascended to the chapel built on the top of Calvary, and I had an opportunity of inspecting it more closely. I stooped down on my knees and put my arm into the rocky socket of the cross, until I touched the bottom, where I felt a large crevice or opening in the side of the socket, caused by an earthquake at the moment our Lord expired. Afterward we went into a chamber below this chapel, and found the rent extending into the rock below. The distance from the place of the cross to the sepulchre is not more than forty paces, which induces a doubt as to the identity of these localities.

I walked over the whole of this grand pile, and entered the sepulchre, where I found the Marquese De Hay on her knees, kissing the marble top of the tomb, and sobbing audibly. On either side of her was a pilgrim and at one end an Abyssinian, and flat on the floor several worshippers kissing the stones and weeping bitterly. While we were in the church the service of the evening of the third day after the Resurrection was performed. It consisted of chanting, singing, and praying. Some of the airs were exceedingly impressive, and one in particular almost moved me to tears.

I omitted to say, when describing the Garden of Gethsemane, that the monk took me to the "Grotto of the Agony," unlocked the door and led me to the spot, as he said, where the Saviour agonized (Luke xxii., 44). The monk gave me a scrap of the stone to take with me.

A few days ago a party of travellers, encamped just outside of the Damascus Gate, were robbed in the night. They had just drawn one thousand six hundred pounds at Bergheim's Bank and it was all stolen. The trunks that held the money were found a few miles from Jerusalem on the Jericho road, rifled of their contents. Yesterday the sheik of the village near the place where the trunks were found was arrested, and he will be kept in prison until the robbers are found. This is the mode of discovering stolen property and reaching the robbers, and it is said to be effectual in nearly every instance. The imprisoned sheik sets his people to searching,

and when the thieves are found and under arrest, he is released. The other day when we came in sight of Bethlehem, Joseph, who was riding at my side, said, "You see that round hill?" I said I did; "That the place where our Lord feed his muttons." "What?" said I, not clearly understanding; he repeated the same words. I said I thought he was mistaken, that our Lord was not a shepherd. "Yes, yes, you are right. I lost my head, I meant David; that is where he keep his muttons,"—meaning sheep.

Just in the rear of our hotel a young person died this afternoon. The grief of the parents and family is very touching, and is manifested in the manner described in Scripture by weeping, wailing, and throwing dust in the air and on their heads; we witnessed this from our roof.

March 31st.—Ioseph knocked at my door at 5 this morning to go to Bethany, over the Mount of Olives. I awoke Mr. Booth to go along. We started at 6 through St. Stephen's Gate to the Kedron, across the valley of Jehoshaphat. and along the wall of the Garden of Gethsemane. We saw groups of lepers, and blind and lame sitting by the wayside begging in most piteous tones: many of them followed us persistently. The roads are filled with pilgrims of all denominations and every costume, and many with scarcely any clothing. They come from many distant places, and are on their way to the tomb of Mary, and to the Jordan to bathe in the sacred stream. As we ascended the Mount of Olives a strong wind blew, and it increased till we reached the summit, from which, and from a minaret which crowns it, we had a magnificent view. The whole of Jerusalem was spread before us. "The mountains round about," the Dead Sea, the Jordan, and the Mountains of Moab were all in full view. As we proceeded, our attention was repeatedly arrested by splendid views which changed constantly like a moving panorama. The grand hills and mountains, the valleys and streams, the verdure, the olive, fig, apricot, and almond trees, with beds of brilliant wild flowers, formed a scene of enchantment such as is rarely seen or imagined.

It was lately my good fortune to see that astonishing portion of our great country which lies between the Columbia River and the Aleutian Islands along the north Pacific coast. including our outlying Alaska. "I saw the grandeur and beauty of the plain, lake, and ocean, of mountain and river. I saw forests, which it is said had gained their mighty growth when the cedars of Lebanon were in the seed. I saw Mounts Hood and Tacoma lift their imperial foreheads to the sun crowned with eternal snows. I saw the vast expanse of Puget Sound, from which in the near future commerce and empire are to go out to command the pathways of the Pacific and the vast spaces of the East. I saw the wonderful fields of Washington Territory, where, as Sydney Smith said of Australia, 'if you tickle the earth with a hoe, she laughs with a harvest,' and I reverted to the scenes of marvellous beauty and grandeur in the Holy Land, and blessed God for the inestimable privilege of seeing so much of His indescribable creation."

After a rough and precipitous walk we reached Bethany, which lies near the eastern base of the Mount of Olives. "Nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off" (John xi., 18; see also Luke xxiv., 50–53 inclusive; read the whole chapter). Joseph took us to the grave of Lazarus (John xi., 38). "It was a cave," and such we found it. We were each handed a wax taper, and descended to the foot of a tortuous stone stairway of some twenty-five steps; we found a small chamber in which tradition says Lazarus was buried, and, all things considered, especially the smallness of Bethany, I incline to believe in the identity of the spot. The modern village of Bethany is an insignificant hamlet of not over twenty-five or thirty mean little huts, all built on the east side of the hill, on the summit of which there is an ancient ruin, the history of which is lost. Surrounding Bethany

there are many terraced gardens on the sides of the hills in which are grown chiefly fig. almond and olive trees. The little village is in a sense the most interesting spot in the world: the Saviour's feet last pressed its soil when he ascended "to my Father, and your Father, to my God, and your God." Here also the ass was procured on which he rode over Mount Olivet on his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when he was greeted with a rejoicing welcome by that multitude which a few days after cried, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." We passed on from Bethany to the road that leads to Jericho, by which we returned to Jerusalem after making a circuit of nearly eight miles, and we reached our hotel with appetites for a second breakfast. The child that died near the hotel last night was carried out to burial this morning, followed by a train of women in long white robes enveloping the entire form, wringing their hands, throwing their arms over their heads, and wailing most piteously. This afternoon I walked to the Tombs of the Kings, sometimes called the Tombs of Helena, about three-quarters of a mile from the Damascus Gate. The road is very rough, completely covered with loose, sharp stones, so that I thought it more like double the stated distance. These tombs are hewn from the living rock; they are very numerous. The grand court in front of the entrance is between two hundred and seventyfive and three hundred feet long on each side. Thee ntrance is about seventy-five feet wide, with a facade which still retains much of its ancient splendor. It is ornamented with very fine carving representing clusters of grapes, flowers, etc., with a highly ornamented border running along the top and partly down the sides. Its ancient supports, now gone, were splendid columns. The entrance is so low that I had to creep in on all-fours. There are many burial places and several loculi for sarcophagi to rest upon, all hewn from the rock and ranged in chambers and galleries.

From here I was conducted by a Dervish to the Tombs of

the Judges of Israel, which are two miles distant, over a hilly and very rough country. I entered some of these tombs and found that they extended far into the rocky mass. Like the Tombs of the Kings they are also ranged in galleries with loculi. The galleries are reached by flights of stairs leading from one hall or chamber to a succession of other chambers, all hewn from the solid rock. The entire suburbs of Jerusalem are occupied with cemeteries and tombs, all hewn from the rocks. Flocks of sheep and goats feed on the hills and before sunset they are driven into the city, and mingle with the masses of humanity on their way home. One evening, returning to the city, Joseph called my attention to a shepherd on a hillside dividing his sheep from the goats (Matthew xxv., 32). On another occasion we saw a shepherd gathering his flock. The sheep were all named. As he called each by name, it went to him. Another illustration of one of our Lord's beautiful lessons.

April 1st.—At 7.30 my wife, Joseph, and I (Mrs. B. on a donkey) left the city by St. Stephen's Gate, to visit the valley of Jehoshaphat. We first went to the tomb of Mary. It was full of pilgrims engaged in a religious service of the Armenian Church, consisting chiefly of singing. After the service we entered the tomb, where several worshippers were prostrated on their faces, kissing the stones of the pavement. In the rear of the tomb there is a splendid shrine to the Virgin said to be entirely of gold and silver, with a portrait of Mary and the infant Saviour. The chapel of this tomb is full of lamps and chandeliers, many of them of sterling silver, and a few of silver and gold. We were also shown the tomb of Joseph and Anna, and some paintings of little merit. We next visited the Garden of Gethsemane (my third visit), where we spent some time under the shade of the "Tree of the Agony." One cannot help being deeply impressed when at this spot, even though its authenticity may not be quite satisfactory. Certain it is, judging from the lay of the sur-

rounding valley, that if it is not the identical spot, it cannot be many yards off. Unfortunately for those who want to reflect in silence, they cannot do so on account of the attentions of the monk, who will not leave visitors alone, except for a few minutes when gathering a bouquet for them. The monk in attendance to-day made up an uncommonly fine one for my wife. He also gave her some packets of flower seeds grown in this garden, and with the name of each in Latin on the packet. After refreshing with a drink from the fountain, the monk led the way to the "Grotto of the Agony." He unlocked the heavy iron door and waved us in. Allusion has already been made to this grotto, and I will only add that there is a marble slab in it with the inscription in letters of gold, "Hic sudor ejus factus est sicut guttæ sanguinis decurrentis in terram. Luc. xxii., 44." On leaving this solemn place we ascended the steep and rugged side of the Mount of Olives (my third visit). The Arabs, a few of whom inhabit the summit, brought us seats to rest ourselves while viewing Jerusalem, which lay, seemingly, just at our feet, so perfectly clear is the atmosphere. Finding the view a little obstructed by some olive trees, we descended to the place where our Lord sat and wept over the city (Luke xiii., 34). Here our view of the whole city was perfect. While resting in silence the tender and terrible words of the Saviour came to my mind: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ve would not! Behold, your house is left unto you, desolate; and verily I say unto you, Ye shall not see me, until the time come when ve shall say. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord"

We slowly descended from the Mount by another road from that by which we ascended, and found ourselves again at the Gate of Gethsemane. We entered. The monk had made up another packet of flower seeds which he gave to my wife.

While we were at the place on Olivet where Christ sat, I gathered a few beautiful flowers and enclosed them in a letter to my Georgie, and gave some to the Countess of Loudon and Lady Eaton, who called on us when we returned.

On remounting the rugged steep to St. Stephen's Gate the road was lined on both sides with lepers, the lame and the blind; the poor lepers as usual showing their emaciated limbs, and all of them clamoring for baksheesh. How natural, in the sight and hearing of such human misery, to think of—nay, almost to hear the voice of—the compassionate Redeemer in his own words, "What wilt thou that I shall do unto thee?"

This afternoon, under Joseph's guidance, I sauntered through Ierusalem. An old resident European kindly led the way to what in Paris would be called a bric-à-brac shop, where I bought two phylacteries and a very ancient copy of a book of Esther on a roller written on yellum in the Hebrew language; it has no date. Bishop Gobat, the English Bishop who has resided here many years, says it is very ancient many centuries old—but he cannot estimate its age any nearer. For these things I paid twenty-five shillings sterling. We visited the Armenian Hospice, an immense building with a capacity of six thousand, as Joseph said, "in their way." Great numbers of pilgrims were pouring in, some from very distant countries, taking five or six months for the journey on foot. We went into the church where a service was being performed; it was filled by the wildest-looking and dirtiest crowd I ever saw. On our return to the hotel, Joseph pointed out Tartars, Cossacks, Mongolians, Kurds, and a variety of others. It was, as Joseph said, a very unusual thing to see so many far distant nations represented. all attending the services of Holy Week,

April 2d.—Up at 5 o'clock to go with Mr. Hornstein, the

proprietor of the hotel, who has passed his life in Terusalem, to see the ancient Hebrew cemetery; we went by St. Stephen's Gate and along the eastern wall beyond the Gate Beautiful (of the Temple), where we saw among the enormous stones of the wall, which the best authorities consider are of the time of Christ, one twenty-five feet long at an elevation of several feet above the surface. I asked Mr. Hornstein-who is a converted Iew-how he reconciled the statement that those stones existed where they are in Christ's time with the prediction made by him (Christ) that there should not be one stone left upon another that would not be thrown down. The answer was, "Christ also said, 'Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it again.' by which he meant the temple of his body, and in the other prediction he meant, not the stones of the temple or of the wall, but the Jewish people, who would not be gathered together by Christ, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings; then follows the prophecy, 'Behold! your house is left unto you desolate,' etc., meaning the dispersion of the Tewish race, which has been literally and faithfully fulfilled."

We descended from the "Beautiful Gate" down the precipitous side of the hill, crossed the dry bed of the Kedron to Absalom's tomb; we then ascended on the opposite side to the ancient Hebrew cemetery. All the stones lie flat on the graves; they are all of granite, very thick—at least six inches—most of them moss-covered and gray with antiquity. A little farther on, toward the Hill of Evil Counsel, we descended again, and Mr. Hornstein, aided by water and papier-maché softened to a pulp, found a stone one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four years old, and another one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two years old, and others of greater or lesser age. We spent a long time among these most interesting tombs. My guide called my attention to a number of open grottoes in the perpendicular rocky cliffs on which Siloam stands. These are now all occupied by Arab

families, who cleared the dead tenants out of them, which had been entombed hundreds of years. A few months ago large quantities of these human remains were found a little below Siloam, which had been taken out of their ancient resting places to make room for the living!

We now ascended the steep and rugged sides of Mount Zion to visit the place of the Last Supper, in the "Large upper room furnished." I doubt the identity of the place shown: the building in which the room is, though very ancient in appearance, could hardly have survived the many sieges and destructive assaults which levelled stronger walls all around it. Next I was shown the chapel and cemetery of the Armenian Patriarch. We entered through a low iron door opened by a priest inside, in answer to a heavy iron knocker. There are several tombs all covered with beautifully sculptured marbles. The inscriptions are in Armenian. The chapel is elaborately painted. Near the ceiling on one side. God is represented enveloped in clouds looking down on his Son, who stands in the Jordan in the act of being baptized by John. In another place the Saviour is represented in chains. Peter is near him, the cock is crowing, and Iesus is looking sorrowfully on his faint-hearted disciple. There are several relics shown here. We emerged through the Gate of David, and returned to the hotel after a most interesting walk of three hours.

At 2.30 P.M. I visited the Jews' Wailing Place and spent some time there. Both sexes attended numerously; all ages from infancy to decrepid age were represented. The meeting was led by a very old-looking man who stood with his face to the wall and read aloud from a book in a sort of chant and weeping bitterly at intervals. All the congregation responded "Amen" at the pauses, and each held a book from which he read in an undertone, swaying his body to and fro with loud lamentations. The women assembled apart by themselves. Those next to the wall with their

faces against the stones sobbed and wept piteously, and those who could not stand next to the wall reached over, touching the stones and kissing the fingers which touched them. All the women were enshrouded in long white tunics extending from the crown of the head to the ground. All the men wore calico gowns, or a material like calico, with a sash around the waist and an outer gown of black or of some bright colored silk. Each wore a velvet cap with a rim of fur around it, and each wore a long lock of hair either straight or in curl, well oiled, and hanging in front of each ear. The Iews of the city, as a body, are a miserable, woebegone looking people, seeming starved. Exceedingly frugal and simple is their diet, and they are said to deny themselves even the necessaries of life; their pallid, sad countenances and slow demeanor compel one's sympathy. They are said to number about seven thousand in this city and live in a quarter by themselves.

On traversing the streets I met people of almost every nationality, in the costumes (many of them very picturesque) of their respective countries. Perhaps in no city on earth can so great a variety of people be seen, or so many languages be heard as in Jerusalem. The law requires each person to carry a lantern after dark, as the city is not lighted. The penalty for a violation of this law is fine and imprisonment of one month for each offence. The city gates are closed at 12 M. each day and re-opened in one hour and a half. They close for the night as soon as it is dark, and open at sunrise. This morning at 5 we were wakened by a large concourse of women passing our windows making a most doleful noise, weeping and wailing as they went. An hour after, on passing out of the gate, I found the same women gathered in a cemetery howling most piteously.

April 3d.—After early breakfast, I employed a Turkish guide who spoke some English. We passed out of the Jaffa Gate to the foot of Mount Zion on the westerly side, at a

point where the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom unite; we ascended the south side of Hinnom until we reached some ancient tombs hewn out of the rocks. They are all open and empty. We passed along the side of the hill to the south of Zion, opposite the tomb of David, until we sighted Siloam. The hillsides were perfectly brilliant with verdure and sprinkled all over with a resplendent variety of wild flowers. The dew lay thick on the grass, and the colors of the flowers were reflected in the dewdrops, looking like a mass of sparkling gems. The sheep and goats which were in the city over night, for protection from wolves and hyenas, were driven to feed all day on the mountains. No sound disturbed the solemn stillness except the monotonous song of the shepherd boys as they trudged after their herds, the bleating of the sheep, or the hoarse voice of the raven. There is an extensive Armenian cemetery on the southerly side of Zion about half way up, covering a large surface with its gray and moss-clad granite stones of great antiquity. On the southwest side of the valley of Hinnom there is a vast number of ancient grottoes for the dead, among them a very ancient ruin, covering a deep and extensive excavation in the rock, filled with the gaping mouths of receptacles for the dead; about this my guide could give me no information. From the elevation the whole valley of Hinnom was spread out before me. It is highly cultivated, the sides of the mountains are terraced nearly to their summits. and are growing fine crops of grain, fruits, and vegetables. On descending, I saw an immense number of rock tombs. very ancient. I entered several of them and found them spacious, with large ante-chambers opening on all sides into separate grottoes, fitted with loculi of all sizes for the dead. Nothing now remains but the rocky beds in which the sleepers were laid centuries ago. One of these rocky charnel houses had an arched ante-chamber, beautifully grooved and groined. The entrance to another was in the Egyptian style. We passed over the Aceldama or field of blood, the potters' field purchased with Judas's thirty pieces of silver by the priests. The Aceldama is a rough stony piece of ground on the hillside, and was used for a long time as a burying-place for pilgrims.

Next, we came to En Rogel (the Fuller's Fountain), because used by fullers to wash clothes in. We found a fuller so engaged, washing some clothing in a stone trough. There are four stone troughs of equal size, and one which is larger than all the four together. The fuller was washing by stamping on the clothes with his feet. I rested here awhile and observed the operation. The Arabs call this fountain Bir Evub, Job's well; it is supposed to be the well of Nehemiah. It is in the valley of the Kedron and near its junction with the valley of the son of Hinnom, opposite the southeast corner of the wall of Jerusalem. (See Tosh xviii., 16.) This was the scene of Absalom's conspiracy (2 Sam. xvii., 17), and also of the conspiracy of Adonijah (r Kings i., o). The well is one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, and doubtless of very great antiquity. It is walled up with immense squared stones, which at the top form an arch on one side, leaving an opening just large enough to draw water.

We now passed along the valley of the Kedron and the line of Lieut. Warren's excavations, which are made by the Palestine Exploration Society in and around the suburbs of Jerusalem. Then we ascended the hill to the westward of the great circumvallation made by the Romans, under Titus, to enable us to obtain a more extensive view of the surrounding country and the Fountain of Gihon. From the summit of this hill, which lies south of Jerusalem, I had one of the most comprehensive, varied, and splendid views. On the north lies Jerusalem, in full and clear view; east, the village of Siloam; on the southeast is the long winding valley of the Kedron skirted by the road to Jericho. On the south,

in the distance, the bold range of the mountains of Moab. nearly fifty miles away, are most clearly seen, with the valley of the Iordan and the Dead Sea. On the west is the loveliest of pictures: the mountains are terraced almost to their summits, covered with brilliant verdure and dotted with olive. fig. and pomegranate trees. The sun became so intensely hot toward noon that we turned our faces to Jerusalem, passing over a road entirely covered with loose, sharp stones and without a particle of shade. We retraced our steps through the valley of Hinnom, and visited the spot on which the statue of Moloch stood, in the arms of which, when heated almost red-hot, the Israelites offered their children in sacrifice to that idol. This statue was of brass, and when the children were thrown in its arms, their cries were drowned by the beating of drums. The Hebrew name of the drum is Toph: hence our word Tophet (r Kings xi., 5-7; Acts vii., 43: Ier. xlix., 1; Amos i., 15; Zephaniah i., 5). This idol was worshipped by apostate or rebellious Hebrews during their wanderings in the desert and after their settlement in Palestine (2 Kings xxiii., 10; Ezek. xx., 26, 31. Compare Lev. xviii., 21; xx., 2; Deut. xii., 3; Psa. cvi., 37, 38; Jer. vii., 31; xix., 2, 6; xxxii., 35). Moloch is supposed to be the same as Baal, the Sun. (See the following in reference to Hinnom: Josh. xv., 8; xviii., 16; Neh. xi., 30; 2 Kings xvi., 3; Jer. xxxii., 35). The place also called Tophet (Isa. xxx., 33; Jer. vii., 31, 32). "For they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." This has been fulfilled literally: there is no room for another grave in Tophet; its surface is literally paved, covered with grave-stones. (See Matt. v., 22-29, 30; x., 28; Mark ix., 43, 45-47; Luke xii., 5; James iii., 6.) Near this place the tree is pointed out under which Isaiah suffered martyrdom by being sawn asunder. The tree is certainly very ancient, and much care has been taken to preserve it, but it is doubtful if it dates quite so far back, though no doubt exists that the place of martyrdom was not





Tower of David-Jerusalem.

far from the tree. On my way, a Turkish funeral passed out of Jaffa Gate, attended solely by women, except those who carried the uncoffined dead. The procession was a very sad one; the women were wailing at the top of their voices and throwing their arms over their heads, and filling the air with dust. All were dressed in long, white, flowing robes, covering the entire person. By the wayside sat five wretched lepers, extending their hands and imploring alms.

At 2.30 P.M. our good Consul sent his kayass to give us safe conduct to and through the Tower of David, hard by the Jaffa Gate. My wife accompanied us, conducted as usual by Joseph, who helped her over the badly paved streets. The books say that this tower, or, thirty or forty feet of the lower part of it, above the level of the moat is undoubtedly the original structure: its appearance certainly bears out that opinion. The enormous stones of hewn granite are encrusted with gray moss, and the walls are hung with a drapery of weeds and ivy. It is pierced with loop-holes, and turreted at the top. A few old brass guns used for firing salutes project their muzzles from the battlements. We went through this venerable pile, and ascended to the top by several flights of broken stone steps, and had a splendid view of the city and surroundings. Thus have we spent fifteen days pleasantly and profitably in the Holy City and neighborhood, a visit which it will be impossible to forget. We expect to leave and pursue our journey in the morning.

Leave the Holy City; Jaffa again; Destitution; Beyrout; Visit to Damascus; Interesting City; Abdel Kader; Bazaars.

April 4th, 1869.—Left Jerusalem at 7 A.M. in the diligence accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Warren. After travelling a few miles it began to rain, and continued all day in a drenching storm, from which our umbrellas were our only protection, so that we were thoroughly soaked on reaching Jaffa. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton kindly gave us dry clothing on arriving. They are waiting for the steamer to Beyrout, where we are also bound, and will have the pleasure of their company.

The rain had made the road so heavy that our poor wornout horses, seven in all, seemed ready to fall down; we were in the wilderness of Judæa, with no refuge in case of a mishap. The wheels sank to the hubs in the slimy soil, in some places, or bumped over portions of the road underlaid with large, loose stones. At last we floundered into a sort of a slough of despond; it was all up with us until some Arabs seeing our plight helped us out, and this only after we all, ladies included, had left the vehicle, and stood ankle deep in a hard rain for half an hour. Never did travellers rejoice more than our party when we reached the orange groves of Jaffa. On reaching the city, wife and I left the carriage, and almost plunged through the overflowing and muddy streets to the English hotel. Thanks to Joseph's consideration, he arrived an hour before us, and got our room prepared, with other comforts, such as a nice brazier of live coals, and after a good dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton

and Mr. F. A. Booth, we retired for the night at 9, in the hope that the steamer would take us off in the morning to Beyrout.

April 5th.—Up at 5.30. The night was very stormy, and the wind fearfully high. This morning it is blowing a full gale, but the rain has ceased. At 6.30 the Russian steamer was announced in the offing; went to the roof, and saw her with my glass pitching and rolling fearfully as she headed for Jaffa. After trying in vain to anchor in the roadstead, she hauled down her flag as a signal that landing was impossible; she put about and headed for Beyrout to the great disappointment of all except ourselves, as I certainly would not have taken my wife, who is so poor a sailor, from the shore to the ship in such a tempestuous sea.

Our young friend, Mr. F. A. Booth, received a telegram to-day from his father at Beyrout, announcing the death of his brother Theodore at that place. He was a lovely youth of nineteen years of age. He was a fellow passenger in the steamer from New York, and we saw a good deal of him on the Nile and in Cairo. Everybody loved and esteemed him, and he was always cheerful and patient in his sufferings.

Our mules arrived this morning with our luggage from Jerusalem. It was soaking, and we were engaged all the forenoon in drying and arranging our damaged goods. My guide-books have suffered most of all. In the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, and Mr. and Miss Payne, we visited the gardens of the Franciscan monks, a mile out of town. One of the brotherhood received us courteously, and, conducting us through the grounds, showed us where the finest fruits were, and told us to gather and carry away as much as we wished. Here, in luxurious abundance, grow oranges of the finest kinds, lemons, sweet and sour, of the largest size, peaches and apricots, nectarines, grapes, almonds, pomegranates, and a variety of the smaller fruits. Indian corn, tomatoes, potatoes,

beans, peas, salad, onions, and indeed nearly all our vegetables are grown here. Citrons and melons of various sorts are also cultivated here in great abundance. Artificial irrigation is used in all the gardens in and around Jaffa. Excellent water is obtained wherever wells are sunk. It is raised by sakias, emptied into large reservoirs, and conducted by aqueducts throughout the grounds during seasons of drought.

We accepted the monk's friendly offer, helped ourselves, eat, and pocketed all we could carry away, and the good-natured monk conducted us to the garden gate and bade us adieu. We returned to Jaffa along a pathway hedged on both sides with cactus, which grows rank in some places, twenty-five and thirty feet high. It is just beginning to bloom and put out its new sprouts. Each side of the path is adorned with a profuse variety of the brightest wild flowers. On the way we saw a chameleon. Our guide, Mr. S. B. Hay, of Jaffa, took it in his hands and showed us how the animal changes color. At first it was green, and then turned gray and purple; when angered it turns black, but he was so pretty and gentle that we dismissed him in good humor rather than gratify our curiosity farther.

On the way back to Jaffa we passed a number of coffee shops or sheds, which were full of Arabs drinking coffee, smoking chibouks and nargiles, and greatly interested in story-telling. In every such party there is always a story-teller who is considered the greatest man among them. The road was full of natives, and the chief gate was crowded with men, women and children, camels, donkeys, and dogs, all huddled together in Oriental confusion, making a picture which can only be seen in the Orient.

I omitted to describe the chameleon fully. It was six or seven inches long, in shape like a lizard, to which species it, in fact, belongs, differing particularly from the lizard about the head, legs, and color. The eyes are so placed that

it can see as well behind as before, and each eye can turn backward or forward independently of the other; it can inflate itself with air until blown to more than double its usual size.

April 6th.—I omitted to enter in my notes at Jerusalem, in illustration of the wildness of its immediate surroundings, outside the walls, that hyenas prowl nightly there. One of these untamable brutes was shot a few days after we arrived in the valley of Jehoshaphat by the Marquis of Bute, who had the skin prepared and stuffed. It was a very large, full-grown hyena, a most formidable looking animal.

I got up at six and went to the roof with my glass to look out for the expected steamer, but none appeared. After breakfast, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Mr. F. A. Booth, we went to the house of "one Simon, a Tanner;" it is hard "by the seaside" (Acts x., 6). The roof is partly overgrown with wild flowers, and the whole building bears the marks of great antiquity. From the roof we had a splendid view of the Mediterranean, near the surface of which, about a mile from the beach, we saw a large flock of flamingoes flying northward. We estimated the flock to contain several thousand birds; we walked along the beach for some distance picking up shells and enjoying the fresh sea breeze. The chief industry of Jaffa is tanning. A long line of tanneries is ranged on and near the shore. We wondered, on seeing the workmen plying their occupation, if there was a Simon among them.

In the afternoon Mr. F. A. Booth and myself, with Mustapha, a native, for our guide, mounted horses and went to see the ancient mills on the River Aujeh. The distance is about four miles over a beautiful and highly cultivated valley, shut in from the Mediterranean by a range of hills. The fields of grass and waving grain were interspersed with a great variety of wild flowers. The face of the country is gently undulating, and as we ascended each eminence most lovely

panoramas came in view. Oh, what pictures are to be seen in this Holy Land! Nature almost unaided by man has made it what it is. Under any other than Turkish government what might it be! In an hour we reached the mills and dismounted. Some Arab children took charge of our horses, and we entered the low stone building where there were five mills in full operation grinding dura and barley. The stones are fitted with a shaft in the centre of each run. which passes through the nether stone and on which flanges are fastened The water runs with full force on these flanges and puts the mills in motion. The whole arrangement is very simple and primitive. It is said, and believed in Iaffa, that these mills antedate our Lord's time. stream, which is called by the Arabs "Nahr-El-Aujeh." flows from the mountains of Ephraim; it is seventy-five or eighty vards wide at this point and is very deep, rapid, and perfectly clear and limpid. It has a head of water strong enough for a thousand such mills. The Arabs swim across the Aujeh; the idea of bridging it never seems to have entered their heads. A man came with some horses to cross. He pulled off his clothes, put a rope round the neck of one of the horses, and holding the end of the rope in his hand plunged in, all the other horses following; the horses were tethered on one side. He swam back to get his clothes. which he bundled up, put them on his head to keep them dry, plunged in and swam over. The mills were worked by some twenty-five or thirty men, women and children in the picturesque costumes of the place, and some nearly naked. We returned over the lovely plains, made more lovely by the setting sun. Jaffa, towering on its rocky eminence jutting out into the sea, looked indeed like a "city set on a hill which cannot be hid." While far, far beyond it the glorious sun was sinking slowly into the Mediterranean surrounded by a halo which an attempt to paint or describe would be vain.

April 7th.—I was again on the roof early, looking on the broad sea for the expected steamer; again I was disappointed. So we are booked until the 9th. This morning Joseph took me to see the Greek, Armenian, and Latin Convents, whose doors are open to strangers and pilgrims from all parts of the world on their way to Jerusalem. The Greek and Armenian Convents are dismal and dirty, but the Latin Convent is cheerful and clean. I would lodge there or in the Russian Convent, which is also clean, if I could not get into the "English Hotel."

In the Greek Convent we saw some marbles which were taken from the ruins of Ascalon and Gaza, situated eight or ten hours from here. There are some tolerable paintings in the Latin Convent. The best represents Peter's Vision on the roof of the house of Simon the Tanner. The sheet is seen let down from heaven with all sorts of animals in it. In the Armenian Convent there is some very remarkable wood carving, which, when gilded, will make gorgeous ornaments for one of the halls on which they are at work.

I rambled along the quay, which is greatly thronged to-day with men of several nations collecting the products of the country, such as fruits, oils, etc., for export. There are many vessels inside the reef loading, despite the dashing surf. On striking through the town I saw two couples of blind men leading each other. I also saw a partial illustration of the proverb, "Whoso breaketh a hedge, a serpent will bite him." Joseph broke a hedge with his Soudan club, and out came a serpent, but he escaped the bite.

We walked out on the road to Ascalon and Gaza and met a drove of pilgrims on foot, returning from the Holy City. We also visited the ancient fountain where, while resting, a long line of donkeys, with panniers on each side filled with oranges, passed on the way to the ship. Further on, we came to the resting-place of a large caravan, in which were several very fine Arabian horses on the way to market. On returning, we visited the Armenian and English cemeteries just outside the city gates. Here are tombstones of several travellers who perished in the surf off Jaffa in attempting to land or go on board vessels. These stones fearfully suggested how dangerous this landing is. Yesterday the sea was suddenly changed from a glassy calmness to a white raging surf which rose in billows strong enough to swamp any boat.

April 8th.—At 6.30 again on the roof, glass in hand, peering over the broad expanse, but still no steamer. So, after breakfast, I went with Joseph to the office of the Messageries Impériales Line and "booked" for the steamer *Tanais* for to-morrow to Beyrout. Fare, ninety-three francs for two first and one second-class passages.

There was a great gathering of returned pilgrims on the quay, also some Kurds and Cossacks mounted on wild-looking horses, some armed with long pikes, knives, and pistols, very unlike our idea of pilgrims. Among them there were also several Druses, by no means such fierce-looking men as I supposed, judging from the cold-blooded murders lately perpetrated by them, among the mountains of Lebanon, on the Christian Maronites.

In the afternoon we walked to the "Model Farm," about two miles from Jaffa, an institution supported by English philanthropists for the amelioration of the condition of poor Jews who have embraced Christianity, and who here find a home. They are required to work the farm, the proceeds of which, with donations, are given for their support.

We returned to our inn at 6, fatigued with our tramp under a hot sun, to prepare to embark early in the morning, when the steamer arrives. Thus have we spent five days in this dirty but not uninteresting place, and we have "done" Jaffa pretty thoroughly.

April 9th.—Up at 5, and on the roof at 6; while there the Tanais hove in sight, at first like a speck on the west-

ern horizon, and we prepared to embark. Most fortunately the sea is calmer than when we landed. At 7.30 got into a boat and reached the ship in comfort. While at the quay, waiting for our boat, our Nile friend, Count de Cleremont, landed from the *Tanais* to begin his journey in the Holy Land. At 4 P.M. we weighed anchor, left Jaffa, and headed for Beyrout. On the way we met Lord Bute's yacht running into Jaffa, a beautiful vessel of two hundred and sixty tons. The *Tanais* is a fine ship, much steadier in a sea than the *Pereire*, *Scotia*, or *Persia*.

April 10th.—During the night a gale, with heavy rain. thunder, and lightning arose, and the ship was stopped nearly an hour. At 7 A.M. we cast anchor in the harbor of Beyrout, directly opposite the ancient fortress which Lord Napier nearly battered down in 1840, in driving Ibrahim Pasha out of Syria. The appearance of Beyrout from the deck of the steamer is very fine. It is a large city of about eighty thousand inhabitants, and is scattered over an extensive area. The city occupies high grounds at the base of the mountains of Anti-Lebanon, the towering peaks of which are seen stretching along to the north. Many of them are covered with perpetual snow. The highest one visible from deck is said to be twelve thousand feet. The city of Beyrout stands in the midst of splendid surroundings. The harbor, though not well protected, affords better anchorage than that of Jaffa. There are several ships and a large Russian steamer, besides smaller sea-going vessels, riding at anchor within a few hundred yards of the shore, and lighters and small boats innumerable plying between them and the shore, freighted with merchandise.

Soon after coming to anchor, Joseph put our luggage into a row-boat; we followed, and in half an hour reached the shore comfortably. The landing was at the Custom House Quay, where the usual scenes of hurry and confusion and the ordinary formalities awaited us. A crowd of officers and

attendants, all talking and gesticulating at once in Arabic, formed a circle around us and acted as if very angry with us and all the rest of the world. Our passport was demanded and delivered at the gate, and was soon afterward returned to us by a polite official. We wended our way through the steep but clean alleys and lanes to the Hotel d'Orient, and were shown to a large double room with a stone floor partly covered with Persian rugs.

After breakfast I accompanied Joseph to the office of the Diligence Company, and engaged the coupé for three persons to Damascus for the 13th inst., and paid the fare, ninety-three francs. I then took a stroll through the city and found it much the same as other Oriental cities, except that it is far cleaner. The natives appear to be a superior race, there are few idlers among them; all is bustle and confusion, and seemingly a large amount of business is carried on. I was attracted by the fine horses; the harness of many of them were ornamented with strings of silver coin, proving its genuineness by its clear ring. The women are tattooed with henna or India ink. We called at the Hotel Belle Vue and saw Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Booth, who gave us a most interesting and touching account of the death of their son Theodore.

I introduce the following story to illustrate the character of our good Joseph, our dragoman in whom we have always trusted, but now more than ever.

While going through the street with Joseph a man approached him with extended arms as if to embrace him. Joseph waved him off with some Arabic words and said to me, "That is my sister's husband." I said, "You don't treat him like a brother-in-law." "I can't help it," was the reply. After a pause, in which he was evidently suppressing emotion, he exclaimed (I quote nearly his own words), "We were all born here. My good father left only the house we were all born in, and in which he died. My brother and myself went away to earn our living, and our good old mother

remained in the house with our sister, her husband and five children. Our mother died suddenly, and this man sold the house. Soon after he was a beggar. I gave him help, not enough to satisfy him, and I did more, until he took all I had, and now he begs for more. I asked the cause of my mother's death, but could not find out from him or my sister, but heard from others that she was poisoned. We found he did it to get the property, and since then I have kept him away from me, and my sister, too, I cannot see." I inquired if the case had been investigated and his brother-in-law tried on the charge of murdering his mother. The reply was, "No, God is just. We saw he was getting punished. He had little children and we did nothing."

April 11th (Sunday).—At 7.30 took my glass and went to the roof of the hotel and had a magnificent view of the city. surrounding country, and the great Anti-Lebanon chain of mountains, the summits of which, and far down the slopes of some, are covered with perpetual snow. Mount Hermon looms up with its snow-covered peak in the distance. This grand range is distinctly visible for many miles owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, which is a remarkable peculiarity of the Orient, as it stretches far, far away on the coast trending northward. The city of Beyrout is environed between these mountains and the Mediterranean, the whole panorama forming one of the most sublime and beautiful landscapes imaginable. Many of these mountain ridges are fringed with a luxuriant growth of the mulberry tree, which abounds in this country, and the mountain slopes are in many of the stretches dotted with groves of fig and olive trees. On the very summit of a lofty round peak, plainly visible from our roof, there are many large buildings, said to be a convent. Here and there groups of the cypress and palm are seen, and the outskirts of the city are chiefly occupied by beautiful villas and gardens, the residences of the business men of this important and wealthy commercial mart, which is rapidly increasing in greatness. The mulberry is, I am told, the chief product, and the principal article of export is raw silk.

In walking through the city and suburbs I was struck with the immense quantity of ancient remains and ruins, scattered here and there, such as broken columns, beautiful capitals, fragments of tessellated pavements, sarcophagi, friezes, ancient foundations, arches, etc.

We visited the chapel of the American Mission and heard a sermon by a stranger. This is a large stone edifice just completed, and with a seating capacity of perhaps three hundred and fifty or four hundred persons. The mission and also the college are in a highly prosperous condition. The college is well endowed and has an able Faculty, with Rev. Dr. Bliss at its head, to whom I was introduced by Mr. Booth, President of our Foreign Missionary Society. It rained nearly all day, and when it cleared I again went to the roof with my invaluable field-glass. The setting sun lighted up the mountains and the city. Heavy banks of black clouds covered the summits of the entire mountain ranges, adding by contrast a sort of unnatural brilliancy to those parts which were illuminated by the sun. Later in the afternoon heavy clouds rolled in solemn grandeur down the mountains until they were almost entirely veiled, and when the veil opened, there the clouds stood, towering high above the highest mountain peaks as if in mockery of their terrestrial rivals! No words can adequately describe the grandeur and sublimity of that spectacle

April 12th.—At 7 A.M. on the roof again studying the magnificent range of the Anti-Lebanon. Each view develops new beauty and grandeur; I doubt whether a residence of years would exhaust it. This morning's view was cloudless. Every peak stood out in sharp, distinct outline. Those portions which are under perpetual snow are now shown to be more extensive than I supposed.

Early this morning I was awakened by the sad and melan-

choly voices of a number of men under our window. On looking, I saw it was a funeral procession, in which there were no women, a very unusual occurrence in the East. The corpse lay upon a bier covered with a cloth of many bright colors and borne on the shoulders of men.

Much of this day has been occupied in making preparations for our journey to Damascus and Baalbek. We start at 3 A.M. to-morrow, Mr. Amsler, the banker here, gave us good advice as to travelling farther on, and kindly procured passage tickets in the French steamer of the 20th to Smyrna. Mr. Johnson, our Consul here, telegraphed to Damascus for the coupé in the diligence for the 16th, and for two places in the diligence for the 17th, as we expect to leave Damascus on the 16th to return to Beyrout. Joseph and I will leave the diligence at Stoura to go to Baalbek, and on the 17th we will take our places in the diligence from Stoura to Beyrout. My wife will remain in the diligence to Beyrout. on the 17th, and the Consul-General will kindly meet her at the stage office and see her to the hotel. This arrangement was rendered necessary, because Mrs. Buckham could not undertake the long and fatiguing horseback trip from Stoura to Baalbek.

We rode this afternoon a few miles into the country, and round the suburbs. It was a beautiful and interesting excursion. The usual growth of fruit, shade and ornamental trees, shrubbery and flowers were in luxuriant abundance at every turn. The mulberry is cultivated to a very great extent; it may, indeed, be considered the staple product, being used to feed silk-worms. It is a beautiful tree, the foliage is a brilliant green with a glossy surface.

We met several companies of Turkish soldiers all on foot; they had marched all the way from Damascus weighted down with heavy arms and knapsacks. They were escorting a large party of recruits (Bedouin Arabs), pressed into the service, whose unwillingness was manifest by the heavy, clumsy

wooden logs fastened to their wrists, and which must have been of themselves a cumbersome load. These are some of the tender mercies of the Turkish rule. Our drive through the suburbs and along the rock-bound shore was most pleasant. These suburban villas are very beautiful and costly, and surrounded by magnificent grounds. All are in the highest styles of Oriental architecture, and all are surrounded by high stone walls, the tops of which are armed with an ample covering of broken glass, to protect from pilferers.

At a point on the shore, opposite Beyrout, at the mouth of the Dog River, tradition points out the spot where Jonah was landed. Jaffa is the point where he embarked, so that we have seen both extremities. The Arabs are firm believers in these localities.

April 13th.—Up at 2, breakfasted at 2,30, and off in a carriage to the diligence station at 3. We found a coupé large enough and to spare, and just the place for this most interesting and beautiful journey. We started at 3.45 for Damascus, distance seventy-five miles, with six horses, changed every nine miles. We arrived at Damascus at 6.30 P.M.; whole time, exclusive of half an hour for dinner at Stoura. was fourteen hours and one-quarter. It was a most delightful journey, and at the end of it we felt no fatigue. Nearly the entire distance was over the mountains of the great Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon ranges. During the last forty miles Hermon was visible, with its grand summit covered with perpetual snow. The whole route is an unbroken series of grand mountain scenery. The valleys abound in rich verdure, carpeted in many places with brilliant wild flowers, and the mountain sides, for the most part, are rocky and barren. which, by contrast, heightens the brilliancy of the valleys clothed with verdure and flowers

We saw many of the natives—Maronites, Druses, and Mutwaleh. The Maronites are nominal Christians, and suffered dreadfully in the massacre of 1860, when, it is said,

that about fifteen thousand of them were slaughtered—about one-fifth in Damascus, and the remainder in the mountains The Druses worship idols, and the Mutwaleh worship the sun. We saw many fine horses, which carried their riders over the rough and rocky surfaces at full speed, as if on a race-course. I never saw such fearless riders: they use no reins, but guide the horse by striking it on the left or right side of the neck with a small stick. The road was filled with caravans, passing from Beyrout to far distant parts in the interior. This is the only carriage road in all Syria, and is used by traders to the Far East. Men from the Euphrates valley, Kurdistan, and other regions, as Joseph says, were traversing it with their long trains of camels loaded with merchandise. A few miles before reaching Damascus the country is singularly interesting and beautiful. Rich crops cover the ground, interspersed with lines and groves of many varieties of fruit trees in full bloom, and flowers in great profusion. Rapid streams of sparkling water rush on from their mountain sources, and cascades and waterfalls flow down the rocks and mountain slopes and form the Abana and Pharpar. It is almost enchanting. Our road is bordered with streams of water of dazzling brilliancy, flowing over beds of white pebbles in some places. What wonder that Naaman, who was a pagan, should have turned away in a rage when Elisha's messenger told him to wash in the Jordan—a muddy stream—exclaiming: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" (2 Kings v., 11, 12). Read the whole narrative; it is intensely interesting.

We found our travelling friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, and others here. Mrs. Hamilton was in deep grief, having just received news of the death of her father, Thomas Suffern, in New York, day before yesterday.

There being no conveyances at the diligence station in

Damascus, we walked to the only hostelry in this, "the oldest city in the world," kept by Dimitry, a Greek. The building is surrounded by a high stone wall like that of a fortress, suggestive of popular outbreaks, like that of 1860. of which there seems to be constant apprehension. We were admitted through a gate of thick, solid iron into a court, in the centre of which there was a beautiful flowing fountain. encircled with orange trees in full bearing. Thence we were conducted into another court, larger and finer, also ornamented with a fountain and citron trees full of fruit This court is quadrangular, on the sides of which are doors opening into dining, sitting, and sleeping-rooms. Our bedchamber was on this court. The sitting rooms were furnished with divans and Persian carpets, and a fountain in the centre of each, the water of which, we were told, comes from the River Pharpar. Our room is paved with stones and covered with matting and Persian rugs.

April 14th.—Up at 5,30, went with Joseph to the horse market. It was an animated scene. There were many fine horses and buyers and lookers-on from far and near in various picturesque costumes. A number of Bedouin Arabs were offering horses for sale, some so spirited and highstrung that they looked almost unbroken and wild. It was very interesting to see how these were managed. Two Arabs, one on each side of a horse, with a strong rope round his head, brought him to the ground with great dexterity and apparently little effort. After a few repetitions of this the animal was more manageable, and one of the Arabs mounted and dashed off like the wind. The horse attempted to throw him, but failed, and with a rapid and dexterous turn the rider wheeled about, leaped off, and with the assistance of another man again brought the horse to the ground, and treated him thus until he was conquered. Some of the horses rank as high in price as two hundred and fifty pounds (Turkish). From the horse bazaar we took a stroll, every step of which was interesting. Upward of four thousand years ago it is said that Uz, the grandson of Noah, founded this city, so that Damascus is not inaptly called and considered "the cradle of the human family." I was shown a tree near the hotel, of simply enormous growth. Tradition says it is coeval with the city itself, which is very doubtful, but, be that as it may, I never saw, heard or read of such a giant. The trunk is said to measure sixty-six feet in circumference. I did not hear the name of it, but I think it is a sycamore. The upper branches, which shade an immense area, are thicker than the thickest tree I ever saw, except the "Tree of the Agony" in Gethsemane.

I returned to the hotel and took my wife out, Joseph accompanying us to help her, there being no carriages here: we also took a guide to conduct us through the bazaars. We passed through narrow, winding lanes, streets and alleys, until 12.30, when we returned to breakfast and to take a fresh start. We would have used donkeys, but they are of little use in going through such a city as this. We purchased a few articles in the bazaars and khans. The khans are immense buildings, of which there are several for the accommodation of caravans, which bring merchandise by camel trains from Persia and other remote countries. In the spacious courts of the khans they unload the camels and deposit the goods in warerooms which open on the courtyard. The building is very lofty and covered with several domes, each supported by huge stone columns and lighted from above, so that goods are not exposed to the weather. The doors of the khans are like the gates of cities, large and ponderous and all of iron. The doors of the inner warerooms are also of iron, securely locked and bolted, and looking more like dungeon doors than store-house doors. Everything about these khans is suggestive of robbery and violence, to which this, the "oldest city in the world," has been so frequently subjected.

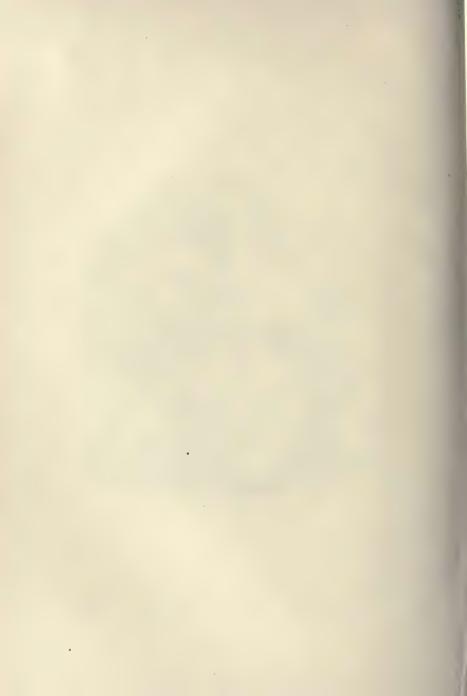
The warerooms were well filled with rich silks and other goods, and there is an ample supply of ancient and modern arms and armor of all kinds hanging on the walls, such as swords, cimeters, daggers, great and small, knives of various shapes, some of them encased in a variety of scabbards and sheaths, some richly ornamented with gold, silver, steel, and brass. I was shown a splendid helmet, largely of gold, also shields, guns, pistols, and other firearms, in almost endless variety. The bazaars are more interesting than those of Cairo. They are better stocked, cleaner, and lighter. They are crowded with all sorts of people, natives and foreigners. and make, in the variety of costumes peculiar to the countries whence they came, a very picturesque and attractive appearance. All are civil and polite. I did not discover the least sign of insult or contempt, which, it is said, they often show Christians. I greatly admired the manly beauty and dignified bearing which characterize many of the men, and I never saw so many beautiful children.

We saw the interior of the grand mosk from the street, with its great quadrangular court. On so imperfect a view, a description is, of course, impossible. It is the largest and, architecturally considered, the finest we have seen in our Oriental travels thus far. From the external view we had of the interior, we consider the frescoing altogether the richest and most splendid. The building was, in ancient times, a Christian temple, as we were told by our guide, and its high antiquity is attested by its worn columns, which are so much reduced near their bases as to make it doubtful whether they can much longer sustain the great superstructure.

In the afternoon a party was made up to visit the renowned Abdel Kader, ex-sultan of Algeria. Our Consul, who is a native Mussulman, procured the invitation from the distinguished chieftain whose name is immortalized by the protracted and heroic defence of his country against the French, in which he performed marvels of valor, which were equalled,



Abdel Kader. Ex-Sultan of Algeria.



nay, almost surpassed, by his magnanimous defence of the Christians during the massacre of 1860, in which he saved hundreds, good authorities say, thousands, of lives. In the interview, one of the party indelicately alluded to this, and inquired how many lives he was instrumental in saving. He modestly answered, "Others can say better than I can." The Vice-Consul accompanied us to the Palace, presented us, and acted as our interpreter. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Rev. Mr. Payne, mother and sister, and ourselves.

The great chief and statesman received us in a plainly furnished room surrounded with divans and covered with a Persian carpet. Abdel Kader seems to be about sixty years of age, five feet eleven inches high, slightly corpulent. His eves are bright, with a marked expression of good nature: his face and features are refined; hair and heard raven black. hands and feet small and delicate; his bearing is courteous and dignified; his modesty is very marked, especially when allusions were made to his defence of Algiers and protection of the Christians. We were delighted with our visit, and took leave of this noble man (whom our own General Sherman calls, in speaking of him to us, the greatest man of the century), each kissing his extended hand. The Vice-Consul warmly kissed his hand on bidding adieu, and well indeed might he show his gratitude to the man, who, as he said, saved the lives of himself and family. After bidding adieu. Abdel Kader told us to salute General Grant in his name.

From this visit we went to call on our Consul, who is a native Syrian, and does not speak English or French. We were presented to him by his son, on the roof of his house, where Eastern people pass much of their time. The Consul is a fine old, genial gentleman, of perhaps sixty-five years of age. After a view of the city and suburbs, with the grand and majestic mountains encircling them, we were invited to descend to a large marble paved court, ornamented with

growing flowers and fruit trees, and furnished in the Oriental style with divans. We were presented to the Consul's wife and children, who were agreeable and entertaining. It was nearly dark when we returned to the hotel, and we sat down to dinner not a little fatigued.

April 15th.—Up at 5.30, breakfasted and mounted donkeys, and went to visit the slave market. Only the female slave market was open. There were only twelve chattels in all in stock, of various ages and complexions, from ebony to white. The latter was a young woman, of perhaps eighteen or twenty years of age, very fair, and though not handsome. very good looking. We could learn nothing about her. though we inquired, but the custodian did not know where she came from or how she was captured. We set her down as a Circassian or from somewhere in the steppes in the Caucasus, judging from her resemblance to a Circassian we saw in a slave pen on the Upper Nile. The rest of the slaves were evidently from Africa. They all showed interest in our visit, and none but the white slave appeared to conjecture or appreciate their situation. The owner of these slaves was not present, and we could not learn the prices.

Our guide now conducted me to the house of Ananias (Acts ix.). It is now a little Roman Catholic chapel, to which access is gained down a flight of stone steps leading to an underground chamber, which is lighted from the roof. It has a very ancient look. The room has a vaulted ceiling and the walls are built of large massive stones.

I then visited a minaret at the end of the street that is still called "Straight," from the top of which I had an entirely new and comprehensive view of the city. Thence I was conducted to "Naaman's House," now a hospital for lepers, and on entering the open court I was met and surrounded by a number of the poor sufferers in a variety of stages of the awful and incurable disease. It was a repulsive and disgusting sight, and I mounted my donkey and followed my

guide out of the gate of the city to the tomb of the man who aided Paul in his escape from Damascus, for which he suffered a cruel death. I traversed the road outside of the city for a long distance and saw three distinct walls, one of which is said to antedate the Roman conquest. Another wall is Roman and the third Saracenic. The guide conducted me to the place where Paul escaped, having been let down from a window in a basket. The window is in a citadel or tomb in the wall, which looks ancient enough to have existed in Paul's time. It is a round opening at an estimated elevation of twenty-five feet above ground. I see no reason to doubt the authenticity of the window from which Paul escaped.

From here we rode a mile or two into the country, near the vast cemeteries, and I was shown the traditional place of Paul's conversion, now covered with a low, ancient stone building, called a chapel, almost entirely below the surface of the ground. I could find no entrance to it. I now returned to the city, which is in full view, and beyond it rose a high, barren ridge of mountains on which Saul looked as he journeyed toward Damascus, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against "the Christians. I passed through the quarter of the city occupied by the Maronites (Christians) in 1860, and the scene of the frightful massacre. This quarter was totally destroyed by fire by the Druses, and still lies in ruins. I passed also through the Jewish and Turkish quarters, and was surprised to see how strongly these several sections are marked by the peculiar appearance of almost everything, including the people themselves and their habits. In the Christian quarter my guide took me to the palace of a wealthy citizen. On entering the great gate, which was opened by a cord from an upper window, in answer to the bell, by a lady, who, I learned, was a daughter of the proprietor, we passed into a large open court in mosaic, variously colored marbles, and in the centre a beautiful fountain with fruits and flowers in luxurious abundance. We were waited on by a slave, who conducted us into a number of rooms opening into the court and furnished and ornamented in the most sumptuous style with Persian carpets, magnificent divans, mirrors and gilding and frescoing in profusion. In the grand smoking-saloon there was a beautiful fountain composed of rich marble mosaics, with fish and encircled with singing birds; in short, every appliance necessary to complete the highest degree of luxury was there. The guide slipped a coin into the hand of the slave, and I left with a realizing sense of the splendor of the Orient.

Next we visited the residence of a wealthy Jewish banker. It was fitted and furnished in a style of great splendor, but it lacked the correct taste of the Christian house.

We saw a singular procession of boys in the street. The leading files carried long strips of parchment inscribed with large Arabic characters on them, turned toward the files of boys who marched behind, and kept their eyes on the parchments and chanted the words on them, as my guide said. They were followed by several other files in the same order, all chanting. Then came a boy carrying a casket covered with a scarlet cloth, and behind him followed three boys of six or seven years of age, each with a string of diamonds on his forehead; these and the boys following them all sang, each file, in different airs, and all walked with solemn pace and slow, and with their eyes fixed on the ground. I was told that the three boys with diamonds on their foreheads were going to be circumcised.

Further on, in another street passed the funeral of a female, which was largely attended by women, all in spotless white and all singing mournfully, beautifully and harmoniously. It was indeed a solemn occasion and a most impressive sight. But the most touching and impressive sight was seen at the great cemetery, outside the city walls, this

being the day when relatives and friends of deceased persons assemble at their tombs, to pray and decorate them with flowers. This is almost a universal custom. Hundreds of women and children were in the cemetery, all in white, with floral offerings, laying them on the tombs and graves, and placing themselves in the attitude of prayer.

In the afternoon, accompanied by my wife and Joseph, including also the guide, we went to the bazaars and bought a few articles. While they were "shopping" I went to see a most interesting ruin hard by; my guide led the way to the top of an Arab house in one of the bazaars, from which I examined the grand remains of the ancient entrance to the great mosk alluded to, and which was formerly a Christian temple. The architecture is very fine, the pediment is half gone, but so much of it as remains is of very great antiquity. It is of the finest white marble and carved in the highest order of art. The capitals on the columns are much broken, but enough remains to show their former magnificence.

This fine ruin is almost covered and it is entirely concealed by the wretched Turkish buildings which surround it. In fact, although Damascus is rich in fine ruins, only a few of them can be seen for the same reason.

XIII.

Stoura; Baalbek; Marvellous Ruins; Tripoli; Latakia; Iskanderoun; Tarsus; Rhodes; Patmos; Ephesus; Smyrna; Leave for Europe.

April 16th, 1869.—Up at 2, breakfasted at 2.30 and off to the diligence station at 3. I left Damascus at 3.30 accompanied by Rev. Mr. Payne and Mr. Hamilton to visit Baalbek; we expect to arrive there in the evening, sleep in the convent, visit the ruins early next morning, return to Stoura, take a carriage provided for us by the diligence company to carry us to Beyrout. My wife will leave Damascus with Mrs. Hamilton for Beyrout.

We reached Stoura at II o'clock; Mr. Hamilton feared rain and went on in the diligence to Beyrout. Mr. Payne and I go on to Baalbek on horseback, after lunch, a journey of seven hours.

Stoura is situated on the western side of the valley of Bûkaa, a most lovely and fertile plain of about ten miles in width, and fifty-five miles in length, between the two mountain ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon. The plain is dotted with beautiful little hills and artificial mounds and is not only very fertile, but in the highest state of cultivation. It is most abundantly watered with many mountain streams flowing from the snows of Lebanon and Hermon. In passing through from Damascus to Stoura, the road winds over mountains and valleys of exquisite beauty; indeed the pass from which we emerged to enter the valley of Bûkaa is unsurpassed in wild, grand and almost sublime scenery. Not far from the northern extremity of the valley of Bûkaa lies

Baalbek; a lovelier valley cannot be imagined; sparkling and rapid streams, rivulets and cascades are seen in all directions and amply irrigate this naturally fertile valley From an eminence we could see its entire length and breadth. spread out like a picture, framed by the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon on the sides, and the grand Mount Hermon and the heights on which Baalbek, with the most interesting ruins in the world, stands are the ends. I fear to follow out these descriptions lest I should be called extravagant, but I will finish them. From another eminence, we saw the valley in another and, if possible, even a more magnificent aspect. There, like a map, it was spread out before us: so pure is the atmosphere that objects for miles in all directions are visible with the naked eve. The traveller sees Baalbek distinctly for six hours before he reaches it, and dispels the delusion that it is only an hour's ride. Lebanon and Mount Hermon, on the northern and southern extremities of the valley, perhaps fifty miles apart, seem within two hours of each other. Scarcely a tree or a shrub is to be seen; here and there a few poplars and willows margin the streams; all the houses are in groups for defence against the raids of the Bedouin.

We left Stoura at r o'clock, passing over the diligence road as far as Zahleh, the largest town in Lebanon, with a population estimated at ten thousand. Beyond that place we traversed the bridle path along the base of the Anti-Lebanon range for some miles, and then struck the valley. Oh, what splendors are here! We were, in fact, going through a garden of the richest verdure, carpeted with the brightest flowers, while the summits of the mountains on both sides were covered with snow. Flocks of cattle, sheep and goats were grazing all over. Men, women, and children were ploughing, each with a yoke of oxen, slow plodding beasts, stirred up now and then with a goad, pointed with sharp iron. The air was filled with the music of birds, numbers of swallows flitted and

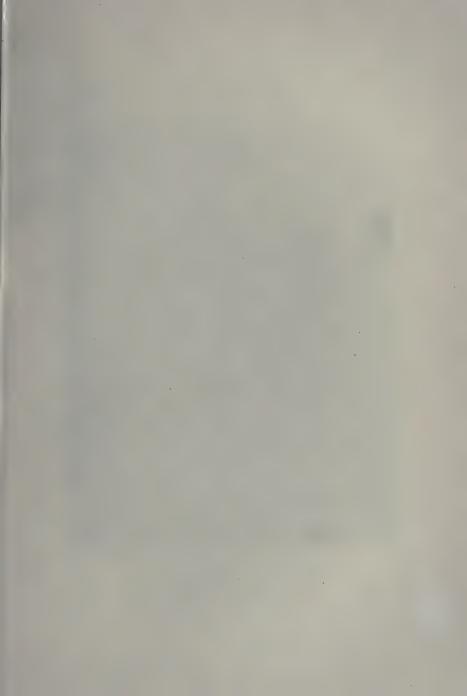
twittered around us, almost within reach of our whips. While we were musing and lost in admiration, the sun was hastening toward the summits of the mountains, and we were vet two hours at least from Baalbek. In vain we attempted to quicken the speed of our jaded cattle. Joseph's horse seemed ready to fall: we could not leave our guide. Now the sun is below the mountain-tops, and a sudden shadow has passed over the entire plain, and creeping up the rugged slopes of Hermon we were soon in darkness, and the moon was too young to afford more than a faint shadow. The bridle path was vet in sight, but we had still a journey of an hour and a half before us. On we went, wearied and pained with our six hours' ride on hard-trotting horses. At length we reached Baalbek (the Baalbek of the Bible) at 8 o'clock, and trudged on to the Maronite Convent, where, after some delay in assuring the Padre that we were friends and trustworthy, the ponderous gate was opened, I was lifted from my horse almost unconscious, and laid on a stone bed with an abva for a mattress, and in less than a minute was sound asleep, until Joseph roused me up for supper he had prepared: that done. Joseph laid me down, covered me, and I slept till aroused by the entrance of a priest, who demanded in loud and angry tones why we were admitted, supposing we were Arabs. But for Joseph we would have been turned out. In the morning the priest came and apologized, saving he did not know we were travellers.

April 17th.—Up at 4.30 and roused Mr. Payne and Joseph. I had my first view of the ruins from the roof of the convent. Joseph procured a guide, who conducted us while breakfast was being prepared. Breakfasted in fifteen minutes and off again to the ruins. We estimated the area covered by the grand ruins at one thousand feet long by about nine hundred feet wide. First we entered the Temple of Apollo, passing through a very long arched hall, partly subterranean and nearly dark, twenty feet wide and thirty feet high, with



Ruins of Baalbek.







Temple of Appollo—Baalbek.

This door is considered the most beautiful in the world.

gates opening on each side to large chambers. The kevstones of the arches are cut to represent human heads. One of them, said by our guide to be that of Solomon, was very fine indeed, and stood out in bold relief. The whole arch was of marble, highly ornamented with most beautiful and delicate sculptures in the very highest style of art. We passed through a low opening into the interior of the temple, or rather into the grand vestibule. Before us was a most beautiful door; this was the grand entrance to the temple. Murray's Guide-Book says it is twenty-one feet wide by forty-two feet high. The sides are each a single marble. and the lintel is composed of three huge blocks of marble. Round the door is a border four feet wide in pure white marble, most elaborately and delicately sculptured, representing fruits, flowers, and vine leaves. The architrave contains many little human figures in various attitudes with clusters of grapes in their hands. Over this is a frieze of scroll-work and acanthus leaves winding round Cupids, and the whole is finished by a rich cornice. The centre stone of the top of this grand door has a magnificent eagle sculptured on its lower face holding a caduceus in his talons, and in his beak strings of long twisted garlands extending on each side, the opposite ends borne up by flying genii. The earthquake of 1751 shook this stone from its position; it fell out of place about two feet and is suspended in that position. We estimated the weight of this stone at about thirty tons. This gateway is said to be the most beautiful in the world. The Temple of Apollo stands on a platform very near the Temple of Baal; it faces eastward, and is about two hundred and thirty feet long by about one hundred and twenty feet wide. It is in the Corinthian style, and has forty-two immense columns surrounding it, and, at the entrance, there was an interior line of six grand fluted columns, and within these there were two others. These columns were sixty-five feet high; the diameter at the base

was six feet three inches. Over these columns is a rich entablature of twelve feet high. The entablature is connected with the walls by enormous stones; the ceiling was concave and magnificently sculptured with human heads and other designs and figures in bold relief. Most of the columns have fallen; only nineteen remain in position. One of them fell against the wall and rests there, and such is the tremendous strength of the fastenings by which the two great stones of which it is composed are united, that they remain as firmly together as if they were only a monolith.

The greatest of the temples is that of Baal, which was originally surrounded by fifty-four columns, seventy-five feet high, with an entablature of fourteen feet high. These columns are seven feet three inches in diameter, and are composed of three sections. The base is of one piece, the capital of one piece, and the enormous entablature reaching from column to column of one single block. The style is Corinthian. The peristyle stood on walls of enormous thickness fifty feet in height, and must have presented a perfectly grand appearance when viewed from the surrounding valley. Of these fifty-four columns only six remain in their places. and are distinctly visible for many miles on the plain. In front of this once most magnificent temple, dedicated to the worship of Baal, there is an immense court four hundred and forty feet long by three hundred and seventy-four feet wide: this is encompassed by splendidly sculptured recesses and niches. But it is impossible to describe this stupendous mass of ruined grandeur, of which I will endeavor to procure photographic views.

I cannot omit mentioning the enormous stones of which these grand temples are built. There must have been giants, intellectual and physical, in those days. And they must have understood arts of which we are ignorant. In one of the walls of this temple there are ten stones, each of which is thirty-one feet long, thirteen feet high, and ten feet wide.

There are many others which are twenty-four feet long, and the same in height and width as the last, and all these are elevated high above the surface of the ground. But the most stupendous of all are the three stones from which this temple takes the name of the "Trilithon, the Three-stoned." One of these stones is sixty-four feet long, another sixty-three feet eight inches, and the third sixty-three feet in length, and in thickness, thirteen feet each. And all are elevated twenty feet above the present surface of the ground.

We walked to the quarries, about a mile from Baalbek. and found a stone sixty-eight feet long, by fourteen feet two inches, and thirteen feet eleven inches in height and breadth. dressed, and on its way to Baalbek when death surprised the workmen, hundreds, perhaps thousands of years ago. The estimated weight of this monolith was one thousand one hundred tons or upward. All attempts to describe Baalbek are futile, it must be seen, and all the expense, time, and trouble of the journey are not worth a thought. Thebes and Karnak are cyclopean, Baalbek combines art and grandeur. In view of the prophecies one of the most strikingly impressive sights was to see jackals and foxes running among its splendid ruins, and to hear the screech-owl, and the low mournful notes of a large bird, the name of which I could not learn, forcibly reminding me of the doom pronounced on the temples and idols, in Isaiah xiii., 21, 22,

We were compelled to hurry away to Stoura in time to meet our carriage, and we mounted our horses at the convent gate, gave the Padre a gold piece, for which he was very grateful, and bidding us adieu, and wishing us a pleasant journey, we started at 8.30, and reached Stoura at 3.30, making eleven hours on horseback, yesterday and to-day. At 4 P.M. left Stoura, and reached the Hotel d'Orient of our genial host Basoul at 9, well worn with the fatigue of our journey.

April 18th (Sunday).—Out at 6 A.M., the morning is magnificent and serene. The splendid scenery surrounding

Beyrout grows more splendid the more I look at it. Attended service at the chapel of the American Mission, and heard a good sermon by Mr. Johnson, a brother of the United States Consul, text "My yoke is easy"; spent the remainder of the day resting from the fatigue of the three previous days. At 5 P.M. accompanied Mr. Hamilton to the office of the Diligence Company, and met our wives on their return from Damascus, and brought them, tired out, to the hotel.

April 19th.—Spent this day in making arrangements for our departure to-morrow, and in visiting friends we met in our journeys; called on Mr. Crocker; he says the doctor told him frankly he had not long to live, and he will leave to-morrow for the United States, via Constantinople, the Danube, Vienna, and Paris.

April 20th.—Up at 5. Our steamer is at anchor in the bay alongside of the Russian steamer destined also for Constantinople, and both are full of passengers. Went to the office of the Messageries Impériales, took our state-room, and a second-class passage for Joseph, and paid for two first class from Beyrout to Constantinople seven hundred francs, and one second class, two hundred and sixty-four francs, that is, nine hundred and sixty-four francs. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton and Rev. Mr. Payne and family go in the same steamer. The kind-hearted Basoul accompanied us in a row-boat to the ship. We dined at 5 and on returning to the deck we found a large representation of many nations, returning after Holy Week to Syria, Persia, Turkey, Greece, and other countries.

About 9 o'clock the whole deck was covered with these people all asleep, the moon shining full on them, fatigued with the heat of the day, which is about the same to-night. There they lay! Joseph said, "There are Turks, Arabs, Egyptians, Syrians, Persians, Hindoos," all in their native costumes; some were awake, smoking their nargilehs. It was a fine group for a picture.

I was introduced to the Prince of Lebanon, who is on his way to Tripoli. He invited me, thinking I was alone to stop there with him, as he heard I was much interested in the country; said he would go through his country with me. under an escort of soldiers. On thanking him and declining, for reasons stated, he requested me to give him my card. and he promised that if I returned, and would send him my name with a message, he would meet me with a guard and travel through his district of Syria to Palmyra, where he heard I intended to go, but for the present uprising among the tribes. I thanked him and said it would be a great pleasure if I came this way again. He replied, "God is good. and we may meet again." I remained on deck till 10, enjoying the fine moonlight night, and retired thoroughly fatigued to my state-room. A sirocco which has prevailed all day makes the night oppressively hot. Our good ship, the Neiman, will lie at anchor till 4 A.M. to-morrow.

April 21st.—At 3.30 A.M., as I was told, we weighed anchor, and at 5.30 I got up, after sleeping soundly through an intensely hot night. At 6 I went on deck. The morning was most beautiful, but still very hot. At 8 we cast anchor in the harbor of Tripoli. My newly made friend, the Prince of Lebanon, exchanged cards with me, and he also wrote his name and address on a note sheet in Arabic. It is "Berber Turbay Aitee, near Ehden of Lebanon, Syria," Joseph's translation. He is the cousin of the renowned hero Useff Karam, who defended his country more than a year with a small force against a numerous Turkish army, which finally drove him out, and he is now an exile supposed to be in America. There is said to be a striking parallel between Useff Karam and Abdel Kader, who were warm friends, equally unfortunate, yielding to immensely superior forces. The people of Lebanon weep when the name of Useff Karam is mentioned, and they pray for his return. I had another interview with the Prince. He said, Joseph interpreting, "I expect

to see you again in my country, and if you will send me such a paper as this "—holding up my card—" I will meet you in Tripoli with an escort and will conduct you to where you wish to go in safety." He took a ring from his finger and requested me to accept it in memory of him. I assured him I did not need the gift to keep him in mind, and, having no similar gift to offer, I declined it. Thus we parted, and I must add, that whether I ever see him again or not, I can never forget the handsome and noble form and bearing of "Berber Turbay, Prince of Lebanon."

After breakfast I went ashore to visit Tripoli, accompanied by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Payne, and a Parsee gentleman from Bombay. We landed at the small town, and, after a hot walk of an hour through the country teeming with tropical fruits and flowers, we reached the ancient city of Tripoli, which stands on the River Kadisha, a rapid stream of clear. sparkling water, which rushes in a perfect torrent from Mount Lebanon to the sea. The city is said to contain fifteen thousand inhabitants, and was founded by colonists from Tyre. Sidon, and Aradus, hence its name, "the Triple City." From the ship's deck it is very picturesque. The old city is about three miles back from the sea, with groves of orange, lemon, apricot, and other fruits, with stately palm trees rising above a surface most fertile, and productive of dura, barley, and other grains, and a great profusion of brilliant flowers. The first eminence behind the city is crowned with an extensive fortress, built by the Crusaders in the eleventh century. From this point farther back peak on peak and summit on summit rises, forming part of the great Lebanon mountain range, covered with perpetual snow. With the help of our glasses we could see the cedars, though, it is said, most of them at this season of the year are still covered by the grand snowdrifts of the past winter, which, it is said, was unusually severe. We weighed anchor at 10 P.M. and went on our way. heading along the coast of Northern Syria.

April 22d,—The night was hot, but toward morning a breeze sprang up, raising the sea and gently agitating it. We made the harbor, or rather the roadstead of Latakia, the Laodicea of the New Testament, before 5 A.M., and were aroused by a perfect babel of Arab tongues from a multitude of small boats, all clamorous for employment to take passengers ashore. The roughness of the sea prevented landing. and in half an hour we were off again, heading for Alexandrette. Laodicea presents a superb appearance from the deck. It stands on high slopes and covers an extensive area. Several minarets and some ruins are prominent, but, like all the towns on this coast, it is said to be dirty, and, except for its historical interest, it is not attractive. We have been traversing the coast of Northern Syria all day, in full view of the grand and beautiful scenery. The mountains extend the entire length of the eastern shore and descend seaward in slopes of greater or less precipitancy, clothed with many shades of verdure, and dotted with vineyards, and the usual varieties of fruit and other trees. Every growing thing attests the great fertility of the soil. Nothing looks sear, vellow, or withered.

We reached Iskanderoun—the Turkish for Alexander the Great—at I P.M., where it is announced we are to remain until to-morrow evening to take in a large cargo of cotton, wool, olive oil, etc. This is only a small town built on the edge of the sea. It is said that malarious exhalations from a neighboring swamp at the base of the mountains a few miles behind the town have retarded its growth. The scenery here differs materially from other parts of the coast. The mountain sides are broken into wide fissures, and seamed with dark torrent channels. The whole appearance of the place and its surroundings is wild and exceedingly picturesque. With our glasses we could distinguish numerous little villages and hamlets in the distance. The inhabitants have a very bad reputation as robbers and murderers. We saw a number of

Kurds almost flying on their swift horses, dressed in gay and many bright colored costumes. The once fine city of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, is a short ride from here. And Daphne, whose oracles were always consulted by statesmen, warriors, and philosophers before any great deed was undertaken, is also very near. Now, it is said to be at the risk of the traveller's life if he visits these interesting places. This Daphne is also celebrated for its grove and temple dedicated to Apollo.

Aleppo is distant eight hours, or twenty-four miles. We are taking on freight from that city, which left there on mules early this morning. Very near our anchorage, and in plain sight of it, are the ruins of the Temple of Janus; all that remain are two solitary columns to mark the spot where that magnificent building stood. In the mountains before us, the panther, hyena, bear, and other brutes abound; so also do eagles, vultures, flamingoes, and other large birds, and serpents as deadly as the cobra are frequent, just outside the town. We have a large number of Moslem pilgrims on board, returning from Mecca, many of them assembled on deck this evening in prayer. Christians may well be impressed by such a sight; they seem to be, and no doubt are, thoroughly devout and sincere.

I walked from stem to stern of the ship at 8 o'clock. The whole deck, except a pathway, was covered by sleeping pilgrims, whose upturned faces were lighted by the full moon. There they lay, more than a hundred of them, with no covering but their abyas.

April 23d.—Still at Iskanderoun, taking in cotton, etc. What a scene of transcendent beauty is before me! The mountains illuminated by the rising sun, developing dark gorges and rocky cliffs which were not visible yesterday. Heavy banks of mist were rolling up the mountain sides. After breakfast I went ashore in a boat and strolled through the town. It is a small but busy place, where the chief trade

of Aleppo and Antioch are carried on. People of many languages and costumes are seen here. The principal bazaar is so narrow that people might shake hands across. saw some ill-looking fellows on horseback, armed with lances and pistols. Joseph said of them, "They are quiet here, but kill in the mountains." A caravan said to be from Bagdad, made up of a large train of camels all loaded, has just arrived. And still another from some point on the Euphrates is just winding down a mountain path on its way here, proving what an important trading point this is, lying as it does at the extreme northern end of Syria, and the north-eastern extremity of the Mediterranean Sea. The product of cotton is large, but the fibre is short, and must be worked in with other cotton to make it useful. The captain tells me he has taken on board one thousand two hundred bales and had to leave nine hundred, as he expects to take in much more freight waiting for him at other places on the coast. At sunset took my last view of Alexandrette, or Iskanderoun, as it is expected we will leave about midnight. At 11 o'clock we weighed anchor and headed for Mersina, on a smooth sea, splendidly lighted by a bright moon.

April 24th.—Out of Syria into Cilicia at 6 A.M.; we anchored off Mersina, the port of Tarsus, the birthplace of Paul, the great apostle of the Gentiles. Cilicia is the southeastern province of Asia Minor, and is bounded north by the Taurus Mountains, which lie between that range and Cappadocia, Lycaonia, and Isauria, south by the Mediterranean, east by Syria, and west by Pamphylia. From the ship's deck there is spread out a magnificent panorama of mountains, hill and valley scenery. The land on the water side is level in some places, and sloping in other places in gentle undulations to the sea and covered with brilliant verdure. The Taurus range of mountains, with snow-clad summits, bounds the northern view. In the foreground there is a lower range, and in front of that again a still lower range, until the plain

is reached, which is dotted with villages as far as the eye can reach with the aid of a glass to the east and west. Away to the west the ruins of Pompeiopolis, with many columns, can be seen, and to the south, in the dim distance, the island of Cyprus.

The city of Tarsus, which to this day, in the language of Paul, is "no mean city," sends much produce to this port for shipment. While I write, there are in view two long camel trains bringing their heavy loads. After breakfast, accompanied by Messrs, Hamilton and Payne, I went ashore. We wandered through the town, saw its store-houses well guarded, as in other places, and visited the bazaars crowded with people. A large building is in process of construction. the chief materials of which are taken from the ruins of Pompeiopolis. In all directions are seen columns, capitals. friezes, and other parts of beautifully sculptured stones, cut to fit places in the new structure. We lamented the desecration of the grand ruins of these interesting regions of the world, under the ruthless hands of the Turks. We wandered beyond the town, hoping to see gardens and cultivated fields. There were gardens, but all were filled with a rank growth. Everything was growing luxuriantly, but rank, and without order or regularity. There were many cocooneries; great quantities of raw silk is produced and exported. Like all the rest of the Orient, this country is naturally rich and fertile, and might, by proper cultivation, produce far in excess of what it does. The pilot of the steamer says the natives pray four times a day, which takes a quarter of the day; they drink coffee and smoke another quarter, sleep the third, and work the fourth; probably not far from the truth.

The steamer is just passing the ruins of Pompeiopolis, part of which is plainly seen. I count forty-one columns, see parts of temple walls and arches, and an immense amphitheatre, all on a promontory, elevated perhaps forty or fifty feet above the plain. The surrounding country and the

mountain range in the rear present some splendid scenery. At this point there were many more ruins, and we see one hundred and twenty-seven columns in all.

Our steamer left Mersina at 5.30 P.M. for Rhodes, where we expect to arrive early on Monday morning. We have a full cargo of merchandise, chiefly of cotton. The freight list alone amounts to sixty thousand francs. I sat gazing at the land with my glass until darkness shut it all out from view. At one point the captain pointed out six distinct ranges of mountains, rising, ridge above ridge, in sharp, well-defined outline, with grand and terrible crevasses separating them in many places, looking like descents to Hades, supposed to have been made by terrific convulsions of the earth, as this whole country is constantly shaken by earthquakes.

April 26th (Sunday).—On deck at 6.30, just in time to take leave of the land for a few hours while crossing the gulf, the name of which is not given on my chart. We have been coasting all night, and the last land in sight was uniformly of the same rugged and wild mountainous character as I have already imperfectly described. The voyages of the Apostle Paul are vividly brought to mind, as the steamer passes successively Cilicia, Pamphylia, Lycia, Attalia, Perga, Philadelphia, Patara, and other places. From the sea, as we steam along, many rugged peaks and rocky cones rise, which make navigation appear very hazardous. In the whole vast mountain territory which we passed in sight of during the last fourteen hours, I have looked in vain for a house or a human being; there is not the least show of cultivation or of animal life in this vast region, which is said to be overrun almost solely by wild beasts.

April 26th.—At (1 o'clock) midnight we dropped anchor in the harbor of Rhodes; got up at 5, to go ashore at 6, as the ship sails again at 8; accompanied by nine of the passengers, we landed in a small boat at the place where the Colossus stood, destroyed by an earthquake 224 B.C. History

says it was of bronze, one hundred and five feet high, and stood on sixty columns, spanning the harbor astride, so that ships passed between its legs. It stood fifty-six years. Rhodes is a very ancient city, abundant evidence of which is scattered around. It was the scene of many bloody battles between the Crusaders and the Turks, who alternately took and held it until the latter were ultimately driven out. We passed through the main street, which was inhabited by the Crusaders, whose houses yet remain in a greater or lesser state of dilapidation. In the front walls of these houses there were still to be seen many marble slabs with various heraldic designs and armorial bearings sculptured on them. Some have a cardinal's hat, others a ducal crown, others a Maltese cross: others had lions, eagles, plants, etc. At the head of this street stood the Church of St. John, now in ruins, having been blown down in 1862, by the explosion of a powder magazine which was contiguous to it.

From a ruined tower near by we had a fine view of Rhodes with its numerous minarets and mosks. We visited one of the latter, but it was too early to gain admittance. We went through the bazaars, which resemble those already mentioned. The streets are paved with cobble-stones, and in some respects Rhodes resembles European cities more than any other I have seen in the Levant. The four quarters of the globe are numerously represented by the population here. It is curious and interesting to hear so many languages spoken and to see the dress, manners, and customs of such a varied population as one jostles through in these streets.

We extended our walk beyond the walls some distance, and visited a fort, where there were several old brass cannon of immense length, estimated at fifteen to eighteen feet. Some had curious devices on them, a cross on one, a lamb on another, the figure of St. John on a third, with a cross in his hand. It is said that these guns have been in their places nearly three hundred years. Their antique appearance bore

that out. We visited the ruins of a tower on the edge of the sea which was destroyed by an earthquake in 1863. We were told that earthquakes are so frequent that little notice is taken of them. One occurred a week ago which did little damage. After a walk of three hours we returned to the ship, and sailed at 9.30, laying our course for Smyrna.

Here begins the Archipelago, through which we are about to pass on this bright, cool, and beautiful April day. The panorama as our ship moves on among the innumerable islands on the left, and the bold, rocky, sharp cliffs of Asia Minor on the right, is magnificent and grand. The island of Rhodes with all its enchanting and varied scenery is now astern, and the equally enchanting island of Cos rises to view with its large town of beautiful white stone buildings, each nestling in a garden filled with trees, plants, and flowers of rare beauty. Farther on is seen an extensive fortress built of white stone, with the crescent waving over its walls. We pass on and the scenery changes almost at each revolution of our propeller, opening up views of transcendent beauty, grandeur, and loveliness. The pilot pointed out to us Samos and Patmos. What emotions do the latter name awaken in the heart of the traveller! There, away in the distance lies the island where the disciple whom Jesus loved, who leaned on his Master's bosom, was banished by the tyrant Domitian, and there the wonderful and sublime visions of the Revelation were disclosed to him.

The heights of Patmos are crowned with the Monastery of St. John, so extensive and prominent as to resemble a great fortress. The island is twenty-eight miles in circumference and has a bold and deeply indented shore. It was used by the Romans as a place of banishment for criminals. The Ægean Sea, in which these islands stand, is of a most beautiful deep indigo-blue color, and wonderfully clear and sparkling. The sun is setting after one of the most enjoyable days we have had since we left home. We expect to reach Smyrna early

in the morning, in time to visit Ephesus by the earliest train, and return in time for the ship's starting in the evening.

April 27th.—On deck at 5 o'clock; we are within an hour of Smyrna, the approach to which is lovely. We sail close in shore. The villages are numerous and the country is fertile and magnificent. Tall poplars in long lines and weeping willows greatly enhance the beauty of the scenery, and the banks of a river which empties into the Mediterranean—perhaps it is the Cayster—near Smyrna, are fringed with long rows of tall, dark, funereal-looking cypress trees, seeming like a picture. Indeed the whole scene is picturesque in the highest degree.

At 8 o'clock I went ashore with two young gentlemen of Brooklyn, N. Y., to get passage, if possible, to Ephesus. We found a party of English gentlemen and ladies who had chartered a train to take them to Ayassalook, nearly fifty miles by rail from Smyrna and three miles from Ephesus. The party very kindly invited us to take passage in their train. We started at o o'clock with a guide and reached Avassalook at 11; we immediately started on foot to Ephesus, preferring to walk rather than to ride the hard horses of the country. On starting from Smyrna the British Consul, resident at that place, on entering the car we were in stumbled and a pistol fell from his belt. I picked it up and handed it to him, saving, "You are armed, sir?" "Yes," he answered, "are not you?" The Consul was very communicative and agreeable: he was in company with an English party on a visit to Ephesus. He had been in Smyrna a long time and gave us much interesting information about the country; among other things he said that the region was infested with brigands: that there was a party of seventeen of them headed by Minvoleh, for whom the Government had offered a large reward. That party recently captured a lad from the platform of one of the cars near Avassalook in broad daylight, and held him for a ransom of one thousand five hundred pounds sterling,

which had to be paid before releasing him. The father of the lad was Dutch Consul at Smyrna and too poor to advance the money, so it was contributed by European residents, the English Consul contributing one hundred pounds. Four of this party of brigands were shot a few days ago, and their bodies were on exhibition at Smyrna.

After a delightful but rather a rough walk of an hour we reached a place where an English company of archæologists was exploring, and found many most interesting and beautiful pieces of carved marbles, such as columns, capitals, parts of marble statues of exquisite workmanship, etc. They had excavated the cemetery, wherein were several most beautiful sculptured sarcophagi. We passed the renowned "Cave of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus," near which stand the ruins of a great temple, of which there is just enough remaining to show its ancient magnificence. What a wealth of beautifully carved marble fragments lay scattered around in the greatest profusion! We were conducted to a theatre on the slope of a hill, of which enough remains to show how beautiful it must have been. The seats were in long rows, each separated from the other by lions' paws, human heads, heads of birds and beasts, all in the finest white marble. The seats ascended from the floor to the top in beautiful semicircular regularity. The proscenium was also of pure white marble, but more than half gone. There lay columns, statues, hands, arms, parts of heads, perfect gems of sculpture, in sad desolation, one on another. Then we were conducted to a much larger theatre, built also on the side of a hill; here also we saw a mass of evidence of the former luxuriance and splendor of ancient Ephesus in a multitude of broken fragments of pure white marbles lying in every direction. This amphitheatre was immense, and, like the smaller ones, was built of pure white marble. Under this theatre there is a hall, still in excellent preservation, with long rows of beautiful Doric columns, some of them entire. Mr. Wood, the distinguished

English archæologist, is exploring here. He pointed out what he thought to be the site of the Temple of Diana. We now passed to what our guide called the Prison of St. Paul, situated on the summit of a high hill overlooking the whole plain where once stood the proud and grand city of Ephesus, and from which we also obtained a fine view of the ancient port of Ephesus on the Mediterranean. The prison was a structure of immense strength, built of huge, square stones, now nearly all in ruins. Here we rested, and took a view of the site of ancient Ephesus. How changed! Nothing remains but a few fragments of walls, some of them fifteen feet thick. Some arches of great beauty, portions of a once splendid aqueduct, rivalling those of Rome, and the ruined amphitheatres I have attempted to describe.

We descended to the plain, where, with the exception of some shepherds tending a few sheep, not a sign of life is to be seen. As we progressed we got a view of the columns of the ancient aqueduct extending several miles. On the top of each column stood a stork, in a long line, as if to be reviewed, and when we passed just under some of them, it did not disturb them, but they looked complacently down on us as if unused to the sight of human beings. Seeing a fragment of a beautiful marble column almost concealed with bushes. I used my club to get a better view, when, lo! a huge snake lay coiled at its base. Lots of lizards lay in our path. The stillness of death reigns over the plain and the surrounding hills, interrupted at intervals by the low croneing of a bird something like a dove, or the harsh voice of the raven. Through this great plain the River Cayster takes its sluggish and tortuous course. When viewed from "Paul's Prison," its whole length from its mountain source to the sea is visible. We returned to Ayassalook by another road, which enabled us to see, as far as it is known, the whole site of Ephesus.

On our way we passed many fresh excavations which the

English explorers are now working, and we saw many beautiful remains (especially sarcophagi) of very fine marbles magnificently sculptured on the sides and ends with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and with beautiful artistic designs. In several places lay different parts of statues of the finest white marbles, among others a Cupid without a head, and marbles on which were sculptured many dancing figures holding each other's hands, also several of the Muses with their musical instruments and a figure of Pan, but all in a damaged state. Passing on we came to the ruins of a grand palace, the principal remaining part of which is a fine arch of great height and width in fine white marble. The keystone is ornamented with human figures, much broken. Judging from the space covered by these ruins, the palace must have been immense.

In several places the explorers have developed many other beautiful marble remains of mosaic pavements, with many fragments of statues and other sculptures of various designs and shapes. Ephesus was destroyed, as history tells us, by an earthquake. Judging from the present appearance of the site of the city, and so much of it as has been uncovered, it must have been completely or almost completely engulfed. Hence the great difficulty of attempting to describe the site. Its greatest buildings must have occupied the mountain and hill summits and slopes, judging from the ruins found there; but there are also ruins of great magnitude on the plain, as immense fragments of walls attest. The ruins of the aqueduct still remain to show their magnitude and former splendor. Two or three only of the arches exist, and nearly the whole of the great columns remain in their places, crowning each of which was the nest of a stork, built of branches of trees and shrubs. On several of these nests the parent birds stood watching their broods, the nest and bird forming a sort of capital to the ruined column.

We reached the railway station in time for the 5.15 train

for Smyrna, much delighted with the day's excursion. In an hour and a half we were again in Smyrna and took leave of the Consul and Mr. Richardson, to whose kindness we were indebted for the trip, which we could not have had for want of regular trains on the road. We rambled through Smyrna, saw its chief buildings and attractions by moonlight, and pulled out to the ship in the offing, tired enough to enjoy a sound rest.

Before starting for Ephesus we changed from the *Neiman* to the *Saintonge*, in which we will continue our voyage tomorrow to Constantinople. The change is not for the better, the *Saintonge* being an inferior ship. On the upper deck there is an enclosure which contains the harem of a Pasha on his way to the capital. The harem consists of three Georgian ladies, whose faces, except the eyes, are closely veiled.

April 28th.—Off Smyrna. On deck at 6.30. As we are not to sail till noon, I went ashore for photographs of Ephesus, but none were worth buying.

Smyrna's population is said to be two hundred thousand; it is situated on a fine bay and has a good harbor for shipping. It is a very important commercial city, and is the second of the Turkish Empire. The city is environed with mountains, one of which is crowned with an ancient fortress, the most modern parts of which are said to be eight hundred years old, while the oldest portions are thought to be of Roman origin and are now in ruins.

This fortress, judging from its grand and massive ruins, must have been of great extent. The principal part of the city is built in the form of an amphitheatre on the slopes of a hill. The background is planted with groves of cypress, against the dark surface of which the city shows to great advantage. These cypress groves cover the cemeteries on the outskirts of the city, and give the burial-places a dismal and solemn aspect, totally unlike our cemeteries. I

passed one of these extensive burying-grounds; it was filled apparently with a crowd of white tombstones, and the cypress, one of which stands at every grave, is so closely set as almost to exclude the light, giving the monuments the appearance of shrouded human figures.

The country around Smyrna is beautiful. The soil is naturally very rich; the scenery can hardly be surpassed for beauty. This part of Asia Minor is very mountainous, and the mountains are sterile and barren; but the valleys are just the reverse, and if cultivated by other than native labor could be made triply productive. The blight of Islamism, however, is on it, and everything in the empire is cursed with a sort of dry rot; decay is stamped on everything, vitality and enterprise on nothing.

We steamed out of the harbor at 12.30, and as we left Smyrna, heading for Constantinople, the view of the city was charming and picturesque. About 3.30 we sighted Mitylene, the ancient capital of the island of Lesbos. Here Paul touched on his way to Jerusalem (Acts xx., 14). It is said that the ruins of this ancient city are in tolerable preservation. Here we lay until midnight, putting off and taking on a cargo which made it a noisy and disturbed night for everybody.

Dardanelles; Sea of Marmora; Constantinople; Sight-seeing; St. Sophia; Easter; Scutari; Palaces, Bazaars; Bosphorus; Varna; Black Sea; Roustchuck; On the Danube; Pesth.

April 29th, 1869.—We have been absent from home six months to-day, during which time we have received very few letters, no doubt owing to our movements in parts of the world not readily reached by the mails. When we arrive in Constantinople we feel almost sure of receiving a good package.

I went on deck at 6.30, just in time to see Tenedos, as we passed very near it. The city is built on an island facing eastward, at the base of a hill, and is in the form of an amphitheatre. A number of wind-mills stand on the ridge of the hill, a wall and a fort are built on the water front, and Tenedos lies between. There is a lofty peak in sight, and the remaining surface is rolling. We are now approaching the Straits of the Dardanelles, and we see Europe once more; it is on the west, and Asia is on the east; many sailing ships and some steamers are in sight, mostly heading, like ourselves, toward Constantinople. On our right are the plains of Troy, and a mound is pointed out as the traditional Tomb of Achilles, and we are in full view of classic ground. As Virgil says, "Fuit Ilium:—Est in conspectu Tenedos."

In an hour we anchored off the town of Dardanelles, where we remained two hours, in compliance with some law of the Government, as we were told, and then we steamed through the Hellespont toward Abydos, famed, among many other events, as the place across which Leander swam.

At 2 P.M. we arrived at Gallipoli, a large town at the termination of the Hellespont, and at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, about one hundred and forty miles from Constantinople, and famous as the first European town taken by the Turks. The ship stopped an hour to land cargo, and was off again at 3 o'clock. The site of ancient Troy is said to be opposite Gallipoli; but this is unreliable, it is the subject of much dispute. The country here is more level, and presents a very fertile and beautiful appearance; its fields and hillsides are covered with brilliant green. There is an extensive commerce carried on here, as the great number of vessels of all sizes attest.

We have entered the Sea of Marmora, the Propontis of ancient times, and we hope to-morrow to reach the grand capital of the Ottoman Empire, which is said to be less than a hundred miles distant.

April 30th.—Up at 5 and on deck at quarter before 6, to see the approach to the Queen City of the Orient, which is said to number its one million three hundred thousand inhabitants. American authorities cut this down to about eight hundred thousand.

Unfortunately for my poor wife it is raining, cheerless and chilly on deck; but, with the aid of our glass I can see that Constantinople is justly entitled to all the praise I have heard and read of its magnificent appearance on approaching it from the sea. It stands on a promontory jutting into the Sea of Marmora on one side, and the Bosphorus on the other side. Extending up one side of the city is the Golden Horn—an arm of the Bosphorus which affords a fair and safe anchorage for vessels of the largest class. Over against this are Galata, Pera, and Tophané. The appearance of the city from our deck is that of a number of hills crowded with a great many public and private buildings, closely huddled together, with a multitude of mosks and minarets rising in all directions, and rows and groves of almost black cypress

trees, against which the buildings, composed chiefly of bright colored stone, form a brilliant and beautiful contrast. The cemeteries which lie inside and outside of the city are simply black masses of cypress trees. They are very extensive and so dark that reading ordinary print one hundred yards from where one enters is impossible.

Along the water front of the city run the ancient walls which, though some one thousand five hundred years old, are yet in fair condition, but of little value against modern gunnery. Of the forty odd gates by which the city was entered in ancient times, only some eight or nine remain. On the edge of the Bosphorus stands the magnificent Palace of the Sultan, built of white marble, with the greatest elaboration of ornamental and admirably executed sculpture. The grand gates are of open iron-work painted white and gilded, and the courts are paved with splendid mosaics.

On the opposite side of the Bosphorus stands Scutari, a compactly built city, occupying the whole water-front on the Asiatic side. Here also are barracks of immense extent for the army and navy, including also a grand hospital, opposite to which is the cemetery in which hundreds of officers of the English and French armies are buried who died in the Crimean war. Truly it is a densely crowded cemetery, almost as much so as Père-la-Chaise. At 8 o'clock we landed in a small boat and were shown to the Custom House. where our baggage was examined and passed; it was then piled on the backs of three men, who proceeded in single file, followed by Joseph and ourselves, through the badly payed, muddy and winding streets, ascending a hill all the way for over a mile to an eminence two hundred and forty feet, to the Hotel d'Angleterre, kept by Joseph Misserei, where we found very comfortable quarters. After breakfast we went to Messrs. Charles S. Hansen & Co., bankers, and had the happiness to find six letters, all filled with good news, down to various dates in March. As many weeks of





The late Sultan, Abdul Aziz. 1869.

silence had elapsed, these blessed messengers gave us both After the letters came an invitation from Messrs Martin, my fellow travellers to Ephesus, to see the Sultan on his way from his palace to the mosk, this being his day of prayer. We took a caique, or boat, on the Bosphorus, and were rowed to the palace, where we took our places in line to see the grand Oriental cavalcade. In waiting was a multitude of gavly dressed men, women, and children, in bright vellow, purple, red, green, brown, and orange silks, made up into long flowing robes, covering the entire person. and the women's faces veiled, all except the eyes. There were also many in carriages and on horseback with gaudy trappings; many of the horses were very fine-spirited animals, led and followed by Nubian slaves in bright colored dresses and trinkets; long lines of soldiers were ranged on both sides of the road, and several bands of music marched at intervals; groups of dogs of half a dozen each lay on the ground. The same sight is common in all Eastern cities; the dogs are, in fact, the only scavengers; without them it is thought, no doubt rightly, that disease would be more prevalent. In an hour his Imperial Majesty's appearance was announced by a grand flourish of trumpets at the palace. which was answered along the line, all the way to the mosk, and the cavalcade soon appeared, as it emerged from the palace gates, headed by a long double line of cavalry, each fully armed and carrying a sword at the right shoulder. Following them came a large company of beautifully dressed boys, then a company of superbly caparisoned beys, and another still more gayly mounted and caparisoned pashas, each with his breast almost covered with brilliant decorations and riding spirited and full-blooded Arab horses. Behind these, and fifty yards apart from the rest, came the Sultan, Abdel-Assize, on a proud and spirited horse. His Majesty was dressed in a suit of black cloth, with a tarboosh on his head and a single decoration on his breast. A mounted

train of men at arms followed and closed the imposing procession.

We dismissed our caïque and returned on foot, and passing the palace grounds we wound our way up the steep hills to the great cemetery beyond. What a spectacle! Like every other Turkish burying place, the most desolate, sad, dreary, and disordered imaginable. Many of the tombstones were lying on the ground, and many others tottering and out of perpendicular. Everything wore the aspect of decay and neglect. While waiting for the Sultan, I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. H. G. DeForest and family.

After lunch, wife and I took a walk; we bought some pieces of jewelry; diamonds and pearls are much cheaper than in other markets.

Constantinople is noted for its cries, which are almost the only sounds heard, there being no vehicles, or very few. There are no carts, wagons, or drays for heavy loads. Everything is piled on the backs of men; it is astonishing to see what weighty and bulky burdens are thus carried with seeming ease. The bodies of the porters bend almost double with their faces to the ground. I have seen a man with an ordinary sized bale of cotton, or two full barrels on his back, and they seem to think nothing of marching off with a trunk of Saratoga dimensions up a steep hill. The dogs, as I have said, are very numerous. Their sagacity is marvellous; they divide the city into districts, each of which is occupied by a certain class, and so strict is canine law that all trespassers are immediately driven off, and the trespasser is frequently killed. One of these fights happened in our presence, and so ferociously was the trespasser set upon that he would have been killed, but for the interference of some soldiers. I am told that the same regulations and laws exist in all the great Oriental cities among the dogs.

At 7 we dined, after a hard day's work in sight-seeing and

shopping, most of which was done on foot, except when we were fortunate enough to get a palanquin for my wife, who finds it, as indeed does everybody else, most fatiguing to go about on foot in this badly paved city.

At II A.M. we started in a carriage with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton to visit the mosks and other places, on the invitation of Mr. H. G. DeForest, who holds a firman admitting us to these places.

We first went to the ancient Seraglio on the west side of the Golden Horn, which we crossed on a long bridge. After a deal of Turkish palavering, and putting on slippers, we were admitted to the kiosk, which is a magnificently furnished building. This is the palace of the Sultan Murad: it is composed of a large number of fine buildings in one grand enclosure ornamented with rare and splendid plants and flowers. One of these buildings has a series of magnificent apartments, the walls of one of which are covered with mosaic work of mother-of-pearl and tortoise shell. In another there is a great collection of ancient arms, taken, as is said, at the conquest of Bagdad. Another room is devoted to the library and contains only Arabic books and manuscripts. The throne room is unique; the throne is placed on an elevated platform shaped like a bedstead, with four posts fifteen feet high. From this building we passed through a grand arched gateway of great massiveness and splendor, called "The Sublime Porte," into an extensive open area. Over this gate are places in which the heads of persons who are executed are exhibited, and about two hundred vards to the left is the place of execution where the stone block stands on which decapitation of the condemned takes place. On the opposite side of this plaza is the Tribunal of Justice, also the Senate Chamber. In front of the tribunal there is a gigantic sycamore which almost rivals that at Damascus in size. The trunk is hollow and enclosed by a door. The room in this trunk is only occupied on special occasions; it is

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capable of holding a number of persons comfortably. The top of this tree is still green and flourishing and bids fair to survive for centuries. Our guide next conducted us to the arsenal, which was a Greek church in the olden time. The entrance is dark and spacious and the interior is vast and grand. On each side of the entrance are effigies of armed men as sentinels, clothed in mail and ancient armor. The spacious interior is literally crowded with arms of all sorts. both ancient and modern, from the floor to the roof, arranged in an endless variety of shapes and forms, and in all manner of Oriental devices. No description can do this vast armory justice, or give more than a very feeble idea of its immensity. As to the adaptability of this forest of weapons for modern fighting. I should say that five hundred men armed with modern instruments would defeat a host such as this vast arsenal could equip, even were they equal in skill and pluck to the Spartan five hundred. We passed into adjoining rooms and buildings filled in like manner, and also containing innumerable suites of mail, coated with rust and dirt. and rapidly going to decay. In the passages to the various rooms and buildings there are many ancient objects of intense interest to the antiquary, among them a very fine Medusa's head in marble, and a large collection of marble statues and bronzes, some of them in fragments. Here also we were shown a sarcophagus, said to be that of Constantine the Great. It is of red granite or marble, and is very massive and artistically sculptured: near by there were also three other sarcophagi of smaller dimensions and like material. but not of equal finish. There were also many fragments of fine sculptures in pure white marbles, which were collected near the city. The party next drove to the renowned mosk of St. Sophia, where, after the usual hesitancy and palayering among the keepers, we were admitted. The exterior is grand and imposing with its huge and magnificent dome, which rivals that of St. Peter's at Rome in

its dimensions. First, we ascended the great stone-paved sloping hallway to the grand gallery of the mosk, and took positions on an elevated platform which commands a view of nearly the entire interior, the vastness of which cannot be realized at first sight, but it gradually grows on the beholder as he gazes at it in mute astonishment. I could not learn dimensions from the guide, neither have I any hand-book which affords such information, but I would estimate the length of the interior at not less than three hundred and fifty feet and the breadth at three hundred feet. Height of dome from floor say two hundred feet. There are a great number of columns, all in different styles, brought mostly from other ancient temples, such as Baalbek, Corinth, Troy, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus (doubtful), and other places. These are, of course, objects of deep and intense interest, and it is impossible to study them properly when with a party. Many of the most ancient of these columns, which have stood in their places hundreds of years, are seemingly in a tottering condition; they are held together and supported by huge bands and clamps of brass and bronze; some of them are quite out of perpendicular and look as though a slight earthquake shock would prostrate this grand and ancient temple.

It is admitted that this was originally a Christian church, of which many evidences are constantly cropping out despite all efforts of the Turks to obliterate them. For instance, in the four angles under the dome, there are colossal figures representing cherubim veiling their faces with their wings, and despite all attempts to blot it out, there is still to be seen the face of the Saviour, looking down from the lofty ceiling of the dome.

In the huge and ponderous gates of this temple which are of solid bronze, there were originally crosses in the panels, which were nearly all destroyed by the Turks by tearing off the transverse parts, the marks of which are still distinct in the color of the metal, and the holes for the rivets which fastened them.

We were conducted to the ground floor, and walked over its immense area which is covered with soft carpets and rugs for worshippers, many of whom were on their knees engaged in their devotions.

The rug on which Mohammed prayed is suspended on the wall, and is regarded as a most sacred relic. To infidel eyes there is nothing remarkable in its appearance; it is simply an old carpet, which looks as if it might soon drop in pieces. Being wearied, we sat down on a step, but were soon ordered by an attendant to move. We were not in haste to obey, when another approached and said, "This is not a coffeehouse; move on or leave."

From St. Sophia we were conducted to the mosk of Sultan Achmed, the exterior of which is grand and majestic, while its six tall, tapering, beautiful and graceful minarets relieve the temple from its otherwise heavy and ponderous appearance. The interior is spacious and superb. There are four marble columns in it, each of which is said to be seventy feet in circumference. From each of these columns water flows for the use of worshippers. The extent of this grand interior may be estimated in part when I add that these four enormous columns do not interrupt the view of the entire area any more than do the pillars in our churches.

On one side of this great building there is a magnificent quadrangular court with columns on the four sides, each of which is of a different colored marble from the other. We were shown the place which was occupied in ancient times by the Hippodrome, in and around which there are many objects of intense interest. One of these is an obelisk which was taken from Heliopolis, Egypt, and which, according to the rendering by the learned of hieroglyphic legends on it, antedates Christ sixteen hundred years. This obelisk was brought to, and erected in its present place by Theodosius

the Great, A.D. 300; it stands on a magnificent marble pedestal with fine sculptures. There is another column of copper or brass in the form of intertwined serpents. The heads are gone, and only some twelve or fifteen feet of the column remain: it is surrounded by an iron railing to protect it. This column was brought from the Temple of Apollo in Corinth, and it once bore upon its summit the tripod of Delphi, which was consecrated to Apollo by the Greeks after the victory of Platææ. It is said that Mohammed the Second, in order to try the metal of his sword, cut off one of the serpent's heads, which is now preserved in the museum here, and was shown to us. Another marvel of the Hippodrome is an ancient colossus of stone (built of square blocks) about one hundred feet in height, with an immense block of stone resting on the top. So frail does this enormous structure look by the loose appearance of the stones composing it (many of which have fallen off, leaving its circumference at the base less than at the top, and out of perpendicular), that it seems as if the touch of a child would throw it down. This column existed several centuries before the time of Constantine, who repaired it. It was originally covered with gilded copper, which the Turks stripped off when they captured the city.

We next visited the Museum of the Costumes of the Janissaries, a large, very fine, and most interesting collection. Thence we went to the Cisterns of Constantine, supported by several hundred marble columns. Thence to the tomb of the father of the reigning Sultan, which is magnificent. It is surrounded by a railing of solid silver and surmounted by a tarboosh ornamented with clusters of magnificent diamonds, and over the catafalque lay a shawl of finest texture of camel's hair. There we were also shown the tombs of the mother of the Sultan and some of his children and sisters, all splendidly ornamented and partly covered with the most costly and rich camel's hair shawls. All these tombs

are enclosed in a magnificent kiosk, splendidly carpeted, and lighted by a very grand chandelier suspended from the centre of the lofty dome. Of course we were required to put on slippers on entering this superb dormitory.

From here we drove to the grand bazaars of Stamboul, which are so numerous, various, and extensive, and so full of all sorts of Oriental merchandise as to baffle description.

Yesterday was Good Friday in the Greek Church. I visited the principal one in the city, an immense building, filled with a very large crowd of worshippers. Some of the priests were distributing flowers to the people as they passed in procession before them, each handing the priest a few paras in return. In the centre of this church there is a catafalque claimed to be the true place in which our Lord's body lay. It is open at both ends. Many persons entered it on all-fours at the left end and came out at the right end; each person having a sick child entered with the child; they believe this to be a sure and infallible cure. Every worshipper, on approaching, stooped down reverently and kissed the place.

May 2d (Sunday).—Greek Easter. The city was in an uproar last night after 12 o'clock; rejoicing by the Greeks on the Resurrection of the Saviour. The firing of guns, pistols, and firecrackers was incessant. It is raining this morning, and we were housed till 1 o'clock, when it cleared. At 3 o'clock I went to the Mission Chapel and heard an excellent discourse by the Rev. Mr. Milliken.

May 3d.—Easter Monday. All the Greek and Armenian bazaars are closed, and the city wears the appearance of a holiday. Firearms are heard in all directions, just as with us on the 4th of July, and processions of men, in great variety of picturesque costumes, are following bands of musicians playing on drums, rude pipes made of reeds, and an instrument exactly like the bag-pipes of Scotland, except that they are made of the entire skin of a sheep or of a calf in the

natural state, with the wool or fur on. There are said to be thousands of people from the surrounding country to see and join in the sports of the Easter holidays. Men with huge dancing bears go up and down the streets. One of these specially attracted attention. The man is covered with rags of gaudy colors: his long, uncombed locks and ringlets hang over his face and shoulders, and a feather of bright red and orange in his hat: his eyes are brilliant, and his features are regular and handsome with a manly beauty. Our guide says he is from Circassia. Mr. Bacon, a merchant of London, and Major Hunter of the British Army, on his way to revisit the battle-fields of the Crimea, in which he was engaged, accompanied us to the bazaars of Stamboul. Mr. Bacon, from an acquaintance of many years with these bazaars, was a most excellent guide and interpreter. We called at the bazaar of Samuel Moses, known to travellers by the name of "Far-away Moses," and enjoying the reputation of an honest Jew. He opened out his treasures of all sorts to us, and we purchased some very beautiful table, chair, and cushion covers at satisfactory prices. Mr. and Mrs. Blackstone called on us, and proposed to accompany us as far as Vienna with their courier, as our good Joseph is obliged to return to Alexandria. This evening was spent very pleasantly at Mr. and Mrs. DeForests', where we found Mr. E. Joy Morris, our Ambassador to Turkey.

May 4th.—In strolling through the streets to-day I saw great crowds of men, women, and children, said to be from distant provinces of Asia. Among them were many Greeks and Russians, all in the picturesque costumes of their countries. Groups of these visitors were dancing to the music of the bagpipes, the whole scene, except the costumes, bearing a strong resemblance to sights I had witnessed in the Highlands of Scotland. The Rev. Mr. Bliss of the American Mission, and representing the Bible Society, called, and we had an interesting hour with him. He informed us of the work

performed here by the Mission, and was much encouraged. In the evening he sent us some late New York papers, which, next to letters, are a great treat.

This afternoon we—my wife and I—walked to the bridge across the Golden Horn, to take a boat to Scutari on the Asiatic side, in the province of Bithynia: but the weather was unpropitious and we took a carque and went to see the caïques of the present and past Sultans. That of the reigning Sultan is very large, with many banks of oars and fitted up in sumptuous Oriental style, with gorgeous drapery, divans, gilding and bronzing. We continued our stroll on the Golden Horn, viewing Stamboul, Galata, and Pera, and then landed and climbed the steep and badly paved streets to our hotel. Of all the cities in the East, this is the most difficult and fatiguing to traverse. It is built on several hills. some of them very steep, and all of them very badly paved with round and rough stones worn so smooth that care must be taken to prevent falling. The buildings are strong and well fortified as if in constant anticipation of assault. Our hotel has heavy iron doors and shutters, and is floored with stone covered with wood. The walls are as thick as those of a fortress, and everything about it is suggestive of violence from without. We spent a pleasant hour this evening with Mr. and Mrs. Blackstone. They kindly suggested a trip up the Danube to Vienna, and a visit to St. Petersburg, which latter we will have to consider before answering.

May 5th.—Up at 5. Mr. William A. Booth and family, and Mr. and Miss Crocker arrived at our hotel at 6.30, and at 9, accompanied by Miss Booth, we started off sight-seeing and shopping. We bought Salonica, Smyrna, and Persian rugs and some trifles at a total cost of between eight hundred and nine hundred francs. Went to Galata to purchase a packing chest, price sixty francs. Went to a neighboring bazaar and bought one precisely the same—as Joseph said—for sixteen francs, made of cypress wood, to pack our rugs

for exportation. Such is the mode of dealing among the Turks.

The principal incumbrances in the streets are the dogs; to-day we counted twenty-one within a length of one hundred feet. The most animated sights are on the Golden Horn, which forms the most beautiful harbor in the world, with its clear deep waters, so deep as to permit ships of the line to go to the banks at any point. These waters are crowded with all sorts of craft, from the Sultan's ships of war, of which there are six riding in a line in front of the palace, foreign war-ships and great steamers, to innumerable small vessels, and a swarm of graceful caïques, which glide along the surface like swans. The views from the bridges across the Golden Horn are magnificent, extensive, and ever-changing. Nearly the whole city, including Scutari on the Asiatic side, lies in full view, as the traveller reaches the summit of the hill in Stamboul after crossing the first bridge.

May 6th,—Up at 5. Spent half the day in helping to pack, which, with forwarding and passing through the Turkish Custom House are almost insuperable objections to making purchases abroad. At 2 P.M. I took a four-oared carque at the bridge and went to Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus; a strong tide and rough sea consumed an hour in the passage. We took a carriage and drove to the foot of the mountain. On reaching the summit (a laborious trudge) we had views which fully compensated for the fatigue. In the distance, on the margin of the Sea of Marmora, Mount Olympus is clearly visible to the naked eye. The sea, dotted with numerous little islands, all of them high hills and nearly all covered with verdure, is a magnificent sight. To the west lay Stamboul, Galata, Pera, and Tophané (Constantinople) girded in the embrace of the sea, the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus, with innumerable graceful minarets and mosks in all directions. The water is literally covered with a vast crowd of steam and sailing

vessels, and swarming with carques and small craft, of which there are said to be eighty thousand in license.

The magnificent palaces of the past and present Sultans are seen rising in stately and sumptuous grandeur on the margin of the bay and the Bosphorus. From Scutari the view of the Golden Horn is fore-shortened as it stretches far inland, crossed by two bridges and almost black with shipping. The view of the Bosphorus from the same point is longitudinal, and my elevated point of view commands a stretch of vision almost to the Black Sea, including both shores, which are margined and fringed with continuous towns, villages, and country seats, in some places almost touching each other. Looking toward the interior back of Scutari the view is truly superb. Mountains innumerable are seen, and for many miles the great highway leading to the Euphrates and Tigris valley (Mesopotamia) is seen as it winds its sinuous course over the plains and between the mountains and up and along their sides and summits. I can give only this general description of a scene of extensive grandeur and magnificence such as I never beheld. On returning I passed through several groups of women and children seated on mats and rugs enjoying the scenery with evident delight. These persons were dressed in long flowing robes covering the whole figure, made of bright silks of all colors, red predominating, and the faces, all but the eves. covered with a thin white veil, but so thin that the features and even the complexions are visible. We passed through the great cemetery at Scutari, in which it is said interments have been made since the capture of Constantinople in 1453. so that this immense necropolis is more densely populated than the great city on the European side of the Bosphorus (almost within hailing distance), from which it draws its recruits every day. We drove several miles around this interminable burying-ground and found it extended several miles further. I can say, without fear of contradiction, that this

is the most sad and dreary cemetery perhaps in the world, outside of Turkey. The light of day is almost totally excluded by the dense growth of cypress, that blackest and most funereal of all trees, and the sadness of the place is rather increased than diminished by the many groups of gayly dressed women and children who gather there to spend their time in eating, drinking, and smoking on the graves of deceased friends. The tombstones stand, or rather mostly lie, very close together; not one of them is erect; all lean over until they fall, giving the graves an appearance of neglect and confusion. Many of the stones are splendidly gilded; others are painted in every conceivable color; many of them are elaborately sculptured, but wholly devoid of beauty or artistic skill.

I passed from this to the English cemetery where thousands of heroes lie who fell in the war of the Crimea in 1855 and 1856. This cemetery presents an entirely different appearance from the other. Here all is regularity, neatness, beauty, and brightness. The Turkish cemetery suggests the startling legend at the entrance of a great burying-place I have read of, "Death is an eternal sleep." The English cemetery, on the contrary, brings to mind the cheering and consoling words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

The grand monument in the English cemetery was erected by Queen Victoria; it is indeed a majestic, beautiful, and royal shaft of granite and marble. I think it is about sixty feet high. It has four figures, one on each corner, of colossal size, representing angels in various attitudes. The grounds are in fine order and ornamented with trees, shrubs, and flowers. We returned to Scutari and thence to Stamboul in a steamer, fare, three-fourths of a piastre or three half-pence. On returning we passed close under the guns of the Sultan's new war-ships (all steamers), each flying the crescent at the

peak and each armed with steel ordnance. These fine warsteamers, of equal size, rig, and armament in all respects, are the pride of the Turkish navy. They are anchored in line exactly opposite the Imperial Palace, as if his Imperial Majesty delighted to have them constantly in view.

May 7th.—Overslept; up at 6. After breakfast Mrs. B. and I went in a barouche to the Imperial Palace to see the Sultan go in state to prayers, this being the Mohammedan Sunday. We had a beautiful drive through the city and such of the suburbs as are included in Tophané and Pera, the city being divided into four sections; the other two are called Galata and Stamboul, the latter being ancient Constantinople.

The suburbs in the immediate neighborhood of the palace are filled with barracks of immense capacity, some of them being old palaces, and all of them having a very fine appearance. On passing these barracks, bugle answered bugle. announcing the preparation for the starting of the imperial escort to move toward the palace, and very soon the roads were filled with regiments, each preceded by a fine band of music. There was a great turn-out of people in their gayest attire lining both sides of the roads, and occupying positions in groups and lines on every available elevated point, forming a scene of great animation and beauty. I have already attempted to describe the palace gates; to-day they seemed to me more grand and splendid than at first sight. I cannot conceive of a more noble and stately entrance for royalty. We drove to a position opposite the upper wall of the Harem in line with other carriages, and in about half an hour the bugles sounded and the long lines of cavalry and infantry stood in open order, presenting arms, ready to receive the Sultan. I endeavored to describe the cavalcade of a few days ago; but that was on a small scale compared with this, though in other respects similar. This is a special holiday, the anniversary of the conquest of Constantinople by

Mohammed the Second, about the middle of the fifteenth century, and there is a great display of state, military, and naval forces and officers, and an immense gathering of the populace. The procession was headed by a long double line of cavalry on each side of the road followed by a regiment of infantry, the imperial carriages, each drawn by four magnificent gray horses, and led by grooms. The carriages were unoccupied: then came a large company of military and naval officers, followed by the Cabinet Ministers of the Sultan, and following them his Imperial Highness, the Sultan, flanked by footmen on each side and horsemen outside of these. Then came a large and brilliant company of Pashas, Beys, and so forth, all glittering in decorations and orders which covered the breasts of some of them. The rear was brought up by a very fine regiment of infantry, and the procession closed with a regiment of cavalry. I never saw such horses; there was not an inferior one among them, and such mounting! some of them were resplendent with gold. The Sultan's horse, of course the finest of all, was caparisoned in a style of magnificence becoming the distinguished rank of the rider. The Sultan was bare-handed, and in respect to attire much the plainest in the cavalcade, distinguished only by a magnificent star of diamonds on the breast of his black coat. Behind the Sultan rode his little son with a star of brilliants on his jacket, attended by a brilliant party, all mounted on splendid horses. When the procession had passed we drove toward the "Sweet Waters," driving through gay throngs of people dressed in bright colors, all keeping high holiday, most of them on foot and a few in carriages of all sorts, gorgeously gilded and otherwise ornamented and some quite plain. These carriages contained only ladies; gentlemen were all mounted on fine horses. We passed over an uninteresting country for three or four miles, and came suddenly in sight of the river known as the "Sweet Waters," from its beautiful natural and artificial

surroundings. It is a crooked and narrow stream which rises in the mountains and flows into the Golden Horn. walled on both sides with masonry, giving it somewhat the appearance of a canal. The banks are beautified with gardens filled with trees, shrubbery, and flowers, and ornamented with rivulets, blue-eved ponds, and cascades of clear, bright, and sparkling water. The grounds are very extensive. stretching along the river on both sides for a great distance. Gayly-dressed groups, mostly of women, in long, bright-colored silken robes and white visors, walked or rested on mats or carpets spread on the green daisy-sprinkled sod, and as we walked our horses the passing of men, women, horses, and gay equipages seen through openings and vistas in the shrubbery and trees formed such a bright panorama as cannot be easily described. There were games and musical parties on all sides: it was indeed a most enchanting scene. Among the games and amusements was one which was participated in by the most expert horsemen, who occupied a campus or plain outside the garden. These men were mounted on very fleet horses and armed with long, heavy poles of hard wood, which they carried in the right hand, using the left to guide the horses; suddenly they darted off, dashing at full speed across the plain, and hurling their poles at each other, with, in almost every instance, unerring aim, and when they struck sometimes hurling the rider from his horse or inflicting a serious blow on either rider or horse. Joseph says this sport is common in Syria, where it not infrequently happens that men and horses are killed. The tilt was conducted in perfect good-nature, even on the part of the wounded. We saw only three Americans and no Europeans at the "Sweet Waters:" why, we could not learn. We called on Mr. Morris, our Ambassador, and on Mr. Goodenough, our Consul-General, but finding neither, left our cards, and in the evening they returned our calls. This afternoon we received an invitation to visit our missionaries at Bebek on the Bosphorus, six miles from Constantinople, and spend the night with them in company with Mr. Wm. A. Booth and family, but we were reluctantly obliged to decline.

May 8th.—Up at 5.30. After an early breakfast, I went with the Rev. Mr. Johnson, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, to the Tower built by the Genoese, or, more properly speaking, to the successor of that Tower, the first having been thrown down by an earthquake. We ascended to the top by a flight of two hundred and thirteen steps, and obtained a magnificent view, on land and water, for a circuit of many miles.

We again visited the bazaars of Stamboul. Joseph was our guide to-day. We bought a few things, and wandered over these extensive markets; visited the "Arms Bazaar," an immense ancient building designed for a khan, now stored to repletion with ancient and modern arms of all sorts, and also with an endless variety of other antiquities. This is a place of much interest—a great museum, where a day would be too short to satisfy the curious and the antiquary. We returned to our hotel, all the way on a walk, the streets were so bad and our carriage so rickety. A large part of this day was spent in getting the chest ready for shipment and going through consular and custom-house formalities.

On my way through the streets I encountered a large body of firemen rushing along at reckless speed, quite naked, except a breech cloth. The engine was carried on the shoulders of two men; others preceded them to clear the way, the sweat literally pouring from their bodies with excitement and exertion. Their precipitancy was in amusing contrast with the tone and manner of the police, who lazily drawled out, "There—is—a—fire!"

May 9th (Sunday).—We remained in until 2.30 P.M., when we went to church in the grounds of the Dutch Embassy, and heard the Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Edinburgh, on the

text, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"—an excellent sermon.

May roth.—Up at 4.30 to get our chests and a large trunk through the Custom House, which, it is said, will be unpacked before it is passed. Mr. Morris, our kind Ambassador, saved this great vexation by giving me a letter to the Custom House authorities, who passed the chest unopened.

We again crossed to Stamboul and visited the great Drug bazaar. Bought one and a half pounds of the finest Turkish rhubarh root for three and one half francs! We strolled through the almost interminable labyrinths of bazaars, and bought a few more things. Our kind and gentlemanly Ambassador, Mr. Morris, gave me much information of great interest as to the condition of this empire, its peculiar government and people, its beauties, agriculture, laws, and products, in which I was deeply interested. He says it is a very difficult government to deal with. It demands firm and decided action. He gave me some illustrations. He related a most interesting case which had only that day been favorably settled. It was the case of three young Americans who landed at Smyrna, intending to cross the country to Thibet, but were captured by brigands near Ephesus and lost everything but their lives; they were left entirely naked; horses, knapsacks, clothing, and money, all gone. In that condition they kept in hiding all day and travelled all night, reaching Smyrna the British Consul clothed and sent them on to him at Constantinople. He had settled their claim that very day by accepting one-half, and was glad to get that. Mr. Morris says it is unsafe to travel outside the cities and towns of the Ottoman Empire without a strong guard. Even the natives go armed.

Mr. Morris's description of the beauties of the Bosphorus makes it simply a land of enchantment, filled with valleys, mountains, hills, plains, rivulets, lakes, and cascades, which, as he said, when traversing the eighteen miles on the Bosphorus, between the Golden Horn and the Black Sea, took him completely by surprise every time he visited it, although he had resided in the neighborhood more than eight years He says he has sometimes lost his way when half an hour from his country seat, and has been obliged to ascend an elevation to find his lost path. None but those who have seen it, he says, can comprehend the loveliness, magnificence. and grandeur of the country on both banks of the Bosphorus between the Sea of Marmora and the Black Sea. So narrow is the Bosphorus in some places that the singing birds in Asia can be heard in Europe! Mr. Morris tells me that the depth of water at the farthest end of the Golden Horn is ninety feet, so that ships of the line lie up to the land. The Turks have no docks even for their great navy vard. All vessels anchor out in the offing, and all communication with them must be carried on by caïques or other small hoats.

There is an enormous collection of most interesting things here, especially of ancient relics, which history partly accounts for from the fact that when Constantine removed the seat of government of the Roman Empire to this city early in the fourth century, he beautified it with large collections of works of art from the surrounding countries, which comprised the whole of the then known world. Here are to be seen invaluable relics from Heliopolis, Thebes, and other places in Egypt; Jerusalem, Damascus, and Baalbek in Palestine and Syria; from Corinth, Ephesus, and other places; in short, Constantine made it the storehouse of works of the highest order of ancient art, the most of which have disappeared, and the remainder is disappearing under the semi-barbarous rule of the Turk, who owes his existence and retention of power from year to year to the vigilant jealousy of the great Powers of Europe, who are constantly fearful of the disturbance of the "Balance of Power." It is said to be this alone which keeps the finest and most interesting portions of ancient lands, closely and intimately allied to the literature of Greece and Rome, of the highest rank, and what is of infinitely greater importance, it includes the cradle of the human family, the lands of the sacred books, and of the birthplace of the Saviour of mankind, which have for centuries been under the rule of a semi-barbarous nation.

At 12.30 P.M. we went on board of the steamer Pluto of the Austrian-Lloyd's line, bound to Varna in Bulgaria, a fortified seaport of European Turkey, on the southwest shore of the Black Sea, at the mouth of the Prayadi. We bought our tickets for passage and state-room at the company's office, but had to fight for the room when we went on board; no contract made on shore seems to be respected on ship. This day Joseph left our service and returned to his home at Alexandria. He first saw our luggage and ourselves on board. He had been in our service as dragoman, as Consul Hale said, twice as long as he had known in any other case. We took leave of Joseph with sincere regret. He rowed to the Egyptian steamer near by, which takes him to Alexandria. I watched his boat till he was out of sight; he waved his handkerchief and wiped his eyes until concealed from our view. Poor Joseph! A more honest and better-hearted fellow I never knew.

Our ship sailed at 4 P.M. Our fellow passengers were Mr. Booth and family, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstone, and Mr. and Miss Crocker. Truly the Bosphorus is too beautiful for my feeble attempts to describe. Both banks—the Asiatic and European—are an almost unbroken line of country houses, palaces, mosks, minarets, and other structures. On the right bank, going toward Bebek, are seen the once grand towers and fortifications of Mohammed the Second, erected about the middle of the fifteenth century. This point formed the base of operations of the Turks when they took Constantinople. The ruins of walls of enormous height and thickness are seen here, showing the strength of this place

in that century. These walls and fortifications of great extent are also seen all along the Asiatic side for several miles until we entered the Black Sea about 6 P.M., when the land-scape soon faded from view.

May 12th.—Up at 5. We had had a quiet, though a very foggy night on the Black Sea, so that the ship lay to for some hours, in consequence of which we did not reach Varna till 7.30 instead of 4, when due. We had a smooth sea for landing, which is done in small boats as usual. Varna, like all Oriental places, looks best at a distance. It is a walled town and covers a long stretch of the hillsides, and seems to be compactly built. In the centre and on the highest point stands the palace of the Pasha or governor, and viewed from the steamer the place looks picturesque and even beautiful. with its mosks, minarets, and red-tiled roofs interspersed with trees. On landing we took carriages, which are furnished by the railroad company, to the station, where we got a tolerable breakfast, and after lounging about for some hours. we started at eleven. The road from Varna to Roustchuck runs through a magnificent and highly cultivated country, the surface of which is rolling, and in some parts we thought it was singularly like the Illinois prairies. There is an unceasing variety of charming scenery; the train sometimes passed for an hour or two on the summit of a high ridge, showing on both sides to a great extent, and as far as the eve could reach, mountains, hills, and valleys of surpassing beauty, dotted here and there with trees in groves, groups, and singly, which greatly increased the picturesque effect. Here, and also along the whole length of the road, were to be seen great flocks of sheep, cattle, and horses, and we passed through and in sight of many towns and villages; but we saw no farm-houses by themselves, or at a distance from others, showing a wild and lawless condition of the country, which requires association for protection and defence. There is scarcely a wall or fence to be seen except in the villages around gardens and farm-houses. Such is a brief sketch of the province of Bulgaria and the adjoining one, Roumania. All the other Danubian principalities are, as I am told by one of my fellow-travellers, as beautiful and fertile as the country through which we have passed to-day from the Black Sea to the Danube, and I must say that I never saw a more truly magnificent and more highly cultivated region, in which all the elements of splendid picturesque scenery and agricultural wealth seemed to be combined.

In the same coach with us were our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Blackstone, Dr. Thompson of Edinburgh, Professor Milligan of the University of Aberdeen, and Mr. Stitt of Liverpool. all very agreeable and most intelligent people, so that we spent a very delightful day. We reached Roustchuck on the Danube at 6.30, and went on board the steamer in which we had secured a state-room through the kindness of Mr. Blackstone, for which we had to pay the exorbitant charge of one hundred and sixty-five francs, and such a state-room! It is too small to admit a chair or camp-stool, and is fitted for four persons, two occupying a settee on each wall too short and narrow for comfort, and the other two beds being made by raising the backs of the settees, and fastening them up on the lower sides by straps in the ceiling of the room. There are two small windows, neither of which can be left open at night, and there is no way by which ventilation can be had except by opening the door, which exposes the occupants to every passenger on the boat. The washstand cannot be used, on account of its great height, and it is furnished with only one basin and pitcher, which holds about three pints.

In a few minutes after our arrival at Roustchuck we started on our voyage up the Danube, and had nearly an hour of daylight to view the scenery. On the left bank the land is low and uninteresting, but the right bank is bold and high, with a beautiful and fertile country behind it. I would

estimate the width of the river at about one and one-half to two miles, not varying from that during our progress this evening.

May 13th.—On deck at 3.30 A.M., being unable to sleep in consequence of the bad ventilation and other discomforts of our room. The night was far from agreeable for these causes, and I was glad to escape into the fresh air. The morning was beautiful in the early dawn, and for the first time in five months I heard singing birds; the air is, in fact, vocal with them. The loudest and most beautiful among them is a bird known in the East as the bulbul (the Persian nightingale), which has a clear song of several notes.

In the morning about II we touched at Widdin, the next to the last town in the Turkish Empire, in which we have spent more than five months, and from which we are not sorry to depart, for several reasons. Widdin is a large town covering a great area, with some eighteen or twenty minarets rising from it in all directions. The people, great numbers of whom were gathered near the landing, present a very different appearance in many respects from those we saw in other parts of the empire. Physically, they appear to be superior, and in costumes altogether different, dressing more like the people of Western Europe. The vessels present a most singular appearance, looking exactly like the pictures we see of Roman galleys; the bow and stern rise high above water, while at midships they are, when laden, nearly on the water level: many of them are very large, and square rigged, and decorated in a fantastic style with a variety of colors. The scenery, as we ascended the river, continued very fine and very various, and looked like a constantly changing panorama of exquisite beauty. The hillsides in many places swarmed with flocks of sheep, and in some instances cattle, horses, and sheep herded together in large flocks, adding animation to the other beauties of the scenery. All along the shores and in the river, fishermen were engaged in spreading and drawing their nets, with, as far as I could see, very indifferent success. This afternoon the water of the Danube has a thick, muddy appearance, and the river seems to be very shallow. About 7 o'clock we reached a place called Tchernetz in Wallachia, opposite Gladova in Servia. near the place where Trajan threw a bridge across the Danube, some of the arches of which are still visible. Here we tied up for the night, and I went ashore for a walk through the town with Messrs. Blackstone and Lippincott. We found it a flourishing place, in which were many places of amusement filled with people drinking Vienna beer, smoking, and playing billiards, and listening to music. The costumes of the people are entirely different from all we have vet seen, the almost universal head-dress of the men being rough skin caps, and of the women caps of a white material; the dresses of both sexes are of a coarse white cloth, and the peasants wear a broad red girdle or sash round the waist. The people are robust, but not tall, rather under the ordinary stature.

For the first time since I have been in the East I have seen a town without dogs; this was a striking peculiarity of this place which I could not help noticing, considering the vast numbers of those animals in other cities and towns throughout the whole Turkish Empire.

I noticed that guard-houses are very frequent on the river, so near as to be in sight of each other, in which a number of soldiers were seen who are placed there to protect the custom collections of the empire.

May 14th.—Up at 5; the Sophia started at 5.30 on our way up the river, and in a couple of hours we reached Orsova, where we left the boat and went on board of another of lighter draught of water. Here we had to clear at the Custom House, as the place is in Hungary, now a province of Austria. All the baggage was carried to the Custom House, and every piece, large or small, was examined thoroughly. We had no difficulty in passing, but others were

not so fortunate; some had goods confiscated, others were compelled to pay duties on articles, all of which were simply on their way in transitu, to be used in other countries.

The boat started at 8 A.M., and we soon entered the "Iron Gate" of the Danube, so called, I believe, in consequence of the narrowness and rapidity, as well as the rocky and precipitous nature, of the river. This entrance or gate strongly resembles the entrance of the Highlands on the Hudson. although the river is far more rapid and the rocks and mountains much higher and more wild and rugged. We soon came to the finest part of the scenery, which is majestic, and in some places grand and sublime. The naked rocky turrets rise on both sides perpendicularly for several hundred feet, and mountains on mountains rise on each other on both banks of the river, making one of the most magnificent and varied shifting panoramas it is possible to imagine. This has continued for a considerable time to the moment I am writing, when we are just emerging from the narrow to a broad expanse of the river where the great ruined castle of Golumbacs appears in full view. I can learn nothing of the date. (See Murray's Southern Germany, page 575.) In the cavern beneath this immense ruin tradition says that St. George slew the dragon, and the castle is said to have been the prison of the Greek Empress Helena. This castle is a most interesting relic of ancient Roman greatness; it consists of seven huge towers, rising one above the other from the level of the Danube to the summit of a high and rugged cliff, the highest of all being built upon its top. On the west bank of the river are seen the remains of the road built by Trajan, which must have been a herculean work, judging from the immense cuttings in the rocks for many miles. In some places the road is hewn for miles through the hard and solid rocks; in others, openings three or four feet apart have been hewn to admit timbers used as the sleepers of a wooden road projecting over the river. The Carpathian Mountains stretch along the east side of the river to a point opposite the ruined castle of Golumbacs and continue as far as the utmost limit of vision away to the north in a magnificent chain. At 5 P.M. we arrived at Bazias, a pleasant little hamlet on the river from which the train to Pesth, the capital of Hungary, starts. In view of the great delay at this place. if we continued our journey on the river, we could not reach Pesth till the end of the third day after starting, and in view of the fact also that the country along the river from this point to Pesth is low, marshy, and uninteresting, we determined to take the train at 7 P.M., which reaches Pesth at o A.M. to-morrow. We started accordingly, having in our compartment Mr. and Mrs. Blackstone and Mr. and Mrs. Lippincott of Philadelphia; in the next compartment were Mr. Booth and family, and in the next coach Mr. Crocker and daughter.

May 15th.—Travelled all last night very comfortably, and reached Pesth at 6.45 A.M. The part of Hungary traversed last night is as level as our prairies, and in many places the surface retains water, so that the country is said to be very unhealthy. We saw many of the peasants at work in the fields, chiefly females, while the men were loitering around their houses smoking pipes. The whole country presents an appearance of the highest cultivation. Flocks of sheep, cattle, and horses were very numerous and very large, and the cottages had a neat, clean appearance; all of them are of stone and as white as lime can make them, while over the entrances and fronts beautiful vines are trained. The whole country is in the bloom of spring, and everything gives promise of rich and abundant harvests. The costume of the Magyars is various and curious, and in some cases picturesque. On alighting from the train our courier conducted us to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where we again experienced the comforts of civilization, after having been almost deprived of them for the last five months. We breakfasted in a beautiful bower, vocal by the songs of nightingales, and kept green and fresh by fountains of water. After breakfast the party of six rode to see the sights under the guidance of a valet de place, who took us to the hot mineral springs—water so hot as not to be drunk directly after it is drawn. I could not learn its properties or uses, except that it is said to be excellent for all diseases of the skin. The citizens assemble here and enjoy the music of a fine band in the open air, drink beer, and smoke; the pleasure grounds are on the banks of the river, and have a fine view of it for many miles both ways, and are beautifully shaded with fine acacia and other trees, and ornamented with a variety of flowers. We drove to the Imperial Palace, which is on the summit of a hill in Buda, directly opposite Pesth across the Danube. which is spanned by a magnificent suspension bridge of great strength and beauty. At each end of the bridge on both sides is a magnificent monument of drab-colored stone, each surmounted by a colossal statue of a lion couchant, and the piers by which the bridge is supported are also of the same stone, with splendid arches, the keystone of each of which represents a lion's head splendidly sculptured. There is nothing remarkable about the palace except its extent; it covers an immense area, and overlooks Pesth and Buda and the river and surrounding country for many miles. Near it we were shown a church which had once been a mosk, captured from the Turks some two hundred years ago; there is nothing worthy of notice in this church except that it is filled with bad pictures and worse statues. The day being hot (eighty degrees) we drove to the Gallery of Paintings of Prince Esterhazy, and after spending an hour returned to our hotel for lunch. In this whole collection of paintings I did not find more than six or eight that pleased me.

At 5 the party drove to the public park and grounds, where the people assemble in the evening to enjoy themselves. We entered a garden where a very fine band of music was performing, and took Vienna beer; it was excellent. We were driven home by a sudden shower which dispersed the gay throng, and sent them precipitately into every sort of shelter to protect their fine dresses.

We visited the grand synagogue. It is a modern structure, in the Byzantine style, and is a very large and costly building. The interior is immense, and the whole is in harmony as regards decorations with the style of architecture. A service was in progress, conducted by a priest who stood with his back to the congregation and intoned with a very fine voice. At his left, on one side of the temple, were some fifteen or twenty boys who repeated the responses in a sort of chant, making the service to us both solemn and impressive, although we did not understand the language.

May 16th (Sunday).—Up at 6; out at 7 for a stroll. Heard a magnificent chime of bells in a Roman Catholic church. Went to the country market-place. It was crowded with peasants selling their products, and with bakers who had immense piles of black bread before them. The variety of costumes was very great, and had a most picturesque effect. Here, too, were sellers of Romish prints and church emblems, and many other curious things.

Attended church at 4 P.M. Heard a good sermon by the Rev. Mr. Moody.

The party drove to the Public Park, where we estimated the number of persons assembled at about seventy-five thousand, scattered over the lawns and among the groves; all in light summer dresses of bright colors, presenting an appearance of peculiar beauty.

May 17th.—Up at 4, and out for a stroll through the city, before leaving for Vienna. A class of people is seen which is rarely to be met with except at an early hour, and which interested me very much. I saw the peasantry at the markets and the people, chiefly women, who go round with family supplies from house to house. The party left by rail

at 7.30, and reached Vienna at 2.30 P.M. Our route was partly along the Danube, and on the banks of which we saw some places of great interest, such as Vissegrad, which, in ancient time, was a place of great strength. It consists of a number of ruined towers on a high hill, with a long straggling wall of great height and thickness leading from those towers and connecting them with another tower six stories high, and covering a large area near the edge of the river. This was once the residence of the kings of Hungary and Matthias Corvinus, and, it is said, was the scene of many remarkable events in the history of the country. All its glory has long since departed, as it was taken and despoiled by Sultan Solvman early in the sixteenth century; yet there is enough left to show its ancient grandeur and its great magnitude. We passed through a country of great beauty, diversified with the usual variety of scenery, and in the highest state of cultivation, forming a panorama of magnificence and grandeur. The peasantry were engaged in the fields: the hav had just been cut, and was spread out to dry or gathered into neat cocks, and the grain crops waved in all directions, nearly ready for the sickle. The great extent of the vinevards is astonishing, and the culture of them is beautifully exact and regular: and, in short, the whole land seems to wear a broad smile on its face, in the prospect of abundant harvests.

Vienna; Objects of Interest; Luxemburg Palace; Cathedral; Schonbrunn Palace; Fête Dieu Celebration; Gmunden; Roads, Scenery, etc.; Hallstadt; Salzburg.

May 17, 1869.—Having been rapidly whirled over and in sight of Napoleon's great battle-fields, Wagram and Austerlitz, we soon after reached the depot at Vienna, and were carried to the Hotel Archduke Charles. We arrived at 2.30 P.M., and were much pleased with the varied experiences of the day.

In the afternoon the courier brought us letters from sweet home, and from Munroe & Co., telling us of parcels of letters which have not reached us, and which were forwarded some months ago. I telegraphed to Herman Sherer, our courier in 1863 at Zurich, to come at once, and received his answer that he will be with us day after to-morrow.

The party rode to a great park in the outskirts of the city, where we entered a garden and heard two bands of music, each performing alternately. One was the finest military band in the city, the other was the band of Edward Strauss and led by him, while performing some of the most beautiful operatic pieces. The military band played from Lucia di Lammermoor in exquisite style. This is a holiday, and I think it is safe to say that at least two hundred thousand people are enjoying themselves on the streets, roads, and fields and the great public places, all of which are literally filled with rejoicing multitudes in gay summer attire; hun-

dreds of tables are set out in the green lawns and under the trees, with large glasses of yellow beer and a plate of bread on each.

At 7.30 we drove to the hotel through the grand boulevards or new streets of Vienna, which are about two hundred feet wide, with two carriage roads, each bordered with double rows of trees. The buildings in these new streets are chiefly of straw-colored stone, and are in a style of costly splendor that makes each look like a palace. Truly Vienna may be called (as it is) the "Emperor's City."

Our drink is beer exclusively, and a pleasant one it is; in fact, the water is so bad, being strongly impregnated with lime, that it is not drinkable.

May 18th.—Overslept; up at 6.30, cause—beer. After breakfast, wife and I loitered out and spent four hours in going from shop to shop gazing in the windows. We bought a few little things. The shops are elegant and the wares are in endless variety and in good taste. The specialties of Vienna are Russia leather articles, tortoise-shell, amber, Bohemia lace, glasses of all kinds, photographs, etc.

The party met at lunch at 2 and devoted the rest of the day to sight-seeing under the guidance of "Cataldi," Mr. Blackstone's courier, who has taken us in charge until Herman arrives

Visited the "Volksgarten," the entrance to which lies through a grand square surrounded by the buildings of the Imperial Palace and ornamented with splendid equestrian statues in bronze. The grounds are laid out in a magnificent style in variously shaped lawns and parterres of the finest and rarest flowers and shrubberies. A part of these great and magnificent pleasure grounds is called the "Paradisgarten," and might fill our notions of Paradise but for the numerous coffee-houses and restaurants. There is a building in it which is said to be a copy of the Temple of Theseus at Athens, which was erected specially for Canova's

group of Theseus killing the Centaur. We stood before it in mute admiration for a long time.

We next drove to the Capuchin church, under which is the great burial chambers of the imperial family. We were conducted down the gloomy staircase, and through the dark halls by a monk of the order, to the great vaults in which some seventy royal personages repose in stately grandeur. Each occupies a magnificent case of bronze or solid silver variously ornamented with figures in bold relief, in a style which utterly defies all attempts at description. Many of these grand catafaloues and tombs are so elaborate that they cost immense sums of money: one of them is said to contain thousands of pounds of solid silver, and that the workmanship costs four times as much as the metal; it is composed of many groups of appropriate figures, all in bold relief, and as large as nature, done in the most artistic manner. I am within bounds when I say that a proper examination of these tombs would consume more than a long day. I cannot enumerate the names of all the sleepers in this imperial dormitory; the monk, who conducted us with a torch, spoke in German, and the only names I remember are those of Maria Theresa; Francis, her husband; Joseph the Second, her son; Napoleon the Second, Duke of Reichstadt; and Maximilian. Emperor of Mexico. Among the regal throng lies the Countess Fuchs, the teacher of Maria Theresa.

We next visited the church of the Augustines, which contains the monument of the Archduchess Christina of Saxe Teschen, one of the grandest works of Canova's chisel. It is in the form of a pyramid of gray marble twenty-five or thirty feet high, in which is an open door with broad steps leading up to it. This door represents the entrance to the vault. On either side is a sad group slowly ascending the steps toward the entrance of the tomb. In one of these groups Virtue is seen bearing an urn which contains the ashes of the deceased to be laid in the tomb; by her side are

two small female figures, each bearing a torch; behind these Benevolence follows, supporting the trembling figure of an old man, heart broken with grief, and weighed down with infirmity; at his side a little boy is walking with clasped hands and downcast face, admirably expressive of deep sorrow. On the other side a lion crouches, and near him a figure in sympathy with the other, expressive of grief. A medallion of the deceased is placed over the entrance of the tomb held up by a winged figure. This is a most wonderful work, and cannot fail to compel sympathy and profound admiration in the heart of any beholder the longer he gazes on it. After these visits we drove through the great boulevard which surrounds the city, and which is ornamented with an almost unbroken line of palaces on each side.

May 20th.—The visit to the Imperial Regalia to-day was unsatisfactory in consequence of the crowd of persons, but we saw enough of it to form some estimate of the enormous wealth contained in these splendid rooms.

May 21st.—Strolled through the streets till I P.M. Took lunch at a restaurant, and at 2.30 drove to the Imperial Picture Gallery in the Upper Belvedere, which has a vast number of very fine pictures and is said to be second only to the Dresden Gallery. The grounds surrounding this palace are exceedingly beautiful and kept in splendid order. They are ornamented with a great variety of marble statues and fountains, a fine view of which and of the whole city is obtained from the palace windows. We walked through these royal gardens to the "Lower Belvedere" at the other extremity. This was an ancient palace, but is now used as a grand museum, and contains the "Ambras" collection of ancient This collection was removed from the Castle of Ambras in the Tyrol, and comprises, also, many antique sculptures and bronzes; among them are some bas-reliefs of the Battle of the Amazons and a number of Roman helmets in bronze. There is also a fine collection of Egyptian antiquities here with some good specimens of scarabæi, mummies, and sarcophagi. Among the collection is a sphinx of marble with three heads. The Ambras collection was found in the sixteenth century, and occupies seven apartments, all filled with objects of very great interest. There are many suits of ancient armor of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries and many original portraits and busts of renowned men of those days. The authenticity of this collection is proved by the original letters of the Archduke Ferdinand. who made the collection and the original replies to these letters, which are preserved in the collection. Three of the rooms are filled with ancient armor. The first room contains suits which belonged to members of the imperial family: the second, those of the princes and nobles of Germany: the third, those of Italian and Spanish princes and nobles. In the collection may be seen the helmets of Francis the First of France, the battle-axe of Montezuma of Mexico, and a superb suit of Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma (1502). which is very remarkable for its fine workmanship. In this collection there are also one hundred and thirty portraits of European princes belonging to various ages, and six hundred portraits of other persons, some of them in a rude style of execution. Among the royal portraits are those of Charles V., Philip II. of Spain, and Mary Queen of Scots. There is also a portrait of Charles V., by Titian, in the sixth room.

At 5 we drove home to dinner and at 6.30 drove out to the "Prater," which is the Hyde Park of Vienna, where may be seen the equipages of all ranks, from those of the Emperor to those of his most humble subjects. We saw a very grand multitude, comprising some magnificently dressed people, splendid horses, liveries and equipages, and returned at 8 to our hotel, feeling that we had really done a full day's work.

May 2d.—Started at II A.M., with Messrs. Blackstone and Lippincott and their wives, to visit the Palace of Luxemburg, ten miles from Vienna. This is the favorite summer resort

of the imperial family, and has been such for three hundred years and unward. The road to it is exceedingly fine lined on both sides with unbroken rows of splendid shade trees. and the country is almost one unbroken field of waving grain, ripening rapidly for the sickle. For many miles in a circuit the land is as level as our prairies, and the soil is evidentiv very rich. In a little more than an hour we reached the stopping-place, where we left our carriages and followed a guide, who conducted us to the palace. We passed through a long series of plainly-furnished apartments, the walls of which were draped with very neat patterns of chintz, and the furniture covered with the same, each room differing from the other, and the whole having an air of the highest and most refined taste. In some of the rooms there were fine collections of paintings, chiefly portraits of members of the imperial families who have occupied them. In every picture room there are several portraits of Maria Theresa, taken at various periods of life, all showing how beautiful she must have been. These portraits also fully confirm the accounts of her historians respecting the character of this empress. Every feature and lineament bespeak the high-toned, magnanimous, and noble woman. From the great dining-hall of this palace we had one of the loveliest and most picturesque views. A magnificent lawn of great extent spreads itself out in front of the windows and stretches to an immense distance, diversified with groups and groves of trees and parterres of shrubbery and flowers, so arranged as to present many beautiful perspectives and vistas, with a temple or tower, or some other interesting object, at the several extremities.

From this palace we were conducted to another through a long avenue of grand old trees and along walks ornamented with statuary, fountains, and flowers on either side, which gave the whole scene the appearance of enchanted ground. This palace is fitted up in a style altogether different from the other, being much richer in its entire furnishing and appointments, and containing a larger and finer collection of paintings and statuary. From here we were conducted by long and winding walks through the splendid grounds and parks which surround these palaces to a beautiful lake, which is fed by a large number of streams, spanned by many bridges in a great variety of styles. There are many gondolas and boats on these waters, into one of which we were invited, and sailed for some time around islands, between narrow, rocky passes, and under bridges of great variety and beauty, with swans and other aquatic birds sailing about or feeding on the green banks, until we reached the Knight's Castle, which is in the middle of the lake, in the style of a feudal fortress of the middle ages, and accessible by means of a rope ferry or flying-bridge. Here may be seen the magnificent suit of armor worn by Charles the Fifth and many other suits of great antiquity and splendor; also original portraits of Philip the Second of Spain and Isabella, his Queen. In one of the turrets there is a chamber in which the Inquisitors sat and tried and condemned prisoners, who were kept in the chamber below until called for, when each was hauled up by a rope run through a pulley in the centre of the Inquisitors' Court, so that the head of the prisoner only was brought into the presence of his judges. Here is also a rack to compel confessions by prisoners. Late in the afternoon we returned to Vienna, much gratified with our visit, and also much fatigued.

May 23d (Sunday).—At 9 I went to St. Stephen's Cathedral to attend High Mass. First, I will attempt a description of the exterior of this great pile which reaches my highest conceptions of the magnificent, massive and sublime in Gothic architecture. The foundations were laid in 1359 and the building was completed in 1480. Its length is three hundred and fifty feet, breadth two hundred and thirty feet. It is partly built on a church which was erected on the same spot

early in the twelfth century. The style is Byzantine: the roof is very lofty and covered with a great variety of colored tiles which glisten in the sun with fine effect. The exterior walls are nearly covered with ancient monuments in bronzes and marbles with many finely sculptured groups The highest tower is four hundred and forty-four feet. It is a magnificent work, composed of an immense number of arches and buttresses which gradually lessen in size from the base to the pinnacle. The greatest of the bells was cast from one hundred and eighty cannon, which were captured from the Turks under Sultan Solvman: it weighs three hundred and eighty hundredweight. From the top of this tower there is a fine view of the battle-fields of Aspern, Essling, and Wagram. In the crypt of this cathedral the bowels of the imperial family are buried, their hearts in the Church of the Augustines, and their bodies in the Church of the Capuchins.

The interior of St. Stephen's is exceedingly grand; the immense size of the clustered pillars, the great height of the nave, the abundance of the rich tinted and stained windows. the wealth of statues and sculptures, also of fine paintings, all combine to give this grand temple a preëminence over all others I have yet seen. Such is the endless variety of works of art in this cathedral that I have neither time nor space, if I had the ability, to describe them in detail. I found an immense concourse of people gathered to witness the celebration of the Mass. The services opened with music both vocal and instrumental, which seemed to be so distant that I was puzzled at first to determine whether it was below or above the roof. The effect was very fine, as it seemed like an angelic choir, so sweet and seemingly remote was it; suddenly a full military band as an accompaniment to the organ struck up with most overpowering effect, playing operatic music; in a few minutes a very full choir of male and female voices joined, producing most effective and overpowering music. As suddenly as it began it ceased, and no sound was

heard except the voice of the officiating priest at the altar as he uttered a short chant to which the choir responded in its softest and sweetest strains. Again the angelic choir is heard at a great distance singing the Gloria in Excelsis, while clouds of incense ascend and almost obscure the altar. At length only the organ is heard, and the voices of the great congregation gradually unite in singing a hymn to a tune full of majestic melody and softness and with an accuracy, harmony, and unison that not a voice was at fault. It was truly grand congregational singing in which several thousands united and were led only by the organ.

We also visited the Church of the Augustines, where we heard a sermon in German, and a full and most effective choir of male and female voices, led by a band of brass and other instruments as an accompaniment of the great organ; it was simply a fine performance of operatic music.

From the Augustines we went to St. Peter's, a magnificent interior, filled with people, where we also found the opera in full blast.

In all these churches the confessionals were occupied, and many persons waiting their turns to enter; all were women of the humbler ranks; each handed in a piece of money. "Poor Boxes" of great size, iron bound and double padlocked, occupy conspicuous places, both on the outside and inside of all these churches, and men walk up and down with a bag at the end of a stick soliciting donations from every one.

May 24th.—Spent the day up to 2 P.M. in shopping and looking in at the splendidly stocked shop-windows, containing an infinite variety of beautiful and attractive wares. After lunch took a carriage and drove to the Schonbrunn Palace, which is a short distance from Vienna. We left our carriages at the upper gate on the top of the ridge in the rear grounds, so as to make it easier in traversing them, the parks and gardens being all on the side of an extensive hill.

The entrance was through a grand avenue of shade trees, in all the lines of which, and indeed in every tree, shrub, plant, and flower on these immense grounds, we could not see a defective branch or leaf. We passed along magnificent avenues, from either side of which other avenues and paths diverged, each combining in itself the most singular beauty. their long vistas terminating in statues, or glimpses of fine buildings, such as summer-houses, the palace arches, or the Gloriette, and having the same effect as is produced in looking through a long telescope, confining the view to a distant object. The place was literally filled with birds of beautiful plumages which made the air vocal with their songs. Much of the great park is left in a state of nature; it is full of grand old trees, separated sufficiently to admit of riding freely among them on horseback; here the visitor can be as secluded as if he were in a wilderness. At a sudden turn we came upon the Gloriette at the extremity of one of the grand avenues. This is a splendid building of commanding height on the summit of the highest ridge, and from it the whole of Vienna and the country can be seen in a circuit. What a magnificent panorama lies before the enraptured beholder on every side! The roof of the Gloriette is reached by a flight of seventy-five steps, and from it the whole palace grounds are clearly visible; around three sides stand the grand forests, in which the birds keep up an incessant concert of song. In front is the splendid Garden, stretching out like a picture of immense size and beauty, with its brilliant lawns, flower-beds, fountains, statuary, and magnificent hedges cut in all sorts of appropriate shapes and forms, such as arches of various kinds under which grand avenues pass. or gateways, or doors for roads, or pathways of all sizes, or niches, in the dark green recesses of which majestic statues are seen. At the foot of this magnificent garden stands the palace, a most imposing building of cream-colored stone. In length it is immense; I should say eight hundred or nine

hundred feet. The grand entrance is in the centre by means of two flights of gracefully winding steps, lighted with many gas lamps. We could not see the interior as the Emperor was within, but we saw the grand state coach driven in, containing his Majesty: it was drawn by six splendid large gray horses with two postilions, two drivers on the box, and two footmen, all in vellow livery with silver trimmings. Within the grounds there is a large and fine collection of animals and birds from every quarter of the world. This royal menagerie is arranged in the form of an immense circle. in the centre of which stands a temple which is occupied by the birds: the outer sides of the circle are divided off into large spaces, which are again subdivided, each subdivision of which contains the cages and houses of the various animals. admirably arranged and classified in such a manner as to give ample space for visitors at safe distances. Among these animals there is an African lion, the finest of his species in Europe, as I was told. Wherever we went, or on whatever side we turned our eves, new views of surpassing beauty met our gaze and arrested our steps, and vet in the enormous extent of these grounds not an ornament is duplicated; every possible diversity is seen and all equally beautiful. There is no violence done to nature, except the clipping of the trees to give them the appearance of huge green solid walls flanking the avenues, walks, and paths; and even the trimming or clipping is done in such a manner that the art of the gardener is concealed or beautifully blended with nature. My eves never beheld such dazzling brilliancy as when they looked on the grand lawn leading from the Gloriette down to the palace; such verdure was never surpassed, except in Egypt; here and there in beautiful order were to be seen splendid parterres of rare flowers, each containing only a single variety and contrasting beautifully with the closely shaven velvet-like grass, in the bosom of which each seemed like a brilliant jewel.

This palace was built as a hunting-seat for the Emperor Matthias, and was furnished by Maria Theresa; it was occupied by Napoieon in 1809, when the treaty of Schonbrunn was signed here, and by his son the Duke of Reichstadt, who died here in 1832.

May 25th.—After breakfast, the Rev. Mr. Johnson and I ascended the tower of St. Stephen's Cathedral (four hundred and eleven steps), from which we had a most extensive and magnificent view; saw four of Napoleon's battle-fields, which I have already named. All the rest of this day was devoted to shopping and strolling through the streets.

May 26th.—The greater part of this day was devoted to three of the best picture galleries. We went first to that of Count Schonborn, which contains a very fine collection though a small one, occupying only three rooms, some of Carlo Dolce's heads, cattle-pieces by Cuyp, and a most remarkable picture by Rembrandt, representing the blinding of Samson by the Philistines. It is a most frightful picture; the agony of Samson makes the beholder shudder and turn away.

The next gallery visited was that of Count Harrach, Freming, which is also remarkable for many grand pictures; here may be seen works of Leonardo da Vinci, Velasquez, Perugino, and others. But the grandest and largest gallery is that contained in the splendid palace of Prince Lichtenstein, in the suburbs of this brilliant capital. Here, in no less than forty grand apartments, the ceilings of which are adorned with paintings by the greatest masters on canvas, there are gathered the immense number of one thousand four hundred and eighty-four pictures, comprising, I believe, almost every school of art, and a very large proportion of the highest excellence. A most remarkable instance of flesh coloring was a head, which I examined with a powerful magnifying glass; the skin is perfectly true to nature, and the face is in every respect perfect. While looking at it, I imagined that it

breathed; such a representation of nature on canvas I never saw before; the name of the artist, I regret to say, is forgotten. The following are some of the artists whose pictures are to be seen in this imperial collection: a large number by Franceschini, all of them admirable, Raphael, Titian, Correggio, Leonardo da Vinci, Guido, Andrea del Sarto, Carravagio, Domenichino, Rubens, Van Dyke, Van Derneer, Albert Durer, Nicholas Poussin, Gerard Dow, and many others whose names I have forgotten; among these pictures are several by Wouvermans, each having his favorite white horse.

The history of the great Roman General Drusus is in six very fine large pictures. The two sons of Rubens in a group are excellent; a portrait of Dow by himself has been pronounced worth one hundred thousand francs. There are some landscapes of exquisite beauty which arrested my notice. The collection is altogether very large and fine, and would take a week at least to examine it properly.

The palace in which this collection is kept is not now inhabited by the prince. It is a magnificent pile of buildings, which are surrounded by beautiful grounds ornamented with woods, flowers, lawns, and shrubbery of great beauty.

May 27th.—This day is celebrated as the highest festival in the Roman Catholic Church. Herman tells me that the day is called the "Fête Dieu." All business is entirely suspended. Every shop and place of business is closed and the whole population is out dressed in holiday attire. The streets through which the grand procession is to pass are planked and carpeted with greens and flowers, and long lines of cavalry and infantry in the most brilliant and various uniforms are stationed to keep the people in order. Army officers on splendid horses in dazzling trappings pass the streets to keep every one in their places. The proprietor of our hotel hired a window for us on the "Graben," the principal street, for which we paid ten dollars in gold. We were up at 5, got breakfast at 6.30, and in our window at 7.30. The great bell

of St. Stephen's is ringing out a merry peal, in which the other bells in the same tower and in the other churches of the city unite, making a grand, harmonious chime. The windows on the Graben from the ground floors to the roofs are filled with groups of gayly-dressed ladies and children, and every available spot in the streets and on the house-tops is occupied with eager gazers impatient for the first glimpse of the procession. Platforms are erected along the fronts of the houses and filled with chairs, which are hired at large prices for the occasion.

At 0.30 the grand procession began to move, headed by long trains of children of both sexes belonging to the various orphan and other asylums of the city. The boys of one asylum were uniformed in brown linen and the girls in red plaid; those of another asylum were in gray and blue. These children were all bareheaded, as indeed were all those who united in the procession, from the Emperor and Empress to the humblest subject, and all were on foot. A fine military band played a grand and solemn air as the head of the procession moved on slowly and all the children sang a hymn in beautiful harmony with the band, and as they moved on toward the grand and majestic old cathedral of St. Stephen's the music of the band seemed to fall away gradually, and the voices of the children to rise above it in beautiful cadences until they were lost in the distance. Next came a company of acolytes in white, bearing banners and flanked by officers in rich picturesque Hungarian uniforms. Then came a body of Hungarian hussars resplendent with gold and silver laces, braids and buttons. After them came portly beadles in bright yellow and crimson, with immense cocked hats covered with gold and silver lace and carrying heavy maces. Then some priests in black frocks touching the ground, then Capuchins with shaven heads and ropes round their waists. Then a very long train of church dignitaries with numerous flags and banners emblazoned with gorgeous crosses and

other designs, and attired in the most splendid vestments of the church, covered with gold and silver and decorated with a great variety of colors, among which red, purple, crimson, vellow, green, and blue predominated. Fine wreaths, bouquets, and ornaments of natural flowers were in great abundance in this section of the procession. This collection of priests represented all the churches and sacred houses in the city. Then followed the city magistrates, in black with white wands led by men of portly size and dignity in brilliant colors bearing heavy maces. The boy choir of St. Stephen's followed, and after them a company of acolytes, priests, and other officers of the cathedral. Then followed the beadles and men singers of the cathedral, and after them a large number of officers in splendid uniforms, trimmed with rich furs of various colors. Then came the Ministers of the Crown in rich and beautiful dresses of different colored velvets, trimmed with gold and silver laces. Behind them came a company of torch-bearers with lighted torches. Then followed the knights and cavaliers, most of them nobles, with the breasts of their coats almost covered with decorations glittering in diamonds and gold. Here the procession halted, and at a signal every individual in it, except some Hungarians, prostrated themselves on their knees in prayer. -

The Hungarian ministry followed in exceedingly rich and magnificent dresses composed mostly of velvets, furs, and gold. One of them seemed to be entirely clad in gold except his boots and chapeau.

Then came the largest and by far the finest military band in Austria, playing the national anthem in grand and solemn style, followed by great officers of the Romish Church, among whom were several archbishops, bishops, and a cardinal, the latter most gorgeously attired and surrounded by other church dignitaries clothed in gold vestments. The cardinal and his attendants walked under a dais or canopy, apparently of gold cloth, After the cardinal came a com-

pany of archdukes gorgeously clad: and then came the Emperor, Francis Joseph, bareheaded and on foot, with slow and measured pace and downcast eyes. He is about the ordinary size, with thin hair, large whiskers and mustache receding forehead and sandy complexion. He was preceded. flanked, and followed by men in golden attire and glittering with jewels and decorations, while the Emperor's dress was much more plain. The Empress followed in royal purple satin dress, trimmed with white, shading her face with a purple satin fan, and behind her two train-bearers at a distance of not less than three yards walked, holding the dress: the two royal children, a boy and a girl, following: then came a long array of Court ladies in very long trains of magnificent silks, satins, muslins, etc., each followed by two bearers holding these up. A large company of elegantly attired people accompanied the Court ladies, and the Life Guards, a splendidly uniformed body of mounted men, succeeded on magnificent horses. The guards were bright helmets with long white plumes, scarlet coats, white trimmings, and gold mountings; then came a company of Hungarian Lancers, splendidly equipped on fine black horses. The rear was brought up by a regiment of infantry, and thus closed this most magnificent procession. Immediately behind came a solid mass of humanity which swayed to and fro for some time in the vain attempt to find egress.

In the centre of the Graben a grand altar was erected for the performance of High Mass while the procession passed.

The streets were partly cleared by the military while the procession was in the cathedral, and the plank flooring was removed in an incredibly short space of time to enable the state carriages to pass on returning to the palace. This occupied less than half an hour, when a movement of the imperial cavalcade was announced. This consisted of a large number of state coaches, mostly drawn by eight horses, each with postilions, drivers, and outriders. The coaches,

harness, trappings, and liveries were little less than masses of gold; they contained the imperial family, ministers of state and ladies of the Court; after them came the splendid coaches of princes, archdukes, and others, the whole forming a grand array. While they were passing the high altar in the street, the band played a most magnificent sacred air, and the whole ceremony closed with three grand salutes given by the infantry.

May 28th.—Herman roused us at 4.30, as we leave at 6 for Gmunden on Lake Traunsee. We were not sorry to bid adieu to the noisy city of Vienna, in the narrow streets of which it is not safe to walk; vehicles are driven with great rapidity through them, and the sidewalks are so often invaded by them that the pedestrian must keep his eyes opened if he would escape danger.

We were taken to a splendid railroad depot, surrounded by fine gardens and statuary. The waiting rooms were fitted and furnished very sumptuously so that the whole establishment resembled a palace. The train left at 7, and we were whirled over a magnificent country in the highest state of cultivation; crops of several kinds of grain waved on every side, almost ready to harvest. The land is beautifully undulating, in some places rising to high hills, whose summits are in many instances crowned with lordly castles. chateaus, or convents; among the latter, the Convent of Melk, on the Danube, is the largest and most magnificent. and has far more the appearance of a grand and stately palace and castle than the secluded habitation of cloistered monks, of whom about one hundred reside here to manage its affairs. Melk or Molk is built on the summit of a long rocky ridge overhanging the Danube, and looks like an immense feudal stronghold. The wine-vaults of this Benedictine Monastery were laid under contribution by Napoleon's army, and, it is said, furnished fifteen thousand gallons a day for several successive days.

At this point the Styrian Alps loom up in the southern horizon in a line of great magnificence and rise in peaks of majestic grandeur.

The stations on this railroad are very numerous and are all built on the same plan, of beautiful, drab-colored stone, and kept in the best order; each is a magnificent building in itself.

At half past one we reached Linz, a town of considerable size and great beauty on the Danube, and remarkable for the strength of its fortifications. At 3 we arrived at Lambach and found our carriage ready to convey us to Gmunden. It is truly a magnificent country which we have traversed all day. The peasants of both sexes are in the fields in full force, clad in the peculiarly beautiful and picturesque attire of the country. The whole land waves with ripening grain, and seems to rejoice in the prospect of a rich and abundant harvest.

We visited the Falls of the Traun, a river which flows from the glaciers and snows of the Styrian Alps. These are exceedingly fine cascades. The river is narrow and very deep and pours its green floods over high rocks and among rocky turrets, which stand out by themselves like steeples in rude grandeur, separating the stream into many channels and cascades. On the right bank of the river a curious canal has been constructed of heavy timbers, about one thousand five hundred feet long, to enable the salt boats and rafts to pass the falls. By skilful steering they enter the gate of this canal, and are carried through it with such rapidity that it is difficult for the eye to follow them. The man in charge of the sluice-gates very kindly shut the water off from the canal so that the whole immense torrent flowed over the falls, greatly heightening the effect. We now resumed our journey and reached Gmunden at sunset, and a more delightful ride I never had. The whole twenty miles was one of incessant and unbroken succession of magnificent scenery, made up of

mountains, hills, valleys, and plains ornamented with dark forests, groves, and groups of trees of great beauty, fields of grain splendid gardens, extensive lawns of rich verdure strewn with flowers of every form and of the most brilliant colors Our road passed through many little villages and by many cottages, all of which were kept perfectly neat and clean; not a house did we see that had not flowers growing around it, or in its windows; the roofs are all thatched with straw and the walls whitened with lime, and the doors and window shutters painted green. Every village had its old stone church with moss-covered roof and square tower with an old clock on it, which, in most cases, had long ceased to mark the flight of time; each tower had its immense congregation of birds, which flew around it chattering and chirping as we approached, as though it was strange for them to be disturbed. Nearly every house and cottage had a shrine near it, more or less expensive in its structure and decorations, according to the circumstances of the owner, and there were public shrines and miniature chapels distributed at very short distances all along the highways, and on each little rocky island in the river a large cross was erected with a figure of the Saviour, not painted, but cut out of wood and in all cases exceedingly well done; at the base of each was a little flower bed, and in some a chaplet of flowers round the head of the figure. This seems to be the all-pervading idea of the peasantry. Every cottage has its Saviour or Saint, the heads of which are ornamented with fresh flowers and a glass with flowers in water at the feet. This verifies the statement I have heard, that Austria is four-fifths Roman Catholic.

Gmunden is at the foot of the lake where it empties into the River Traun. The surrounding scenery is exceedingly grand and majestic, the most remarkable feature of which is a mountain called the Traunstein, nearly six thousand feet high, which presents a flat wall of rock on the side of the town and looks as if it had been split by some tremendous revulsion of nature. The Styrian Alps rise in majestic splendor on every side. The lake is so black-looking that it seems like a huge basin of ink girdled by the great mountains. Every house in Gmunden has the same air of neatness and cleanliness that pervades the whole country; each is surrounded by a beautiful flower garden, and the people look contented and happy; they are very civil and touch their hats to strangers. We were driven to the "Zum Goldenés Schiff," which faces the lake, and were at once taken in charge by three men and five women, who vied with each other in their attentions to the new guests.

May 20th.—Up at 5.30 and out at 7, to see the beautiful town of Gmunden, which is scattered over the hillsides on both banks of the Traun and of the lake. Few towns can be compared with Gmunden for beauty of location and for neatness, cleanliness, and good taste, simplicity and courteous deportment of its inhabitants, of whom it is said there are some three thousand two hundred. After breakfast we went to see the rafts and salt boats pass through the shoots or artificial canals, on their way down the Traun to Lambach. It was an interesting sight; each raft was managed by two men, one at either end holding a long sweep, which was used with great skill in guiding the floats to the centre of the impetuous and precipitous channel, on reaching which they shot through with tremendous speed. At II A.M. we started for Ischl in a comfortable barouche, a journey of eight hours, and at 2 we alighted at an old-fashioned inn by the roadside on the river bank to rest and get refreshment. I feel now more than ever my utter inability to describe the scenes and experiences of this day. The Corniche Road is said to be the finest in the world. I passed over its whole length five months ago and observed it closely, but can truly say that in my opinion it bears no comparison with the road from Lambach to Gmunden, which combines all that is really beautiful and sublime, except the sea view, which the Corniche has We left the railroad at Lambach and took a carriage for the purpose of getting a finer view of this superb country so rich in picturesque scenery. Lambach is an ancient town of some one thousand five hundred inhabitants · it stands on the Traun, and among its remarkable features there is the Church of Baura dedicated to the Trinity, built in the form of a triangle with three fronts, three doors, three towers, three windows, three altars, three organs, three sacristies, decorated with Sicilian marbles of three colors, and the building when finished cost three hundred and thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirtythree florins: it was built early in the last century. Our road lay along the river, one of the loveliest and most rapid streams of the clearest water, so clear that when it flows over a bed of white pebbles the water is scarcely visible. view on all sides is pleasing and never ceases to be picturesque; the mountains form the traveller's horizon for many miles, except now and then when he does not expect it, they rise again in all their grandeur. I never saw such constantly shifting panoramas of splendid scenery. The most prominent feature is the Traunstein, a stupendous wall of rock which is never out of sight, and which rises perpendicularly between five thousand and six thousand feet: all the other mountains are more or less covered with forest trees and bright verdure until near their tops, which are capped with snow; many of the hills rise in curious peaks, and are covered with a convent, or a chapel, or a castle, which greatly adds to their picturesque appearance.

But nothing can exceed the magnificence of the valleys and hillsides, not a square yard of which seemed uncultivated, except that which was covered by forests, groves, or groups of beautiful trees, which are now in their highest perfection of foliage. The cottages of the peasants with their surroundings are pictures in themselves; nothing is out of place and

everything has a neat, cheerful and clean aspect: for the most part, they are one story high, built of stone, with covered gables sloping from the peak; the walls are perfectly white. the windows have double sashes, between which there is ample room for flower-pots or glasses with flowers in water. Every cottage window is thus adorned, some of them with more or less taste in the selection or arrangement of the plants. Where a front door is open it shows a floor which is perfectly clean. The out-houses are mostly concealed from the road, but such as were visible were kept as carefully as the dwellings. Then each cottage has its wood-pile, but such wood-piles I never saw. They are usually against one end of the house and covered on the top with a sort of projecting roof to protect them from rain. They are built with great care: every stick seems to be split to the right size and ready to lay on the fire; not a stick projects beyond the other and not a chip or a scrap is left on the ground; the twigs and brushwood are carefully tied in bundles of equal size and piled up: in short, the wood-piles of these simple peasants indicate perhaps better than anything else the neatness, regularity and thrift of their habits and modes of living. But I must not omit to notice the voices of the land. Every grove seems to have its families of singers, in which the notes of the nightingale predominate. Then in the evening, just before sunset, the air is filled with the chirping of crickets. In our country these insects are the harbingers of autumn: here they announce the approach of summer and disappear. Then mute nature joins in the chime, and the ear is saluted with the noise of distant waterfalls, as they dash over the rocks or murmur over their pebbly beds on reaching the plains.

After lunch we proceeded on our way along the beautiful Traun, and found new varieties of splendid scenery all the way to Ischl, where we arrived about 5 P.M., and put up at the Hotel Bauer, which is splendidly situated near the Cal-

varienberg, or Mount Calvary, and commands a magnificent view of the lovely village which lies at the foot of the hill surrounded by lawns of surpassing beauty and girdled all around by mountains, the most prominent of which is the renowned Dachstein, which raises its snow-capped head in the distance. Ischl is situated at the junction of the Rivers Traun and Ischl, both mountain streams, which make their way through different gaps until they meet in the valley and become merged in the Traun. Besides these rivers there are many streams which water this beautiful valley, and the rivers and streams are alive with trout, which the sportsman has the privilege of capturing on paying eleven florins for the season.

May 30th (Sunday).—Up at 4.30, gazing from our chamber windows at the truly charming pictures spread out in full view before us. After breakfast we started in a carriage to visit Hallstadt. After a drive of two and a half hours through scenes of perfect magnificence we reached a little hamlet at the foot of the lake called Gosau-Mill, where we put up our carriage at the inn, to take a boat for the rest of the journey, as Hallstadt lies near the head of the lake. Here we saw German life in all its primitive simplicity, and the costumes of the country in all their picturesque beauty. People of all ages and sexes were gathered in and about the tayern for their weekly meeting and to talk over the news. each with a large glass flagon of ale before him. The large room of the tayern was just such as is seen in paintings, hung round with pictures of German views and life, and ornamented with huge antlers and other trophies of the chase.

Our boat was of a peculiar shape, wide, flat bottomed, thirty or forty feet long with sharp, high bow. A woman paddled at the bow and two men at the stern, dressed in the picturesque costumes of Styria. The scenery of this lake is so superb as to defy all attempts at description. It is some six or seven miles long by perhaps a mile wide and is com-

pletely hemmed in by mountains, some of which, such as the Dachstein, are about eight thousand feet high. The water is of an inky blackness on account of its great depth, which I am told is over one hundred fathoms. Great quantities of fine trout and salmon are taken here, some of which, it is said, have weighed more than I am willing to state.

Hallstadt, the great depot of the government for the salt made in this region, is at the west end of the lake and is built partly on the edge of the land and partly over the water; behind it the mountains rise in a perpendicular wall, so as to forbid the construction of buildings otherwise than as above. Behind the town several large cascades pour their noisy torrents from points some four hundred to five hundred feet high. No words can do justice to the beauty of these falls or the majestic heights of the rocky cliffs from which they flow. I think this region is quite as fine as any part of Switzerland, although the mountains are not half the height.

There are said to be about one thousand four hundred inhabitants; such as we met in our climbing ramble up and down the streets and lanes were very courteous and seemed to be simple in their manner and habits of living. They dress in picturesque style; the men wear high, conical hats with a broad green ribbon around them and a fine flowing feather, short knee-breeches with bare knees and green stockings fastened below the knee, with shoes and in some cases buckles. The women wear broad-brimmed hats with long flowing bright-colored ribbons; a corsage of white and some bright color, and short skirts and half boots. The houses are all plain but extremely neat and clean, and in consequence of being built against the mountain side they are badly ventilated. The people do not look healthy. Goitre to a great extent prevails; out of four persons who were gathered around us, three had that disease; great numbers of the middle-aged of both sexes have their heads and necks

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bandaged, and there seemed to be really very few healthy persons in the town. We returned and took lunch at the quaint old inn of the place, sitting on a platform which is built over the lake and eating in the open air, while we enjoved a view of this grand and most beautiful, but rarely frequented region. Here we became acquainted with "Albert Studel."—so his card reads—which he gave me as we neared Ischl on returning. He had been to Hallstadt to aid the preacher of an evangelical church erected there two years ago, and which is only the third church of Protestants in the whole empire. He gave us an interesting account of it and the self-denving life of the man (whose name I did not get), who has labored there through persecutions of the most cruel nature for thirty-five years on a salary equal to seventy dollars of our money. Since the needle-gun victory of the Prussians over despotic, priest-ridden Austria, her Emperor has been compelled to allow freedom of worship to his Protestant subjects who are exiled in multitudes in Prussia and other adjoining states, and he actually furnished the wood and stone to the Protestants of Hallstadt to build their beautiful new church, and the effect has been to bring back some of his best subjects to their own old homes. We invited Mr. Studel to take a seat in our boat on his way home as far as Gosau-Mill, and in our carriage from there to Ischl. soon found that we might be, for aught we knew, entertaining an angel unawares, as Abraham did. His conversation marked him as not an ordinary man, and we learned that he is a Professor of Divinity at Ravensburg in the kingdom of Wurtemburg. We left him out at Ischl, from which place he went a-foot on his journey home, which I think is several hundred miles off, near Ulm or Stuttgart, regretting that we had to part so soon from a man who interested us so much. But what shall I say about the scenery between Ischl and the Lake of Hallstadt? I can simply affirm of it that it is all that is lovely, beautiful, grand, sublime, indeed we may say

that since leaving Vienna we have been revelling in nature's most splendid landscape-picture gallery.

May 31st.—Up at 4.30 again, contemplating the splendid landscape in front of my chamber windows. At 7 we breakfasted and at 8 started in a nice and comfortable carriage for Salzburg, a journey of eight good hours. The day was lowery and about I o'clock a light rain fell, but not to our inconvenience as we shut ourselves up. At 2 we reached Hof and lunched, and at 4.30 we reached the beautiful city of Salzburg, which lies near the western frontier of the Austrian Empire. The ride to-day was one incessant round of delight. Oh, what a country for the tourist, but more especially for the artist! Our road lay along the River Ischl for several miles, and then we came upon a series of magnificent lakes, each hemmed in by high mountain walls, with castles, towers, convents, chapels of chateaus, in many instances crowning the hills or built on the margins of the lakes. Salzburg is built on both sides of the River Salza, at the bases of high and precipitous mountains. It is a very ancient town and is the Iuvavia of the Romans. The river rushes through the town with tremendous speed, being fed by the surrounding Alpine glaciers and snows. The beauties of the surrounding country surpass description, especially when viewed from the top of the castle. Never was there a finer landscape spread before the beholder. The plains as far as the utmost stretch of vision looked like Elysium in all its loveliness. Then the forest-covered ridges and cones of hills rise one over the other till they are overtopped by snowcapped giants of the Salzburg Alps. The Salza winds through splendid fields, meadows, and gardens interspersed with lordly chateaus and lovely cottages. Here the lover of nature cannot fail to find enjoyment for a long stay in the varied excursions in all directions from this point.

June 1st.—Up at 5. I am prevented by a hard rain from going out before breakfast. I went after breakfast to see

the town of Salzburg. It is very beautifully situated and the buildings are all excellent and nicely kept. Visited the cathedral, an immense structure of the eleventh century, five hundred feet long, in the form of a cross, and one hundred and twenty feet from the floor to the top of the dome. The interior is grand and imposing and contains several fine paintings and bronzes; among the latter is a magnificent baptistry resting on four couchant lions. We also visited two other ancient churches, which are full of paintings and statues, some of them very fine.

The monuments of Salzburg are all good, especially that in front of the cathedral, which has several bronze figures of colossal size and executed with great skill and full of spirit. All the public monuments, of which this little town of some eighteen thousand inhabitants can boast a great number, are in fine bronze. Being in the neighborhood of the castle we heard its chime of bells ring out one of Mozart's fine pieces; the effect is wonderfully impressive. This chime plays twelve tunes and rings three times a day.

The castle of Hohen Salzburg is built on the summit of a high rocky ridge overlooking the whole town and country for many miles. It covers a very extensive space, and is of irregular form. It was built in 1188, and was the residence of archbishops during the middle ages, from which they bade defiance to foreign foes, or the rebellion of their own sub-These archbishops were also Princes of Germany, and sovereigns of a territory with a population of two hundred thousand, from which they drew large revenues. They had great political influence, and kept up large standing armies, at the head of which they placed themselves, in many instances, during the wars that have ravaged the country. I was shown into the Torture Chamber, where the wretched victims were drawn up a considerable height from the floor, with a stone weight of one hundred and fifty pounds attached to their feet. The racks and the weights are still there. Another room contained an iron stove, the opening to which was on the outside of the room where it was fed with fuel; the victim was chained to the wall and floor with his feet almost touching the red hot iron until he confessed or died. A niche in the huge stone wall is also shown, where the victims were immured until they starved to death. Our guide through the castle showed us the grand chambers which were once occupied by the bishops; they are preserved with great care, and though over eight hundred years old, the coloring, gilding, and ornaments which are in great profusion are still fresh and brilliant; red and blue are the predominating colors, and are as fresh as if but recently laid on. The style of ornament is strikingly similar to that of the Tudor palaces of Great Britain.

June 2d.—The morning is clear and bright. After breakfast we took a carriage and drove to the Castle or Chateau of Aigen, belonging to the Prince of Schwarzenberg, who is also a cardinal. The grounds are magnificent, but we could not leave our carriage to walk through them on account of the wetness of the paths from the rains of the past two days. From there we drove to the Heilbrunn, also a bishop's castle or chateau. The grounds which surround this ancient chateau, which was built in 1613, are very extensive and magnificent; they are laid out in artificial gardens and a vast variety of water-works; indeed it may be said that everything in them goes by water. Fountains of every conceivable form are here; cascades falling from unlooked-for heights, which take one by surprise; jets that spring from the ground all over. The sides of the paths are filled with these jets, and are unseen until the water rises suddenly from them. Then there are waterfalls of all kinds; behind the transparent sheets of some of these falls paintings of splendid landscapes are seen, so that the water looks like a glass in a frame in which the picture is set. There is a town represented in the full activity and bustle of life, with all trades and businesses going on, and a grand organ plays fine music all driven by water. And as one passes along the avenues and groves he is unexpectedly met by a splendid group of statues, or some figures in motion, representing some trades, business or amusement, the groups and other objects in these life-like representations all being moved by water. Then there are several mythological groups of statuary, among which the most remarkable and finely executed is. I think, that of Orpheus, surrounded by wild beasts, which are tamed by his music. The place also abounds with fine ponds and streams of water as clear as crystal filled with trout and other fish—each kind being kept separate—which swim in full view, and many of these ponds are nearly covered with water-lilies in full bloom. The gardens are laid out with exquisite skill. Lawns, flower-beds, and groves of the most perfect trees are beautifully blended in such a way as to conceal the art of the gardener behind nature.

XVI.

Lake Konigsee; Innspruck; Schwartz; Jenbach; Lake Achen and Tegernsee; Munich; Stuttgart; Strasburg; Paris and Vicinity; Aix-les-Bains.

June 2d, 1869.—At 2.15 P.M. started in a barouche for Lake Konigsee in Bavaria, where we arrived at 5.30, after one of the finest drives through a most beautiful country. The road lay along the margin of the River Albe, which is supplied by many Alpine streams and rivers with the rapidity of a torrent, sometimes pouring over rocky precipices and at others forcing its impetuous current through narrow rugged gorges. The valley of this river is narrow and the Alps rise on both sides to great heights, some of their tops being covered with snow.

We drove to the "Gasthaus Zum Konigsee," where, as usual, the proprietor, landlady, and three or four others were ranged at the doors to help us out and bow us in. We were shown to a front room overlooking the lake, and after dinner I got into one of the skiffs and was paddled a mile or two on its dark glassy surface by a native boatman. This was just after sunset, and the gloom and solitary grandeur of the lake were very impressive.

June 3d.—Up at 5, looking from our chamber windows on the beautiful Konigsee and its majestic mountain walls, which rise immediately in front of us on the opposite side of the lake to a great height—I fear to quote the figures—in a perpendicular wall from the water. A little to the right the perpendicular is broken by what must have been a land-slide

or avalanche of ancient date, which makes almost a perpendicular earthen steep perhaps one thousand feet high, on which grows a forest of the tallest pines, the trunks of which seem as straight as arrows. This feature is a very curious one and heightens the picturesque effect very much. A very small portion of the lake is seen from the village. as it extends in a serpentine course; indeed in no place. except from the peak of one of the surrounding mountains. some eight thousand feet high, can a view of the whole sheet of water be obtained at once, and it is said that that peak literally overhangs the scene. As it is a day's journey to reach it. I did not make the attempt. From one extremity to the other the mountains stand on both sides so erect as to leave not even space for a foot-path, and their steep sides are covered with dark pines, which add a gloomy grandeur to the scene by casting their deep green shadows on the surface of the water. The depth of the lake is said to be in some places eight hundred feet; it is filled with fish, many of them of enormous size judging from the drawings of some that have been caught, whose portraits grace the walls of our inn

The lake boat is long and flat bottomed, with a sharp bow rising higher than the stern; it is propelled with great rapidity and managed skilfully by one or two persons, men or women, whose dress is very picturesque and beautiful. The men wear long plumes of the native birds of prey in their tall, conical green hats, broad-brimmed, jackets of gray cloth, pantaloons two inches above the knee and stockings of various colors fastened two inches below the knee; some wear large silver buckles on their shoes. The women dress in broad-brimmed hats or large black silk handkerchiefs enveloping the head and falling low upon the back, waists of white or some bright color, according to fancy, short skirts of some thick woollen stuff, with stockings, sometimes of red woollen, and shoes with buckles.

The cottages of the peasantry are built somewhat on the Swiss style and look extremely neat and clean externally. Everything indicates good taste and order. The wood-piles are perfect marvels of neatness; every stick and stem is in place and not a chip or a twig is to be seen on the ground.

After breakfast, wife and I took a boat which was paddled by a man and a woman, and went on the lake to the little hamlet of St. Bartholomew at the other extremity of the Konigsee. When near the centre the boatman fired his pistol twice, each discharge wakening a clear and long-sounding echo which seemed to reverberate round the whole chain of mountains. We also saw the celebrated cascade called the Konigbach, which falls in a splendid sheet from a height of upward of two thousand feet. But of all the enchanting sights, the shadows on the water were the finest. Up to the very edge of the land the depth of water is several hundred feet and so mirror-like that every object on the mountain side, especially the tall, straight, majestic pines, were reflected with amazing distinctness. The trees on the land stood reversed in the water in forms and colors the exact counterparts of the originals.

After a delightful sail of three hours we returned to the hotel and in a few minutes bade adieu to Konigsee for Reichenhall, a drive of nearly seven stunden, or twenty-one miles, nearly the whole distance through a gap in the mountains, over a splendid road lined on both sides with an unceasing variety of magnificent scenery. We arrived at Reichenhall at 1.30 P.M. and were taken to the "Post und Gasthoff Zur Goldenen Krone," an excellent hotel, and after lunch visited the government salt works, which interested us very much. The buildings are very extensive and very fine and the method of manufacturing is very ingenious. The engines for raising the water are immense and magnificent. We visited the various wells, some of which are two hundred and fifty feet below the surface, the boiling, drying, and packing depart-

ments, all in full operation. The brine is raised by various systems of pumps over mountains several thousand feet high. and is distributed to several manufacturing places, some of which are sixty miles distant, through aqueducts.

Reichenhall is a beautiful town of some three thousand inhabitants. Several mountain torrents rush through it with great impetuosity, keeping the air cool in summer. Many invalids resort here for the benefit of the medicinal waters. which are used chiefly in bathing. The town is built between two very high ranges of mountains, the summits of which seem almost to overhang the place. The scenery is grand and highly picturesque.

June 4th.—Up at 5, as we start by rail this morning for Innspruck. At 8.30 departed, and reached Kufstein, on the boundary between Bayaria and the Tyrol, at 3,30 P.M. Here we passed the Custom House with ease—nothing examined. The Bayarian railroads are exceedingly fine in all their appointments: the trains do not run very fast (twenty miles). but with great regularity. All baggage is charged for, but the fares are reasonable. The conductors are very kind and obliging, and the police of the roads is perfect. A watchhouse of uniform style is built along each road at intervals of a quarter of a mile: the watchmen or sentinels are clothed in uniform, red jacket, buff trousers, leather cap with the royal arms in brass on the front; each sentinel is seen at his post as the train passes, saluting it in military style. The whole rail system is perfect. The country is in the midst of its hay harvest, and all the peasants, male and female, are cutting, spreading, gathering and stacking; it is a most beautiful sight, and the country itself through which we have passed is grand and magnificent.

Kufstein is remarkable for its splendid scenery. It stands between huge mountain ranges at the entrance of the Tyrolese Alps, and is most romantic for situation. It is also remarkable for the strength of its fortifications, both ancient

and modern. There is an immense feudal castle on the summit of a hill, at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the valley, and on the opposite side stand several very extensive modern fortresses. In the distance various elevations are seen, each crowned with an old castle, giving the country an exceedingly picturesque appearance. The mountains of Tyrol stand in all their majestic grandeur before us, and the River Inn pours its rapid torrent by the side of the road over which we are passing.

We arrived at Innspruck about 6 P.M. and put up at the "Ostereschisher Hof," a fine hotel on the Neustadt. The road from Kufstein was deeply interesting, being a continuous panorama of magnificent scenery, diversified with mountain, hill, valley, and river views; also many ancient castles, some of them fine ruins; many splendid chateaus and beautiful villas; neat cottages surrounded with flower gardens. Nothing can possibly exceed the perfect cultivation of this country.

Innspruck is a town of fourteen thousand inhabitants, built between mountains eight thousand feet high and standing between the Rivers Inn and Sill. The mountains, though several miles distant, seem so near that it is said the wolves on their summits look down into the streets of the town. There is an air of great neatness and thrift here, and the people appear to be contented and happy.

June 5th.—After breakfast we lounged a short time looking into the shop windows. We bought a few little articles as mementoes of Innspruck. Went through the market and saw the Tyrolese peasantry selling their products. Afterward we visited the public buildings, the most interesting of which is the "Hof Kirche," the Franciscan Church, which contains the tomb of the great Emperor Maximilian, which is perhaps the most remarkable in Europe and entirely unique. On entering the interior the most prominent object is the tomb, which stands in the centre. A splendid sar-

cophagus supports the figure of Maximilian done in bronze, in a kneeling attitude facing the great altar, flanked on each side by a row of colossal figures also in bronze, numbering twenty-eight in all, representing some of the most renowned personages of Europe, chiefly of Austria. These figures of the men and women of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are exceedingly impressive. They are done in the most artistic styles of the early part of the sixteenth century, and represent the following:

Clovis, King of France; Philip I., of Spain, son of Maximilian; Rudolph, of Habsburg; Albert the Wise, greatgrandfather of Maximilian; Theodoric, King of Ostrogoths; Ernest the Iron Hearted, Archduke of Austria; Theobert, Duke of Burgundy; Arthur, King of England; Sigismund, Count of Tyrol; Bianca Maria Sforza, second wife of Maximilian; Margaret, his daughter; Cymburgis, wife of Ernest the Iron Hearted; Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy; Philip the Good; Joanna, wife of Philip I.; Ferdinand, King of Aragon; Kunigunde, sister of Maximilian; Mary of Burgundy, first wife of Maximilian; Elizabeth, wife of Albert II.; Godfrey of Bouillion; Albert I., Duke of Austria; Frederic of the Empty Purse; Leopold the Pious; Rudolph IV., Count of Habsburg; St. Leopold; The Emperor Frederic III., father of Maximilian; The Emperor Albert II.

The sarcophagus is surrounded with a high railing, inside of which visitors are admitted to examine the magnificent pictures in bas-relief, twenty-four in number, carved in the finest Carrara marble, which ornament the sides and ends of the sarcophagus and are intended to illustrate some of the great events in the history of the Emperor, chiefly his military exploits. Henry the Eighth of England appears in three of them; in one he is represented fighting in the ranks as a private, while Maximilian is also represented in another fighting as a common soldier. There are two tiers of these bas-reliefs; the upper one is by far the best, and manifests

wonderful artistic skill. Every figure in the crowded group is perfect; it is astonishing that this is especially true with reference to the battle-scenes, where men and horses are thrown together in the shock of battle in such confusion as almost to defy all attempts to distinguish between the two contending armies, vet a few moments' examination is sufficient to tell the whole story. Where Maximilian is represented (and he figures in nearly the whole of them) his face shows that it must be a likeness from its strong resemblance one to the other (for these works were executed by several artists), and also from its resemblance to the many portraits and busts of him seen in many other places, for he seems to be considered the greatest man in the history of the country. just as Washington is in America. Where the bas-reliefs represent interiors of grand buildings, such as cathedrals. even the pictures on the walls are delineated with masterly precision and accuracy. I never supposed it possible that marble could be wrought in such a manner as to represent so much in spaces of twenty-four by eighteen inches, which I should think is about the size of each of these tablets They are preserved and watched with great care and kept constantly covered; when visitors enter each cover is taken off and carefully replaced.

There is nothing remarkable about the interior of the church, except that it contains some columns of red marble with fine capitals; the shafts of these columns are ridiculously long and small and quite out of proportion. There is also a very fine monument here in memory of Andreas Hofer, the hero of the Tyrol, who was shot by order of the first Napoleon at Mantua, in 1810. He is represented in native costume as a hunter of the Alps, in short frock coat, with his rifle slung over his shoulder and a banner partly unfurled in his right hand. On each side are also the monuments of Spechbacher and Haspinger, and on the opposite side of the church there is a monument to the Tyrolese who

fell while fighting in defence of their country during the Napoleonic wars.

We drove to the castle of Ambras, a few miles out of Innspruck. The road leads over a most charming section of country in the highest cultivation. The castle is of Roman origin and stands on a hill surrounded by scenery in the highest degree grand and lovely. On one side a cataract is seen in glimpses through the dense foliage as it leaps from crag to crag. On the other the whole valley of the River Inn with Innspruck and many distant towns, villages and hamlets, with the river itself, are spread out in full view, and beyond these various peaks and ridges of the Alps from six thousand to eight thousand feet high stand as a majestic and magnificent background to the picture. We were conducted through the castle and its grounds, which are very interesting, and returned to Innspruck by another road over the new Suspension Bridge which spans the Inn.

Tune 6th.—We left Innspruck a little before 9 A.M. in a carriage. The morning was very fine and the air mild and balmy. Our road lay alongside of the river and through the valley of the Inn, which is most remarkable for the beautiful diversity of its scenery. Mountains and hills skirt the valley through its whole length; sometimes the road passed over an elevated plain giving extensive views over a country which looked like a garden, and at others we traversed the plains on the river level. The roadsides are literally carpeted with an immense variety of wild flowers of every size. shape and hue, and at every two hundred or three hundred vards shrines of various kinds, more or less artistic in finish. are set; some of them are really meritorious as works of art. The peasantry in holiday attire are out in great numbers enjoying the fine day on the roadsides. We passed through many towns and villages, all well built and remarkable for their neatness and great cleanliness. Several castles and chateaus crown the prominent points on the way and many

ruined castles of ancient times are seen. Here and there cataracts falling from great heights are visible, and the whole scene from Innspruck to Schwartz is one of peculiar loveliness and grandeur. We reached Schwartz at 12 and stopped a couple of hours to rest and dine. While our meal was being prepared we visited the ancient church, some centuries old; it is very remarkable in many respects; the interior is, in fact, divided into two distinct churches, each having a high altar, a pulpit, and everything independent of the other. It contains some paintings of considerable merit and has some statues and monuments of bronze and marble which are well executed. The cemetery is also remarkable for its closely crowded monuments and gilded crosses and crucifixes, all regularly and nicely arranged and decked with fresh flowers in various shapes and forms.

The hotel at this place, kept by Mrs. Raum and her daughters, is managed in the most admirable manner. After dinner we pursued our way toward Jenbach through a country of great splendor. At Jenbach we added two horses to our team to help us up the mountain to a place called Achen Kirckern or Achenthal, on the Achensee or Lake of Achen, where we intend to pass the night. The ascent of the mountain was a continuous journey of the deepest and most lively interest. On our left a torrent rushed and dashed down as if it would tear everything to pieces. Here and there a cascade would arrest our attention as it fell from a great mountain crag. One of these waterfalls tumbles from a height of two thousand feet in three leaps, one of which is in an unbroken sheet of one thousand feet and upward. Here "Alps on Alps ascend," until we reach the level of Lake Achen, when each mountain rears its grand head and stands out plainly and distinctly in all its majestic individuality. On reaching the lake our road lay along the shores till we arrived at our destined point at the other end of this beautiful sheet of water, which is six miles long and

surrounded on all sides by huge Alpine walls, many of them said to be seven thousand feet high. Part of the way our road was bewn out of the solid rock on the sides of the mountains, not wide enough to admit of two carriages passing each other. We arrived at our mountain hotel at 6.20 after revelling all day in the most splendid sights and loveliest scenery we have yet seen in all our journeyings. After dinner we walked along the margin of the lake, and were charmed with everything we saw and heard. The water was as clear as crystal; on its glassy surface were seen trout in great numbers; grass and flowers grew to the water's edge and were reflected in all their beauty, as were also the dark forest trees on the mountain sides, which served to bring out colors in all their brilliancy. Several cascades falling from great heights add to the splendor of the scenery, which is unsurpassed by any other in the Tyrol.

During the great earthquake the Achensee fell four feet and rose again within twenty-four hours. This lake is more than four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The house where we stayed is called "Scolastica," and is a great resort for German students and artists, as its albums attest. They are full of exceedingly amusing and clever sketches and some very creditable lines of poetry.

June 7th.—At 8 A.M. we got into our carriage and started for the Tegernsee, another lake twenty-four miles distant and high up in the Alps. From Achenthal there is a precipitous descent in the road, which runs along the margin of a mountain torrent, now leaping from precipices, then rushing over its rocky bed. We ran parallel with this for many miles, passing through a forest of tall, straight pines of several varieties and among beds of flowers of various kinds, many of them new to us. Among them were violets of the largest and finest varieties, as fine as any that can be seen in our gardens. As we emerged from the forest we found whole fields of these rich violets, and near them fields

which seemed clothed with flowers of every shape, size, and color.

There is a remarkable species of pine here resembling the hemlock, the new growth of which is a bright yellow green while the old growth is of the darkest green; the old and the new are in wonderful contrast with each other, and if seen in a painting by those who had never seen nature, would be pronounced unreal, so brilliant and magnificent is it.

Cattle and sheep graze on the rich grasses along the margin of the road, and the tinkling of their bells, the singing of birds, and the sound of near and distant waterfalls commingle in wild harmony which enchants the ear. At every turn in the road the scene shifts and develops new and, as it seems to us, more and more beautiful views. Now we have pictures of the wildest and most majestic grandeur spread before us. mountain peaks rise thousands of feet on every side and we can see no egress. Tall dark pines cover their sides and stand in park-like groups on the lawns. Now and then we halt to let our horses rest, and these deep solitudes are disturbed only by the clear musical notes of the nightingale; now we turn again and a splendid lawn strewn with flowers delights our ravished sight; it is shaped like an amphitheatre, with a sort of proscenium of magnificent pines, larches, and maples. Now we descend into the dark recesses of a mountain gorge, from which the sunlight is almost excluded, and we draw our garments around us when we feel the cool breath of its almost impenetrable shades. As we proceed the torrent now falls in cascades, then rushes over its rocky bed, and again it is seen several hundred feet below making its silent way through green meadows or slumbering in a placid lake.

Shrines in a great variety of forms and designs appear at short intervals on the roads and in the fields. We were attracted by one which we saw on the margin of the Achensee. It represented a man falling headlong from the mountain

into the lake, and the legend, which was in the first person, told the tale of Franz Rienier's melancholy death, and implored the traveller to stop and say a paternoster for his soul's repose.

We passed through the little village of Stuben, on the line between the Tyrol and Bavaria. It is inhabited by charcoal burners. Here the polite Custom-House officers bowed us on our way without detention, and in an hour after we reached Kreuth, a beautiful village in the heart of the mountains, where rheumatic patients gather for the benefit of the sulphur springs. At the inn a large number of peasants were collected enjoying their ale, saurkraut, and black bread. A more jolly set I never saw. They all seemed bursting with beer, of which three pints at a sitting is considered moderate. The drinking hall is an immense room ornamented with deer heads and horns, and hung around with pictures of the chase and portraits of salmon and trout that have been taken in the neighborhood.

As we approached Tegernsee, the scenery was superb and diversified with views of the lake, town, mountains, hills, valleys, and streams. The air was loaded with the fragrance of flowers, and the shores of the lake are occupied by magnificent villas.

We reached Tegernsee at 12.45, lunched, looked about the place, tarried two hours and a half, and started for Holz-kirchen to take the railroad to Munich. The King of Bavaria has a palace on the borders of the Tegernsee. It is surrounded by magnificent gardens and grounds and embowered among beautiful groves. This palace was formerly a Benedictine convent, founded more than one thousand years ago. It was in fact a stronghold, fortified with high walls and towers, and surrounded by a moat, which still remains. It was sequestrated in the early part of this century and converted into a palace with large additions.

We arrived at Holzkirchen just in time to see the train

start, and after waiting three hours for the next, reached Munich at 9 o'clock, not much fatigued with our drive of forty miles through the loveliest scenery in the world. Thus have we seen the finest parts of the lake regions of Austria, the Tyrol and Bavaria, parts of the country rarely visited by Americans.

June 8th.—We are very comfortably lodged at the Hotel Bavaria, a large and admirably kept house. After breakfast we went shopping for glasses. Went to the Pinacothéque or great picture gallery and spent some hours there very agreeably. The collection numbers one thousand three hundred paintings, many of them possessing very great merit. We also visited the fine collection of vases and pottery from Greece and Italy; all very ancient, some as far back as 700 B.C., as we are told; many of the designs on the pottery strongly resemble those of Egypt, and it is curious and very interesting to observe the gradual improvement in designing, drawing, and painting up to about the third and fourth centuries, when those arts attained a much higher degree of perfection.

June 9th.—After breakfast walked out, visited the Cathedral, an immense structure of brick with two great towers, built in 1488. These towers are three hundred and eighteen feet high and the body of the building is of the same length. The roof is one hundred and ten feet high. The interior presents a very grand sight with its multitude of rare paintings, bronzes, and other works of art; among the bronzes the finest and indeed one of the most remarkable is the tomb of the Emperor Lewis, erected by Maximilian the First. It stands in front of the high altar, about one hundred feet removed from it. It is an immense sarcophagus with several figures of life size surrounding it.

We next visited St. Michael's church, also a vast pile, the most remarkable feature of which is that its immense roof is unsupported by columns, which gives the interior the appearance of much grander proportions and size than if the vision was broken by pillars. Here also there are some splendid paintings and statues; among the latter may be seen Thorwaldsen's monument of Eugene de Beauharnais, Duke of Leuchtenberg. A fine statue of the Duke stands in front of the tomb without ornament or decoration his crown and regalia lie at his feet.

Behind the high altar there is a grand painting covering the entire east wall of the church representing the downfall of the rebellious angels. I could not learn the painter's name.

In the afternoon we drove to the cemetery, which is supposed to be the most extensive in Germany and is almost filled with monuments, many of them in bronze, but most of them in marble and possessing high merit. I did not see a badly executed one among them. Here Protestants and Catholics lie down together in juxtaposition. A singular law exists in Bayaria, which requires the bodies of deceased persons to be removed immediately after death to rooms at the cemeteries, where they are laid out and exposed to full view through windows to which the public have access at all times during the day. This law originated, as I am told. during some of the plagues. Deceased persons are laid on beds with their heads a little elevated as if in sleep. They are dressed according to circumstances, richly or plainly. One apartment is devoted to the poor, who, as well as the rich, lie thus dressed until the day of burial, which is three days after they are brought in. A bell is attached to each body, which rings if the least sign of returning animation is shown.

We next drove to the Royal Manufactory of Glass Painting, and saw some magnificent examples of the art. Then to the Royal Bronze Foundry, which was very interesting; here we saw some grand models of equestrian and other statues in plaster which had been cast, and others which were

in process of casting, many of them, indeed, by far the most of them, for Washington and various states and cities in the United States, and several in course of preparation for our Central Park. We also visited the palace, which is a series of immense buildings, finished early in the sixteenth century and which, with the modern palace adjoining, constitutes a series of vast extent. We were nearly three hours in passing through the halls, chambers, and salons, all of them different in style of construction, embellishment and furniture We were particularly struck with the exceeding richness and magnificence of everything. The floors were all (except those in the halls) laid in mosaics of different hard woods and highly polished. The walls were mostly of various colored marbles, and the ceilings were grained, panelled, and frescoed in a style of magnificence I never before conceived of. The walls of many of these grand rooms were hung with paintings by the great masters. The walls of the new palace are done in fresco and encaustic, with subjects which illustrate some national epic poem. The designs and execution of all these, which occupy many chambers and cover the ceilings as well as the walls, are exceedingly spirited and highly interesting.

We returned to the hotel and dined, and drove out again, at 6, to what is called the English Garden, a magnificent and extensive park, laid out admirably with paths of all sorts for driving, horseback-riding, and walking, and most artistically ornamented with groves, lawns, gardens of flowers, and through which the River Iser is led in many different courses, sometimes flowing placidly along, sometimes rushing with the impetuosity of a torrent, and sometimes falling over rocks, and forming cataracts and cascades. This park includes many hundred acres, and seems to be highly appreciated by the inhabitants.

We drove also to the race-course, the most remarkable feature of which is the grand colossal bronze statue repre-

senting the Protectress of Bavaria, with a lion by her side; she holds a sword in her right hand, and her left is raised aloft and holds a chaplet. This enormous and most truly splendid bronze casting is sixty-two feet high, and it is said that the head will contain eight full-grown persons seated comfortably. A man can go into the nose. It stands in front of the Bavarian Hall of fame, a grand and extensive building of marble, ornamented with almost innumerable statues and busts in bronze and marble in the highest style of art.

I omitted to mention in the proper place the Throne-room in the new palace; this is a magnificent and stately hall upward of one hundred feet long by about eighty feet wide. On both sides between the pillars stand twelve colossal statues in gilt bronze, representing the princes of the house of Wittlesbach; they are each ten feet high. At the end of the room under a splendid dais and elevated two steps above the floor is the throne, covered with purple velvet and the letter "L" embroidered in gold. Around it in graceful folds hang rich and heavy draperies of embroidered velvet of the same color.

June 10th.—At noon we began to pack up and get ready to go by the 6 P.M. train as far as Stuttgart, on our way to Paris; started at 6 and reached Stuttgart at 12 midnight, and put up at Marmarette's Hotel. The journey to-day has been full of all that keen delight and pleasure which a beautiful and highly cultivated country affords. I entertain the hope of visiting it again, with the liveliest pleasure.

June 11th.—Stuttgart is a large and beautiful city of seventy-two thousand inhabitants. It is highly adorned with many fine buildings and monuments and much statuary in marble and bronze. Being the seat of government of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg there are several palaces, both ancient and modern, here; some of them are remarkable for architectural beauty, and all are of immense extent. The

royal park and gardens are in proportionate size and of rare magnificence: they are adorned and watered by many clear streams and placid lakes, on the surface of which are seen stately swans and other aquatic birds. The lawns are perfect and look like velvet carpets in various shades of green and such groups of grand old trees; they are superb! Landscape gardening never was more splendidly executed. The bridle and foot-paths and carriage roads are, without exception, the most complete, and they are entirely shaded by unbroken rows of trees, each of which is in itself a gem. We saw the Oueen on foot, entirely unattended, as she passed out of the palace gates for her morning walk; and while we were in the park her Majesty again crossed our path, so that we had a good view of her. One of the royal carriages was following within sight. The Oueen is tall and very thin, with pale sallow complexion: her gait also showed that she was suffering. In dress she is exceedingly plain, but very neat. A few hundred feet from her we met the Duke of Weiner. also on foot, seemingly for exercise.

The view of Stuttgart had from the surrounding heights was exceedingly fine. The hillsides were clothed with vineyards, with here and there a beautiful villa of some wealthy citizen or some palaces of royalty.

The train left Stuttgart at 12 M. for Strasburg. The whole journey was one of uninterrupted pleasure. The country is magnificent, as far as we could see; on every side the fields were alive with peasantry in their gay costumes gathering their hay harvest, which is most abundant.

We reached Strasburg at 5.30, and were politely waved through the Custom House. At 6 we dined and at seven went to see the justly famed Cathedral, the tower of which—the highest in Europe—was visible long before we reached the city. We also visited St. Thomas' Church, built in the ninth century, where we saw the grand monument to Marshal Saxe, one of Napoleon's heroes, also the bodies of the Count

of Nassau and his daughter, who died in 1525. He was a Protestant.

June 12th.—At 8 we again visited the Cathedral and heard High Mass. The service was performed with an accompaniment of brass instruments, which sounded splendidly in the choir and reëchoed through the grand arches of the great building. Presently the organ joined, but we had no time to remain, as we had to go at 10, and so could not judge of the effect. At 9 we saw the great clock inside the Cathedral when it struck.

At 10 we started for Paris, three hundred and thirty-one miles by rail; passed over a country of most enchanting beauty, in the highest state of cultivation. The peasants were everywhere to be seen in the fields actively engaged in the hay harvest, of which the whole land this year is yielding an unusual abundance.

We passed through the chief Champagne vineyards of France, and reached the brilliant city of Paris at 9. We drove to Meurice's Hotel, my pleasant home during a stay of six weeks in 1863. We were accommodated with a parlor and two bedrooms on the entresol, and we find the house very much improved. The hotel is in new hands, but I found some who recognized me and called me by name.

The Cathedral of Strasburg deserves more than the brief notice I have given it, and while it is fresh in my recollection I will try to describe it.

It is said that this grand church stands on the place which from the most remote period of time was devoted to worship. Here a Druidical temple once stood and sacrifices were offered to Hesus, the Mars of the Druids. In times of public calamity these sacrifices consisted of human victims. After the Roman Conquest and the Celts were driven out, a Christian Church was built on this spot, early in the sixth century. From that period until the building of the present Cathedral in 1015 various places of worship occupied this

spot. In 1275 it was completed, all except the tower (finished in 1439). Much delay occurred in the completion of it on account of the immense expense, and finally the end was brought about chiefly by the proceeds of the sale of indulgences.

June 20th (Sunday).—Heard Lord Radstock deliver one of his "Gospel Addresses," and was greatly pleased with it. It was a lecture on the second and part of the third chapters of Colossians. He is an able and an exceedingly earnest man. Since we have been in Paris, eight days to-day, the weather has been cold and rainy, and we feel it the more keenly for having spent the past winter in warm climates.

June 24th.—Visited the "Hotel Cluny," the Pantheon, and Palace of the Luxembourg, where we saw a fine collection of modern paintings; we also visited the Bois de Boulogne and the Panorama of the Battle of Solferino, the largest and best panorama I ever saw; it was painted for and is owned by the Emperor.

June 25th.—On wheels all day; visited the following places: Jardin des Plantes, La Sainte Chappelle, Saint Eustache, Père la Chaîse, Jardin d'Acclimatization, and took a drive through the Bois de Boulogne.

June 26th.—On wheels all day; visited Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, where all the royal marriages are solemnized. From this church the first signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew was given, by the ringing of the bells in the town. It is the oldest church in Paris and was finished early in the ninth century.

Visited the Hotel des Invalides; went through it under the guidance of one of the old pensioners, and had a most interesting visit.

Visited the Chapel of St. Ferdinand, built on the spot where the Duc d'Orleans died, when thrown from his carriage. The sculptures and paintings commemorative of that event are very fine.

Drove through the Parc de Monceaux; very fine, filled

with the most rare and beautiful plants, flowers, shrubbery, and trees.

Visited the "Manufacture Impériale des Gobelins," and were delighted with the pieces of finished and unfinished work and with the manner of executing it.

Afterward drove to the Bois Vincennes and had an external view of the celebrated towers, prisons, and fortifications.

Returned to Paris by the Boulevard Vincennes.

June 27th (Sunday).—Went to the English Church in the Rue Royale and heard an excellent running commentary on the Scriptures, by Lord Radstock, who is a most earnest man. Heard him again in the evening.

June 28th.—Engaged all day in preparing to go to Aixles-Bains, making a few purchases, etc.

June 29th.—At 8.40 P.M. we started, and after a pleasant journey of fourteen hours we reached Aix-les-Bains and put up at the Hotel Imperial.

June 30th.—We spent nearly all this day in our rooms recruiting after our long night journey. Called on Dr. Vidal, to whom Dr. Perry gave me a letter, and consulted him. Dr. Vidal called on and saw my wife and prescribed baths in the morning for each of us.

July 1st.—Breakfasted at 7, bathed at 9. These waters were known to the Romans very early in the Christian era: they had baths here, and there are still some very interesting Roman ruins to be seen, such as a fine arch and part of a temple. The day has been rainy and we remained in after our return from our baths.

July 2d.—Went at 7 and took a douche.

July 3d.—Another cold and rainy day; in spite of it we both took our baths at 9 A.M., Mrs. B. going and returning from her room in the hotel to the bath-room. I feel that I am already much benefited and I think my wife is also.

July 5th.—A fine, clear and warm morning. Took our baths. Bought a ticket of admittance to the Casino for the

season, chiefly for the benefit of the Reading Room, where English papers are to be found and the daily *Galignani*. Attended a concert at the Casino in the evening; music very fine; "Moses in Egypt."

In the evening after dinner we drove up the valley toward Chamberry to the summit of a high ridge, and had a fine view of Aix, the Alps, and the beautiful Lac du Bourget, a lovely sheet of water a little to the west of Aix. There are many excursion boats and barges on the lake, but it was too late to take a sail. The country is charming; in all directions it is highly picturesque. The scenery is a wonderful combination of the sublime and beautiful. From our windows we look up and down a valley bounded on both sides by mountains several thousand feet high, which give the valley a very narrow appearance, but it is much wider than it seems. One of these Alpine ranges to the west of Aix towers so high and appears to be so near that it looks like an easy half hour's walk, whereas it would take a day and a night, as we are told, to get to the top. Between us and that range lies a splendid ridge crowned with old-fashioned chateaus and farm cottages, reached by a circuitous road which is lined on both sides by tall, straight poplar trees and covered with vineyards and wheat-fields. This ridge looks like a little rising hill contrasted with the magnificent Alpine heights just beyond. Between the hill and the mountain lies the Lac du Bourget, which stretches up and down the valley the extent of vision. Between the easterly side of the hill and another mountain range of great splendor and height lies a valley of surpassing beauty studded with villages and hamlets, foremost of which in point of size is Aix-les-Bains, which claims a population of four thousand, though it does not look large enough for half that number. The view up this valley toward Chamberry is perfectly enchanting and grows wonderfully on the beholder day by day. It is full of charming landscapes, each looking like a separate picture set in a frame

of tall poplars or other trees which mark the boundaries of each farm, and the whole enclosed in a grand gallery walled in on all sides by Alpine heights.

Through the centre of this valley flows a clear and rapid stream of pure cold water bounding and foaming over its rocky bed until it is lost in the lake. The plain is cultivated in parallelograms, squares, and segments of circles and sown with grain, which is waiting heavy headed for the sickle, while the hillsides and slopes are covered with vines, the thick clusters of which give promise of an abundant vintage. Herds of sheep and cattle graze in the luxuriant meadows, and myriads of singing birds fill the air with exquisite music, especially in the early morning and as the sun sinks behind the mountains.

I must not omit to mention a striking phase in the mountain range to the west of Aix. Before it reaches the lake it is broken up into high, sharp peaks, one of which, proudly preëminent above its fellows, looks like the very fac-simile of the turret of some huge castle, the perpendicular walls of which in their towering ambition are often veiled in clouds.

Nature has indeed been lavish with her gifts, but above all, the healing waters, which flow from innumerable sources in this valley, are most remarkable in their effects on disease. It is claimed by some that they are effectual for the cure of all the ills that flesh is heir to. Be that as it may, one thing I know, that when I came here I was sick and sore, now (after ten days) I am almost as well and strong as ever, and I hope to be able to say as much in reference to my wife's case in a few days.

July 10th.—At 6 I took a douche and found myself running up-stairs two steps at a leap, while only three days ago I could with difficulty drag one foot after the other. No letters or papers to-day! What will I do with my time? It is too hot to work and I have nothing to read. After breakfast went to the Casino, read the London Times in fifteen

minutes and wrote a letter to G., which I numbered "r," and requested her to number all future letters in like manner, and then we can see which of them will be missing. Put letter in office and paid the postage. After dinner took a drive. Went some miles along the margin of Lac du Bourget, the road running part of the way under perpendicular and overhanging cliffs of eight hundred or nine hundred feet in height. Returned just at dark; weather very hot.

July 13th.—In the evening we drove to the beautiful cascades of Gresy, which are in a most wild and picturesque ravine about four miles from Aix. The falls are numerous, and empty into a narrow and very deep gorge in the rocks and flow rapidly to the Lac du Bourget. This gorge is beautifully festooned by masses of wild vines resembling ivy, which cover the face of the rocks in some places like tapestries, and in other places they hang in graceful lines and garlands intertwined with a variety of wild flowers. Near these falls there are some interesting ruins of a Roman castle, the walls of which are draped with deep green hangings of ivy and other vines.

July 14th.—Took a douche bath at 7; it was splendid. Nearly all my rheumatism is washed out and my wife is improving greatly.

Lounged at the Casino half an hour "waiting for the Times;" got it at last and read all that interested me in five minutes; went home and answered Judge Edmond's letter of May. After dinner, wife and I walked round the town shopping, but found nothing that suited her. There is a great change in the weather, showers of rain fell at noon and cooled the air; we both took colds from this slight change of temperature, so sensitive do the warm baths make us. My rheumatism reminds me that I have been negligent; hereafter I shall change my raiment according to the changes of the mercury.

July 15th.—Bathed at 6.45; returned to woollen socks and

extra under-clothing to get rid of yesterday's cold. Weather splendid. Visited the grottoes of St. Paul, the sources of the hot mineral waters. They were illuminated for the benefit of visitors. There is nothing very remarkable about these caverns until the visitor approaches the springs from which the mineral waters flow; here he finds the air intensely hot, the water almost reaching boiling point. The roofs of some of the grottoes are hung with stalactites and the rocks have been worn into strange shapes by the action of water. Afterward we took a drive for about an hour over by-roads of exquisite beauty and returned with improved appetites for dinner.

July 16th.—At 6.30 took a douche bath. After breakfast went to the Casino and read the Times and Galignani, both dull enough; nothing in the first except debates on the Irish Church Bill in Parliament, and nothing in the second except speculations on the probable course which Napoleon the Third will take on the crisis created by the result of the elections.

After dinner walked out with Mrs. B., but the hot weather disinclines to exercise. The people of the village are all out, lounging lazily about or sitting in the streets; crowds surround the cafés sipping their favorite beverages and smoking. All classes mingle together, titled people and peasants.

July 17th.—Bathed at 6.30; refreshed after a hot night.

This afternoon we took a ride of two hours on a mountain ridge overlooking a large section of country and nearly the whole of Lac du Bourget. We passed through some large villages of the peasantry, with their straw-thatched cottages, many of them covered with mosses. The men and women were in the fields gathering the harvest of wheat. Everything and everybody looks primitive, and never before have we seen so much of the real simplicity of rural life as here. Strangers attract the attention of the harvesters, who suspend their work and gaze as if they had never seen a stranger

before All are courteous and salute the traveller with a bow and smile.

July 18th (Sunday).—At 7 A.M. had a douche bath. Remained in our rooms till dinner time, the weather being very hot.

After dinner walked two miles without feeling a rheumatic twinge.

July roth.—Between 5 and 6 bathed. Morning splendid. After dinner lounged at the Casino for an hour and read the English newspapers; saw an account of the death of Lady Duff Gordon in the Daily News of the 17th. Thus ends the life of an eccentric lady who went to Egypt originally for the benefit of her health, and who became so deeply interested in the condition of the poor natives as to prompt her to many philanthropic acts. The Arabs of the Upper Nile will, I doubt not, deeply mourn her loss; they all loved her and were always ready to serve her. It was our good fortune to become acquainted with Lady Gordon on arriving at the cataracts, where she was spending the winter on board of her dahabeah. We brought her a case of articles that had been sent by her husband.

July 20th.—After dinner we took a drive; passed through some lovely and most picturesque parts of this neighborhood abounding in fine scenery, consisting of mountain, hill, valley, and water views. The sounds of waterfalls and cascades are heard on every side, and the peasantry are out in full force gathering their harvests and ploughing for their fall crops.

July 21st.—Out at 6, and got a bath; the twenty-first since I have been here. My wife has also taken twenty-one baths, and is evidently very much improved in health.

After dinner we rode for an hour and a half. In whichever direction we go the scenery is beautiful and interesting.

July 24th.—A violent and very sudden storm of wind came down from the mountains, and in an instant every ob-

ject was obscured with clouds of dust. Everybody regarded it as a whirlwind and anticipated great damage; but it went as suddenly as it came, and all was calm again.

July 26th.—Spent half an hour at the Casino reading the Times and the Daily News, from which I learned the French cable reached Duxbury, Massachusetts, on the 23d inst., which makes us feel that we are at least within speaking distance of our children.

July 27th.—The morning is magnificent. The whole land seems to smile with the new verdure given by the rain. The flowers, which were drooping and almost colorless, seem to have been touched with the wand of a magician, and stand erect in full bloom and in all their natural splendor.

July 29th.—Dined at the Jardin des Fleurs by way of a change. In the evening there was a display of fireworks from the Dent du Chat, a peak in the mountain range west of this place some eight thousand feet high.

July 30th.—The morning is splendid. The day is the hottest that we have had, it is melting. Spent half an hour at the Casino reading the *Times*; nothing in it, except that the French cable is complete and in working order between Brest and Duxbury.

July 31st.—At 8.30 received a telegram over the French cable, of which the following is a copy:

"Société du Cable Transatlantique Français (Limited).

"BUCKHAM, Esq., Aix-les-Bains:

"SIR:—Following received from Duxbury: 28th: We are now entertaining at our house the gentlemen of Cable Expedition, Governor of State, Mayor of Boston and others; harmony and gaiety complete. WRIGHT. I am sir, yours most obed'ly,

"(Sgd.) EGGINGTON."

Thus was my prediction fulfilled when I heard of the completion of the cable. This message was very pleasing to both of us. At 11.30 started in a carriage to visit Chamberry. The road is mountainous but very smooth. Drove through the town, visited the palace, tower, and chapel of the former Dukes of Savoy and King of Sardinia. The buildings are ancient and interesting. The tower belongs to the eighth century. From the top of it we had a most extensive and beautiful view of the town, the mountains, and the surrounding country as far as the Lac du Bourget. Chamberry contains an active population of some twenty thousand; it is a neat and busy town. Here an article of silk dress goods is made which is known by the name of the place. Night very stormy; heavy rain this morning, which will delay our departure for Geneva until to-morrow.

XVII.

Geneva; Evian; On the Lake; Chamouni; Fribourg; Basle; Baden-Baden; Heidelberg; Mayence; Worms; Cologne, Cathedral, etc.

August 2d, 1869.—At 12 m. we left Aix by railway for Geneva, and arrived there at 4.15 P.M. Went to the Hotel L'Ecu, our old home when here in 1863.

While at dinner a great crowd of people gathered on the bridge opposite the windows of the dining-room. We saw a man throw himself into the rushing current and swim rapidly toward a man who seemed to be struggling in the water, and who, as we learned, had just reached a boy in time to save his life. The little fellow was six or seven years old, and had fallen from the bridge. The gallant men who had plunged in to rescue him were taken up by a boat which put out to their assistance, and all were brought safely ashore. In the mean time hundreds of people had assembled and manifested their joy and admiration by clapping their hands.

August 3d.—Got up before 6. After breakfast walked out with my wife and looked into the shop windows. Bought a few articles.

August 4th.—In the shops and strolling through the city and suburbs the entire day.

August 5th.—Left Geneva at 1.45 P.M. in a steamer for Evian; had a splendid sail; reached Evian at 4.30; went to the Hotel des Bains on top of the hill, a great climb, and we were told that every inch was occupied. Went in search of other quarters, and on the way met the proprietor of the hotel last-named, who said he would accommodate us, as a

room was just vacated; went back and were shown into a fine room fronting the lake, and having an extensive view of the Swiss side.

Evian is an ancient town of three thousand inhabitants. It has a Cathedral, in the tower of which there is a very fine chime of bells, which strike the quarters and hours in the most soft and musical tones. All the buildings look like old castles with very thick, heavy stone walls, and many huge round towers which taper to a sharp point, giving the town a very antiquated appearance. In the immediate vicinity the road over the Simplon begins, although the Simplon itself is nearly a day's journey off.

August 6th.—Up at 6, took my first bath at 7, remained in an hour; while in the water I was quite free from rheumatism. Drank a glass of the water before and another after bathing. The water is strongly alkaline, and much used in all urinary diseases, diabetes, etc. A bath every other day was prescribed for us, also to drink as follows: one glass before and another after the bath; one glass half an hour before dinner, and two glasses before going to bed.

We strolled through the town to-day, visited the Cathedral, which is evidently very old; but could learn nothing on that subject, either from the inhabitants or from guide-books.

August 7th.—Lounged in room nearly all day. Enjoyed a walk on the terrace which skirts the lake shore.

August 9th.—Drank at the "Source Cachet," half an hour after a cup of tea and a bit of bread. Read accounts in the English papers of the quarrel between the Sultan and the Viceroy, which I think will end in the expulsion or humiliation of the latter.

August 10th.—The wind is very high and there is an appearance of a coming storm. The fig trees and the vines are loaded with fruit and give promise of an abundant harvest. The oleander and the rhododendron are in full bloom and present a magnificent appearance.

August 11th.—Up at 5; a beautiful morning. Bath quarter before 6; rheumatism better. Consulted Dr. Humbert through an interpreter, a most unsatisfactory mode of getting medical advice. Afterward wife and I walked on the margin of the lake an hour and a half.

August 12th.—Up at 5; morning splendid; bath at 5.55; Dr. Humbert prescribed soda, of which the attendant put half a pound in the bath. At 12.10 crossed the lake to Ouchy, took a carriage and drove to Lausanne: visited the castle built in the eleventh century, also the Cathedral founded A.D. 1000: the interior is three hundred and thirtythree feet long. There are ancient tombs of distinguished personages, among them Amadeus, Duke of Savov, afterward a pope and died in a convent in disgust. Also visited the museum, which has a fine collection of minerals and several Egyptian antiquities of great interest. Drove through Lausanne and suburbs and returned to Evian in time for dinner at 6, having spent a very pleasant day. Consulted Dr. Humbert through Mr. McOuade as interpreter: advised to give up the baths and take a few douches, which, the doctor says, will restore my strength,

August 13th.—Went on an excursion in the steamer Bonnivard to the Castle of Chillon. The day was splendid; the boat coasted along the Swiss shore of the lake, passing and touching at Lausanne, Vevay, Clarens, and Montreux, all beautiful places built on the edge of the lake and extending up the hillsides; all the slopes on both sides of the lake and more particularly on the Swiss side may be considered a continuous succession of vineyards in the finest state of cultivation and in splendid fruit-bearing condition. We had grand views of the Alps, including a distant one of the brilliant white summit of Mont Blanc, which is about fifty miles from this part of the lake, and intermediately, the sharp, snow-clad peaks of Dent du Midi rise in majestic grandeur.

We were shown through the castle by the guide, who con-

ducted us to Bonnivard's prison, immortalized by Byron: thence to the rock chamber where those who were condemned to death passed the last night of their lives. A merciful part of their sentence, as I thought, on looking at the terrible bed on which they were compelled to lie. Then they were led to a little chamber, in the rocky floor of which was an opening into which prisoners descended by three steps: the fourth step they found in an awful plunge of eighty feet. near the bottom of which they were impaled on sharp pikes. We also visited the chapel, the chambers of the Duke of Savoy and his Duchess, who were the last occupants: also the great banqueting hall, round the sides of which are many ancient relics, such as tattered flags, battle-axes, spears, and pikes. This castle was built in the twelfth century, but the main tower is said to be much older; the date is uncertain. The views from the castle windows and loopholes are very grand: they look upon the mountains of Savoy, which rear their heads in lofty, jagged peaks thousands of feet in height.

August 15th (Sunday).—Up at 6.30. Weather bad and stormy. Later in the day it cleared up a little and we took our usual walk. To-night all France is in a blaze of fireworks in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of the birthday of Napoleon the First. The citizens of Evian are doing their part, although it is said that Savoy does not like the idea of annexation to France, but would rather have remained in Italy; there exists much dissatisfaction on that account, and the people are by no means as loyal as the government would wish.

The difference in the cultivation of the two sides of the lake is very striking; in Savoy the vineyards receive very little attention and the houses and walls have an old and ruinous appearance, while in the Canton of Vaud (Switzerland) it is just the reverse. I am told that soil has nothing to do with this difference, because that of Savoy is said to be even richer than the other.

The people of Savoy are almost all Roman Catholics, while of the two hundred thousand inhabitants of the Canton of Vaud one hundred and ninety-two thousand are Protestants. Can this have anything to do with the thrift?

August 16th.—At 6 I took a douche and wife a water bath; I am satisfied there is much virtue in these waters, my rheumatism is better and my general health is improving. My wife shows unmistakable signs of recuperation. The weather was not favorable for exercise to-day, and I remained in the house.

August 18th.—We took a boat and rowed up the lake to a point opposite the Castle of Maxilli, which was built in the tenth century; it is now in ruins. We went through it and the grounds surrounding it, but found nothing remarkable about either. Some of the rooms remain in a sufficient state of preservation to show the former elegance of this castle. There are two subterranean passages from it to a more extensive ruin a little distance off, which was evidently a stronghold eight hundred or nine hundred years ago. The ascent to Maxilli is by a long, and in some places steep road which my wife climbed with apparent ease; this performance, in addition to the long walk we had in returning to the boat, is evidence of improved health. I have no doubt that Aix and Evian have been of great service to her.

August 19th.—Up at 5, took douche at 5.45, after that a walk. I am so much better that walking is a great pleasure instead of a painful exercise, as it was a few days ago.

August 20th.—Up at 5, preparing to go to Geneva at 8. At 8 went to the "Source Cachet" and took my last drink. Left Evian at 8.15 in the steamer *Chablais* and arrived in Geneva at 11.

August 22d (Sunday).—The weather is now settled and very pleasant. Up at 6. Our windows open on the Rhone, which flows in rapid deep blue and green currents directly in front. We have an uninterrupted view of the river, three

bridges, Rousseau's Island, and that part of the city which lies at the foot of the lake. The water presents a beautiful and animated spectacle of which we never weary. On the left the washerwomen are at work on both sides, in long rows from early morning till dusk, and on the right beautiful swans, black, white, and gray, are sailing majestically about or floating, as if asleep, with their heads under their wings.

Went to Church (Cathedral of St. Pierre), and heard Rev. Dr. Morrison of Dumfries on thirty-fourth chapter of Deuteronomy; a capital sermon. Afterward introduced ourselves to him and he walked home with us, and urged us to come and see him at his home in Scotland.

In the evening heard Dr. Morrison again, on the Parable of the Pharisee and Publican; excellent. Dr. M. walked home with us; says we must visit him in Scotland.

August 23d.—Prepared for a visit to Chamouni and St. Bernard's to-morrow. We invited Rev. Dr. Morrison to accompany us; he accepted.

August 24th.—Left Geneva at 8 A.M. in a carriage for Chamouni. Rev. Dr. Morrison accompanied us. We reached Sallanches at 2.30, where we dined on chamois, etc. The road to this place is a magnificent blending of mountain, valley, and river scenery. Our course lay along the Arve, a dashing, chalk-colored torrent, which rushes through the narrow mountain passes and gorges with great impetuosity. At Sallanches and all the way to Chamouni the scenery was grand and sublime. We are in the immediate presence of the loftiest peaks of the gigantic Alps. Here and there are seen cascades great and small, descending on the face of the mountains in milk-white streams from great heights.

We reached Chamouni about 8, having been twelve hours on the way. We drove to the Hotel Imperial, where we were denied admission as they were entirely full, but the kind proprietor, wishing to accommodate us, fitted up the parlor as a bedroom and gave Dr. Morrison a garret chamber, and Paul, our servant, was lodged some distance from the hotel.

August 25th.—Chamouni lies in a very narrow valley bounded on the east by Mont Blanc and on the west by an Alpine range of great height. Last night I went out with Dr. Morrison and had a splendid view of Mont Blanc by moonlight. The moon was rising on the other side of the mountain, and its light was thrown toward the zenith in streams of rays like those of the Aurora Borealis; it was the reflection of the vast masses of snow which caused this phenomenon. The upper edges of the snow-covered peaks, rising some sixteen thousand feet, were bordered with a narrow edge of silver light which increased in breadth and brightness as the moon rose.

The view of the mountains this morning is indescribable. They rise to such enormous heights in towering, sharp, tooth-like, rocky points, and Mont Blanc towers so majestically above them and apparently so near the town which nestles at their feet that it seems as though a person at the top could look directly on the roofs of the houses. It is impossible to conceive of more sublime scenes than these. This morning an old priest emerged from the church dressed in a white gown, with hat in hand, preceded by a man carrying a crozier in his hands. At the corner of the street where there was a large collection of mountain guides he stopped. The man raised the crozier in both hands, the priest pronounced some words in Latin and the whole assemblage took off their hats, kneeled on the ground, and remained bowing very low until the priest went away.

This afternoon we got a carriage and rode to the village of Argentière, from which we had a splendid view of the great glacier of Argentière, where the Tête Noire begins. Here we had a pleasant stroll with Dr. Morrison. Drove back to the hotel, dined at 5, after which we ascended a hill back of Chamouni, where we got chairs on the piazza of a chalet,

and spent all that remained of the daylight in viewing Mont Blanc and its surrounding giants as the sun illuminated these summits, its last rays throwing a roseate glow on the snow plateau of Mont Blanc. It was, indeed, a glorious sight, which can never be effaced from our memories.

August 26th.—Started at 8 A.M., accompanied by Dr. Morrison, on mules to visit the Flegière, a mountain of some seven thousand feet in height, and at a distance of three or four miles up the valley of Chamouni. We reached the chalet at the summit about 10, and after a short rest took our places on the brow of the Flegière, from which we had the grandest views imaginable.

The farms of the valley lay like a beautiful map spread out thousands of feet below us, and the little villages and hamlets from Chamouni to Tour which dotted the plain completed the lovely picture.

We walked a short distance from the chalet to a deep, secluded gorge in the mountain to see a dairy where Gruyère cheese is made. There were between thirty and forty cows on the place, each with a bell on its neck and watched by a cowherd who receives forty francs by the season of seventy-five days as wages. A full-grown man at one-half a franc a day!

We entered the building where the cheese is manufactured and saw the process. I was not favorably impressed with its appearance as to cleanliness.

We returned on foot down the mountain, the descent being too steep to ride with safety. We were an hour and five minutes in reaching the level of the plain, and in fifty minutes more we were again at Chamouni, having had a never-to-beforgotten excursion of eight hours spent in real enjoyment. In the evening we went on foot to the Cascade du Dard, but darkness overtook us and prevented our seeing it.

August 27th.—At 8 A.M. we started to return to Geneva; the morning was exceedingly fine, and there was just enough

haze to heighten the beauty of the picturesque scenery, which is a constantly shifting panorama of all that is sublime, grand and splendid in mountain, valley and water views. Near Sallanches we saw a cascade pouring from a mountain top down its rocky face, the height of which Dr. Morrison and I estimated at not less than one thousand feet.

We had our first change of horses at Bonneville, a distance of thirty-seven miles from Chamouni, where we dined. Dr. Morrison, being interested in the bells which are hung on the neck of every cow, asked a peasant why they were used; the reply was that it was the custom; he next inquired what would happen if the bells were taken off; the answer was, "The cows would shed tears."

We reached Geneva at 6.30, much delighted with our four days' excursion and with our agreeable companion.

August 28th.—Dr. Morrison called twice to see us and offer his services, and urged us to visit him at Dumfries, Scotland, which we promised to do.

At 2 o'clock we took the train for Fribourg, where we arrived at 7.30, passing over a magnificent country, a constant succession of exquisite scenery.

August 29th.—Went to the Cathedral and heard the world-renowned organ; afterward viewed the building which is very interesting for its antiquity, being about eight hundred years old; walked over the magnificent suspension bridge which crosses the Saane River; it is nearly one thousand feet long and one hundred and eighty feet high. After breakfast at 12.30 we took a carriage and rode around the suburbs of the town, walked over the great railroad viaduct; it is one thousand two hundred and sixty feet long and over three hundred feet high, built of iron, and cost three millions of francs. There is a curious instance of the effect of heat and cold on iron exemplified here. The bridge in warm weather extends to the stone piers at either end, and in cold weather it is about three inches short of reaching the piers. We after-

ward drove to the two suspension bridges and crossed them; one of these is over three hundred feet high. We viewed the old walls and watch-towers, which, though nearly nine hundred years old, are still in excellent preservation. We then descended and drove through ancient Fribourg, which stands a little above the level of the Saane. Here the inhabitants speak German, while those of the upper town speak French.

From many prominent points we have had fine views of this town and its suburbs, and found them beautiful and interesting. The town, with its old red-tiled roofs and quaint structures, presents a very ancient appearance.

Went to the Cathedral at 8 o'clock to hear the great organ. There was a good attendance. As usual, the great interior was illuminated by two tallow candles and a single light in the organ gallery. The performer is the son of the late celebrated organist, who died two months ago. The son gives promise of future superiority in his profession; indeed he is now said to be nearly equal to his father.

The concert was splendid, especially that part of it in which the air of "See the conquering Hero comes" is introduced. The echoes, too, were magnificent, but I was disappointed in that part in which the vox humana stop was opened; this by no means is so good as the same stop in the Lucerne organ.

August 30th.—Walked out to see the town and bought some photographic views in and about Fribourg; left the house at 11.30 to take the noon train to Basle where, after a pleasant ride through a beautiful and historically interesting part of Switzerland, we arrived at 5.30 and put up at the "Hotel Trois Rois" on the edge of the Rhine, the same house we stopped at in 1863. After dinner we took a short stroll through the town. The specialty of Basle is ribbons, which are largely manufactured here.

On the way to Basle we passed over the place where the battle of St. Jacob was fought early in the fifteenth century

between a force of one thousand six hundred Swiss and (history says) ten times that number of French, commanded by Louis the Eleventh. The Swiss opened the battle with incredible valor and all but ten of them were slain, after killing, as history also says, more than three times their own number. The country is now a great vineyard which produces a red wine called "Schweitzer Blut" (Swiss blood). The Swiss call the battle of St. Jacob the Thermopylæ of their country.

August 31st.—After breakfast we walked out to see some of the sights of Basle; among the most interesting is the Cathedral, which was built in 1010, by the Emperor Henry Second, on the site of a former church. This is a venerable building of red sandstone with two towers. It is in the Byzantine style. The front has an equestrian statue of St. George in the act of killing the dragon, also another of St. Martin. The grand door is ornamented with grotesque figures, some of them representing evil spirits in various attitudes. One of the side doors has a representation of the Parable of the wise and foolish virgins, cut in stone; the five wise virgins are within the gate, and the five foolish ones are knocking without.

The interior of this church is very fine, indeed; it is rich in stained glass, and contains many interesting monuments. Among them are the following: The tomb of the Empress Anne of Hohenburg, wife of Rudolph First of Habsburg, who died in 1281; the monument of the illustrious Erasmus. There is also a curious bas-relief in stone representing the legend of St. Vincent, his apprehension, and scourging, his imprisonment and torture and his death; angels are bearing his soul away, and his body is cast into a field, where it is protected by birds from wild beasts. There are eleven other tombs ranged along the wall of the building erected to bishops, knights, and counts, all represented in effigy cut in stone in full lengths on top of their tombs. Here also is a full-

length figure of Æcolampadius the great Reformer. The organ is one of the largest and most magnificent in Europe, and is so arranged as to show the splendid stained glass of the great front window, which in itself is well worth a visit.

September 1st.—We left Basle at 8.45, and reached Baden-Baden at 1 P.M., passing through a beautiful country in a high state of cultivation. Our compartment in the railway carriage was shared by Lord and Lady Sydenden of England, who were very agreeable and entertaining.

After brushing up a little, I sallied forth from the Hotel de France (our old home of 1863), and went to the Conversationshaus adjoining the Kursaal, to read the New York papers, but found only the *Weekly Times* of August 17th. Afterward, I lounged through the gambling salons. Four tables were in full blast, each surrounded by men and women of all ages, many of them throwing away their money by the handful

This is the height of the season here; the Races are going on, and the town is full to overflowing.

After dinner, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbut of New York, we accompanied them to the Kursaal, which was thronged with all sorts of people, many of them (the women) elegantly dressed and ornamented with a profusion of diamond jewelry.

September 2d.—After breakfast we again lounged through the Kursaal; went to the Reading-room also. The great gambling-rooms were empty, and we had an opportunity of seeing them and their decorations in the absence of the votaries of Fortune, who had adjourned to the Race-course. These halls are very spacious, and magnificently furnished and ornamented with the finest of paintings. In the centre of each stood a large table surrounded by chairs for the croupiers and gamblers. In front of each chair, and pinned to the cloth on the table, was a blank card for the use of the players to record their games, all ready for business in the

evening, and there too were the maces with which the stakes are put in their positions on the tables, and with which also the winnings are "raked in." The wheels on the roulette tables were covered, and the covers fastened down by heavy iron clamps, and secured by padlocks.

At 2 we got a carriage and drove to the castle of the Grand Duke, about seven miles from Baden in the Black Forest. This is called "Eberstein," and the schloss or castle is chiefly remarkable for the romantic beauty of its situation, being built on a projecting mountain which commands very extensive views of the Black Forest, the valley of the Murg and on the east side another valley, each dotted from end to end with villages and farm-houses, thus giving the duke a view almost at a glance of a considerable portion of his dominions. We went through the castle, but saw very little in it which interested us except some ancient arms, shields, coats of mail, and tattered flags. Ranged around the outer court of the castle were many trophies of the chase, several of them dating as far back as the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. These consisted of antlers, boars' heads, etc., At 8.30 we visited the Kursaal to see the gaming tables, all four of which were in full operation, surrounded by more gamblers than could be accommodated, many of whom had to pass their winnings and losings over the heads of others who were sitting and standing next to the tables. We walked up and down the salons, which were filled with crowds of most expensively dressed women, some of them almost in a blaze of diamonds. Here we met some American friends.

September 3d.—After breakfast we took a carriage to visit the ancient castle, now in ruins, on the top of the mountain which overlooks Baden, and also to visit the new castle, which is nearer the town. Mr. and Mrs. Hurlbut accompanied us. The day was fine, and the drive up the mountain and through the dark shades of the Black Forest was enjoyed by us all. We went into this most interesting ruin and

ascended to its highest towers and battlements to get views of the country, its towns and villages, which we found very extensive. The towers of the Strasburg Cathedral are clearly visible, and with our glasses we could range over the valley of the Rhine to a distance—as the guide said—of ninety miles. This castle was built in the ninth century. and remained the seat and stronghold of the Margrayes of Baden until the middle of the fourteenth century, when the present one, called the New Schloss to distinguish it from the old, was built. It is indeed a grand and very extensive ruin From there we drove to the new castle which is near the foot of the same mountain on which these ruins stand. We were shown through the grand halls, chambers, and boudoirs by a very obliging woman, who explained things in very good English. Afterward the man in charge conducted us through the subterranean chambers and dark passages by means of lanterns, where we were shown the prisons, dungeons, and judgment halls, also the "Baiser de la Verge," as it is called, where the condemned were ordered to kiss an effigy of the Virgin, which was placed in a niche in the stone wall, and while in the act of doing so, on touching a spring he was precipitated down a perpendicular shaft of one hundred and ninety feet in depth, on wheels which were armed with lances and which tore the victim to pieces. Beneath, a stream of water flowed which washed out the stains of these barbarities. The doors of the dungeons were enormous slabs of stone twelve inches thick which revolved on pivots. The judgment hall is a vaulted chamber, to which daylight cannot be admitted, and which communicated with the castle on the top of the mountain by a subterranean passage. The stone seats of the inquisitors still remain. These tribunals were presided over by the grand duke. Trials continued in them until after the Reformation. We returned to the hotel and prepared to start for Heidelberg, which we reached at 7, and put up at the Hotel de Russe.

September 4th.—We started after an early breakfast to go the rounds of Heidelberg. Drove along the Neckar and visited the trout-breeding ponds. Continued our ascent of the mountain till we reached the summit where there is a tower called the Konigstuhl, from the top of which we had extensive views. In the distance the towers of the Cathedral of Strasburg are plainly visible, and an immense stretch of the champagne country through which the Rhine and Neckar flow is spread out before us. The plain is highly cultivated and is most picturesque. The towns and villages are almost innumerable and dot the great prairie thickly in its entire length and breadth. The Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest are also visible, in fact the views are almost illimitable. We were an hour in descending from the Konigstuhl to the ruins of the castle, which are approached by the rear through the grounds. We passed through a still magnificent gateway rich in finely sculptured figures, then under the ancient portcullis, the teeth of which still project from beneath, as if ready to close on us as we passed under them. Heidelberg Castle was at the same time a most formidable fortress and a splendid palace, and having been built and added to during several successive centuries, it displays all the various styles and tastes of its several founders, and architects, and periods of construction. I consider it one of the most extensive and impressive ruins in Europe. None that I have visited has such a picturesque situation or is so vast and so rich in relics of architectural magnificence. It was founded in 1300, and was several times destroyed by the ravages of war, until its final destruction in 1764, since which it has not been rebuilt. It was anciently the residence of the Electors Palatine, and once the residence of the daughter of James the First, the Princess Elizabeth Stuart, granddaughter of Mary, Queen of Scots. She was the wife of the Elector Frederick the Fifth, subsequently King of Bohemia. Our guide conducted us through these splendid ruins, explaining each part of them in English.

We were shown the kitchen, in the middle of which stood an immense fire-place, before which many an ox was roasted whole, and rising directly above it was an enormous chimney. almost large enough for an ox to pass through on all-fours. We visited the wine vaults, in one of which the famous tun-(the largest in the world) stands, the capacity of which is said to be eight hundred hogsheads, or two hundred and eightythree thousand two hundred bottles, on the top of which, when it was nearly filled, it was in ancient times customary to dance. It has been dry more than one hundred years. Near it there is an effigy in wood of the King's Fool, who lived in the castle some two hundred years ago, and over his head is suspended his clock. After spending about two hours in these interesting ruins, we drove back to the hotel, got an early dinner, and were off at 3,30 to Frankfort, where we arrived at 5.30, and put up at the Englisher-Hof (Hotel d'Angleterre).

September 5th.—This evening we visited the cemeteries of the Jews and Christians, called the old and new cemeteries. In the first we saw several interesting monuments, among them that of the founder of the Rothschild family (Amschel Meyer Rothschild), a tomb of great artistic beauty, combined with massiveness and strength; it is a marble cenotaph partially covered with heavy drapery and richly ornamented with exquisite carvings.

In the Christian cemetery a grand and most expensive monument is erected to the Countess Reichenbach, wife of the Elector of Hesse. Here also lies the great naturalist Sommering, and Feuerbach the lawyer. But the finest monument is that of the Bethman family, enclosing magnificent basreliefs by Thorwaldsen. We procured a photograph of these.

We passed through the "Judengasse" (Jews' Street), in the Jews' quarter, much changed since 1863, many of the most ancient houses having been demolished; that in which Rothschild was born and lived still remains. We visited the synagogue in this neighborhood and were shown the regalia of gold and silver and precious stones.

We visited the Cathedral, where most of the emperors of Germany were crowned. It is nearly seven hundred years old. Here St. Bernard preached to the Crusaders. great tower is a wonder of architecture: it was begun at the opening of the fifteenth century and carried on for nearly one hundred years: but, after all, was not finished. Part of this great building was destroyed by fire in 1867; it is filled with monuments, many of them with curious devices and inscriptions. We also saw the house in which Luther lived : it has his portrait in front and beneath it the inscription, "In silentio et spe erit fortitudo vestra." (In quietness and confidence shall be your strength). We also saw the house where Goethe was born; it bears his father's coat of arms (three lyres) over the door. We drove round by way of the public gardens on the outskirts of the city and saw the finest of its private dwellings, many of which are exceedingly beautiful, ornamented with statues and surrounded with grounds, embellished with flower gardens in exquisite taste.

September 6th.—Took a carriage and drove through the city; visited the statue of Ariadne, an exquisite work of art. Went again to the Cathedral and examined it more closely. It is interesting as the place in which forty-six German emperors have been crowned, and as containing some monuments of great antiquity. Here is to be seen a painting representing the martyrdom of a saint by flaying; it is a horrible subject for the walls of a church.

We also visited the great hall where the electors held their meetings for several centuries to elect the emperors of Germany. The banqueting hall contains a large number of full lengths of the emperors of the seventh century down to 1806. There is also a capital painting here representing the judgment of Solomon.

We drove along the River Main, where the crockery market

is, and found it of great extent, comprising all sorts of ware for housekeeping, from rough stone and clay vessels to the finest porcelain.

Frankfort is famous for its street-bands of music; we have been favored with their visits many times in front of our windows. Each band contains ten or twelve instruments chiefly of brass; they perform splendidly the music of the best masters. I was charmed with the overture to the opera of "The Hugenots" which one of these roving bands of minstrels executed in a truly masterly manner.

At 4.30 we left Frankfort and reached Homburg at 5; put up at the Hotel Hesse opposite the Kursaal—a house I cannot recommend. After dinner we went to the Kursaal which is a very large and splendid building surrounded by extensive grounds laid out in beautiful gardens and promenades. We took seats in the grand covered terrace, and looked at the gayly-dressed throng as it passed before us. We then entered the grand salons which are numerous, large, and fitted up in a style of magnificence which far surpasses the Kursaal at Baden. These salons are splendidly frescoed and furnished; they were filled with people who were either walking about or lounging on the luxurious sofas or divans or surrounding the gaming-tables. Of these there were six, all in full operation. We watched the players, and saw how they were affected by the ever-varying chances of the wheel on the roulette table, or the throw of a card at the rouge et noir tables. At 9.30 we returned to our hotel, dazzled with the glitter of the Kursaal and its habitués, and not a little disgusted with the unblushing vices; at the gaming-table, the old and young of both sexes sat tempting the fickle goddess with persistent and desperate determination.

September 7th.—At 6.30 I went to the springs, which are at a distance of ten minutes, quick walking from the hotel, situated in a lovely park beautifully embellished with groves and avenues of trees and shrubbery, and with brilliant flower-

beds in a great variety of forms. I drank at the "Elizabeth-brunner," which in many respects, particularly of taste, resembles the Congress Spring of Saratoga; near it there is a fine promenade, covered with a lofty glass roof and terminating at the farthest extremity in a large conservatory which is filled with tropical trees and plants. At that early hour the attendance at the springs was not large, but such as were there represented a very different class from those we left the night before in the gambling rooms; these were perhaps in their first sleep after the night's debauch.

After breakfast I took Mrs. B. to the springs, but found my old enemy returning with the long walk, which greatly marred the pleasure of my second visit to these enchanting grounds.

We rode through the town and visited the old and gloomy castle through which we were conducted by a guide. This building is kept in "living condition" for the use of the king and royal family when they visit Homburg, and it is plainly but neatly furnished throughout. We went into the halls, salons, and chambers, and were struck with the simplicity of them all.

The court-yard of this castle (which is a large open square) has an ancient tower in the centre, which is ornamented with a fine stone figure of an armed knight. The grand entrance is under a stone archway, which is also ornamented with statues in life size, the whole having the appearance of ancient times.

After lunch we started at 1.30 for Weisbaden, where we arrived at 4 and put up at the Hotel Victoria. In the evening we visited the Kursaal at this place, but found it quite inferior to that of Homburg; six tables were in play there, all surrounded with eager groups of frowsy-looking people, some of whom looked as though a new coat or dress would not come amiss to replace the shabby garments they were.

September 8th.—After breakfast we rode to the Russo-Greek Chapel erected on the mountain, back of Weisbaden,

as a monument to the memory of the first wife of the present Duke of Nassau. This is, indeed, a splendid edifice, crowned with four gilded domes which are truly resplendent in bright weather. The interior is entirely of Nassau and Italian marbles, and contains a cenotaph, on the surface of which lies a marble effigy of the Duchess in easy, graceful repose, a magnificent work of art. The deceased was a Russian Princess, and died at the age of nineteen; she was lovely in person, and also, it is said, in character. The chapel is adorned with many works in the finest marble, and the most exquisite paintings on porcelain and glass. The floor is covered with a rich Turkey carpet, and all the furniture and appointments are strictly in keeping with each other, forming, as a whole, one of the most magnificent mausoleums I have ever seen.

We returned to the hotel, took lunch, and started off in a carriage to visit Mayence, about eight miles up the Rhine. The drive was not interesting, being over a flat, farming country. We crossed the long bridge of boats from the fortified suburbs of Castel, which forms the tête-du-point to Mayence, and drove to the Cathedral, a magnificent building of the tenth century in the round arch style, and interesting for its vastness and antiquity. The interior is to me one of the finest and most intensely interesting, being richly stored with monuments which are in the highest order of the arts existing in the respective ages to which they belong. Many of the German emperors were crowned by the archbishops of Mayence, and the tombstones of some of these represent them officiating at these ceremonies, the emperors being much smaller in size than the archbishops. Many of these monuments are very curious, among these that of General Lamberg, which represents a figure of Death crowding him down into his coffin. One of the monuments is that of the third wife of Charlemagne (eighth century).

Mayence is a very interesting town historically considered. At almost every turn some ancient monument or structure

arrests the attention. This city was lately annexed to Prussia, and no less than ten thousand men are quartered here, which gives the place the appearance of a great military camp.

After driving through the principal streets, and purchasing some photographic views, we rode out to see the great railroad bridge which crosses the Rhine at the junction or confluence of the Main; this is a magnificent structure of nearly one thousand three hundred feet, in four immense spans, and cost three millions of florins. It is sufficiently elevated to allow the steamers to pass under it. We returned along the bank of the Rhine, passing through Biberich, where stands one of the finest palaces on the Rhine, but we could not get admittance as it has been closed some years.

September 9th.—Started by rail at 9.30 to spend the day at the ancient and interesting city of Worms, which is two hours above Weisbaden on the Rhine. There is nothing worth noting on the way until we reach Oppenheim, where there is a magnificent Cathedral (partly in ruins) in the pure Gothic style; it stands just below the stately ruin of an imperial castle, the walls of which present a grand and massive appearance as viewed from the railway.

The great and imposing Cathedral of Worms looms up to view some time before arriving at the city, of which it is by far the most interesting object. Here the celebrated Diet met in 1521, which was presided over by Charles Fifth, and before which Luther proclaimed the doctrine of the Reformation. This was also the place where many other diets met; among them one of the most interesting was that which established the right claimed by the nobles to declare war against each other; this was the first step toward the restoration of law and order in Germany. The Cathedral is a huge mass built of sandstone in the Romanesque order; it has two tombs at each end, and though not exactly to be called a handsome building, it is nevertheless very grand and impres-

sive. The interior is about five hundred feet long; much of it in a semi-ruinous state, and portions have recently been restored. This Cathedral was founded in 987, and dedicated in 1016, in the presence of the Emperor Henry Second. There are several curious sculptures here, the most interesting of which are in the Baptistry and are dated 1487. These represent in separate tables the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Genealogy of the Saviour, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection. These sculptures are rude but spirited. We had an excellent view of the exterior from the beautiful well-ordered gardens of a private citizen, which are adjacent to the Cathedral.

Outside of the city walls stands a free Gothic Church, partly in ruins, built about the middle of the fifteenth century, called Liebe Frau (the Church of Our Lady); over the main entrance the Parable of the wise and foolish virgins is represented in bas-relief. This church, which is a large and a very imposing structure, stands in a vineyard in which is grown the wine called Liebfraumilch; it is said that the finest quality of this wine grows next to the church. St. Paul's Church is a very interesting ruin; it dates as far back as 1016.

Near the main gate stands the Jews' Synagogue, which also possesses great interest on account of its antiquity; it is more like a vault, being considerably below the level of the street. Two huge stone pillars support the roof, which have capitals and bases like those I saw in a synagogue in Jerusalem.

The ark in which the Pentateuch is kept was opened for us by the female guide. The five books of the Law are on scrolls of parchment, and so ancient that they are scarcely legible. The Jews have been settled here for many centuries, and have enjoyed privileges which they did not possess in any other part of Europe.

We visited the grand monument which was erected in

r868 to Luther and several of his precursors and contemporaries. All the statues are of bronze, each occupying a pedestal of gray polished marble; that of Luther is the centre figure; it is twelve feet high, and around him in a square stand those of Wickliffe, Peter Waldo, Savonarola and John Huss; on a lower level are the statues of Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony, Philip, the generous Landgrave of Hesse, Philip Melancthon, and John Reuchlin. Three female figures personify cities rendered memorable in the Reformation—Augsburg, Magdeburg, and Spires. The arms of twenty-four other cities in bronze bas-relief ornament the parapet. We dined at the "Hotel Alter Kaiser," and returned to Mayence and got a second dinner at Castel, and returned by the evening train to Weisbaden, having spent an interesting but a very fatiguing day.

September 10th.—In the morning we drove to Biberich and took the steamer Friede to go down the Rhine to Cologne. We were met by several friends when we went on board, and enjoyed a pleasant day with them on one of the pleasantest river trips I ever had. I need not enumerate the interesting objects on this river which are so familiar to all. We reached Cologne at 5.30 and put up at the "Hotel Disch," a very good, but a very gloomy house.

September 11th.—Up at 5.30 and out at 8, to "do" Cologne by 12, when we are to start for Brussels. Took a carriage, went first to the Cathedral. In 1863, when I saw this grand edifice, it was undergoing material alterations and the public were excluded from a large portion of the interior. Now it is all open so that we saw its whole length (five hundred and fifteen feet) and its whole breadth of over two hundred and thirty feet. The whole building inside and outside is of white marble. Five aisles run through the body of the interior; from the points of the arches to the floor it is one hundred and sixty-one feet high. Its stupendous proportions, size, height, number and disposition of clustered pil-

lars, arches, chapels, and splendidly colored windows make the whole look like a fancy creation more than a reality.

It was commenced in 1270 and is still unfinished. Some idea of its grandeur may be formed from an estimate which was lately made of the amount required to finish it, which was seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, equal to three million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

On the immense columns around the choir, and elevated perhaps fifty or sixty feet above the floor, stand fourteen colossal statues, representing the Saviour, the Virgin, and the Twelve Apostles, all colored; these were sculptured early in the fourteenth century.

The exterior of this grand Gothic monument presents the appearance at a little distance of a forest of minarets, each rising alongside of the other and forming in their entirety a magnificently proportioned whole. It is wonderful to see how this vast grouping of irregular points could form, as it does, such a regular, stupendous, and magnificent structure.

We next visited the Church of St. Ursula, which is said to contain the bones of eleven thousand virgins, a tradition which seems to find confirmation by the sights and odors which assail the senses on entering the edifice. The legend is so familiar that I will not repeat it. This church is situated just inside the walls of the town and was built in the twelfth century, but has even a more ancient appearance. The west end is Romanesque and the choir is Gothic. The relics of the murdered eleven thousand stare at the visitor on entering from many parts of the church; they are built into the walls, enclosed in glass cases around the choir, and are said to be buried under the floors. There is a poor daub of a painting on the walls, which represents the landing of these hosts of female saints at Cologne. There are also many old pictures of the apostles by German artists, hanging on the walls, which are said to be of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.

The Church of St. Peter was next visited; here we saw the famous altar-piece by Rubens representing the crucifixion of St. Peter with his head downward.

The picture which is kept continually in view is only a copy. The original is on the other side and is shown by the sacristan on payment of fifteen silver groschen—about thirty cents. We requested to see it, he cleared the altar and reversed the tablet by turning it around and bringing before us the picture of the great master. The saint is shown as nailed by his feet to the cross with his head near the ground. and the executioners are in the act of driving the nails through his hands. Although there is a letter extant of Rubens to a friend, saying that he considered this as his best picture, it has been severely criticised. Sir Joshua Revnolds thought that the artist must have died before it was finished. and that some of his pupils completed it: however true these strictures may be, I thought it a very fine picture, although a very painful subject. There are some beautiful painted windows in this ancient church executed in 1525, representing Christ bearing his cross, the crucifixion, and the descent from the cross. The brazen font in which Rubens was baptized is also to be seen in the baptistry of this church.

XVIII.

Brussels; Antwerp; Amsterdam; Haarlem; the Hague; Rotterdam; cross North Sea; York; Edinburgh and Vicinity; Duke of Buccleugh's Castle; Ayr.

September 11th, 1869 (Saturday).—At 12 M. we took the train for Brussels, passing through several places of great historical interest, such as Aix-la-Chapelle, where Charlemagne was born and buried, and reached our destination at 6 P.M., somewhat the worse for wear after an active day of exciting sight-seeing and travel. We went to the "Hotel de Flandre," where we found comfortable quarters, and, after dining, we went out to see the shops by gas-light; they presented the appearance of a great fair, being filled with beautiful wares, and the streets so crowded with people that we could only move very slowly.

September 13th.—Under the guidance of a valet de place start out to see the town. First, to the Cathedral of St. Gudule, the most splendid of all the churches in Brussels. I could not ascertain its age or its dimensions, but it is undoubtedly of very early date, as we read of Chapters of the Order of the Golden Fleece which were held in it, early in the fifteenth century. This church is unique in many respects, particularly in reference to its painted windows, which are done, not in the glaring and gaudy colors of many other churches, but in colors more like nature. Some of these windows are five hundred years old and are the gifts of sovereigns and princes. The statuary, of which there is a great

collection, is very artistic and grand, and has a life and spirit about it which is rare. The carved pulpit is a most remarkable work both in design and execution; it represents Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise by the Angel with his flaming sword: the pulpit is in the form of a globe, and rests on these three figures and on the tree of knowledge, which has various birds and animals on it, among which are the peacock and the ape, on the side where Eve stands. Over the canopy the Virgin stands, holding the infant Saviour in her arm, and both are thrusting a figure of the cross into the head of an enormous serpent which is entwined around the whole structure from top to bottom. This pulpit is called the "Chaire de la Verité," and its design admirably tells the story of the fall and redemption of man. But it is impossible to enumerate the splendors of this grand edifice; they would fill a volume

The Hotel de Ville is one of those grand palaces of the middle ages, of which there are several in the Netherlands. This building, I should say, is in the florid style of architecture; its whole exterior is made up of ornamental groupings with many figures of men and animals. The spire is of beautiful open work in Gothic style, and is three hundred and sixty-four feet high. The interior is divided into large halls and chambers, variously and splendidly ornamented with tapestries of the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, with paintings and statuary, and the ceilings are painted in the highest style of art, with various designs, chiefly illustrative of classic story. This building forms one side of the "Grand Palace," the other three sides being occupied by very old but highly picturesque houses, some of which were the halls of various guilds and corporations. This square was in ancient times the scene of many splendid tournaments and bloody executions. In the centre of it those noble men, Counts Egmont and Horn, were beheaded, falling victims to the cruel rage of the infamous Duke of

Alva, the tool of Philip the Second. Alva witnessed the execution from a window near by, which is still shown. The story of this bloody deed is well told in Motley's "History of the Netherlands."

The old palace, formerly the residence of the Spanish and Austrian governors of the Low Countries, is also a very interesting building. It is now a museum, and contains a large collection of paintings and other works of art, chiefly by Flemish painters.

The "Musée Weirtz" is also a very interesting collection of paintings, all of which were executed by the eccentric painter Weirtz, who died in 1863, leaving the collection to the Government. One of these pictures, the "Premature Burial," is too horrible for description. It represents a coffin partly open in a vault surrounded by skulls and bones, with a woman reaching out her arm to free herself from her terrible prison. The expression of the face is indescribable.

September 15th.—At 3 we left Brussels by rail and reached Antwerp at 4.15, and put up at the Hotel St. Antoine.

After dinner went out and looked into the shops. Our windows look toward the Cathedral of Nôtre Dame, the beautiful tower of which is in full view; also the statue of Rubens in the Cathedral Square. The tower is four hundred and ninety-five feet high, and is so admirably proportioned and so beautiful that it does not appear nearly so high as it is. Antwerp is really a very interesting city. Its streets are perfectly clean, but without the slightest regularity, so that it is not easy to find one's way through them. The houses have a quaint appearance. Many of them are very ancient and date from the time when the country was under the Spanish voke. Besides these there are many fine houses, which were erected by the merchant princes of Antwerp during its commercial greatness, which terminated with the accession of Philip the Second, who established the Inquisition here in its most horrible form to crush out Protestantism; instead of

effecting which, it crushed out the industry and prosperity of the country and drove multitudes to seek refuge in England. Soon after, the manufactures of that country began to grow in importance, until they excelled those of all other parts of Europe.

While I write the chimes of the Cathedral are playing; these are composed of ninety-nine bells of various sizes, which are played with keys, and perform a variety of fine pieces of music. There are also chimes in other churches which perform in the evening.

September 16th.—This has been a busy day with us. We employed a valet de place, and took a carriage to see the sights of Antwerp, in the following order:

First, the Church of St. Andrew, which was built in the fourteenth century, and though the plainest of all the city churches, it nevertheless contains a great number of exquisite works of art in sculptures of woods and marbles, and paintings of a very high order. The pulpit is a wonderful piece of carving, and represents in life-size Andrew and Peter called by the Saviour from their fishing-boat. The three figures stand nearly on a level with the floor under the pulpit, in a colloquial group which is wonderfully animated. Two of the figures, those of Christ and Peter, stand on the beach, and Andrew sits in the boat, which contains also a net with several fishes that have just been caught. The pulpit rests on a rock on the beach, and is ornamented (together with the sounding-board over it) with various appropriate figures. In this church there is a portrait of Mary, Oueen of Scots, at the head of a monument which was erected to the memory of two of that unfortunate Queen's maids of honor who are buried here, and who were with Mary at the time of her execution. This portrait was brought by these ladies to Antwerp, and was placed where it is at their request. In this church there is also a fine painting by Otto Vennius, the master of Rubens, representing the crucifixion of St. Andrew.

The Church of the Augustines has also a profusion of works of art, the most remarkable of which is an altar-piece by Rubens, representing the marriage of St. Catharine surrounded by many saints. Here also is a picture by Van Dyck, representing the Ecstasy of St. Augustine, which is said to be very fine.

The Museum contains a very large and fine collection of paintings, among which are the works of Rubens, Van Dyck, Quentin Matsys, Raffaelle, Wouvermans, Titian, Rembrandt, Teniers, and many others.

St. Paul's Church is also filled with wonderful works of art, one of the most remarkable of which is the scourging of Christ, by Rubens, which is painfully truthful. The wood work is uncommonly fine; there are in the choir and the eight or ten chapels some of the finest carvings in the world. All the confessionals are flanked on each side by life-figures of angels and human forms in appropriate characters. The outside of this church on one side is covered with a representation of Calvary. An artificial eminence of rock-work is raised against the wall decorated with statues of Saints, Angels, Prophets, Patriarchs, and others; the whole is surmounted with a representation of the crucifixion. In the interior, at the bottom, there is a representation of purgatory, with a crowd of poor wretches writhing in its flames.

But by far the most wonderful of the churches of this city is that of St. Jaques. Here there is a wealth of everything which is usually conjoined to make up a grand interior of a Roman Catholic church; it is literally crowded with an endless variety of marbles, stained glass, carved woods, and splendid monuments. The great and wealthy have their burial vaults, private chapels, and altars in this church. The chapel and tomb of the Rubens family is in the rear of the high altar. The altar-piece was painted by the great artist himself, and represents a Holy Family. His own portrait is introduced as St. George, those of his two wives as Martha

and Mary, his father as St. Jerome, his grandfather as "Time," and one of his sons as an Angel.

In one of the transepts is a representation of the raising of the cross, sculptured in high relief, out of a single stone by Vornort.

The last wonder visited toward the end of a fatiguing day, was the grand old Cathedral, a building of the fourteenth century, five hundred feet long by two hundred and fifty wide, with its lofty steeple towering four hundred and ninety-three feet, of such beautiful and delicate Gothic workmanship that Charles Fifth said it deserved to be kept in a case, and the Emperor Napoleon compared it to Mechlin lace. In the choir a Chapter of the Golden Fleece was held by Philip Second in 1555, at which nine kings and princes assisted as Knights of the Order. The crowning glory of this Church is undoubtedly the masterpiece of Rubens, called "The Descent from the Cross." I cannot presume to describe it, nor is a description necessary, since it is familiar to the world by copies and engravings. All I can say about this wonderful work of genius is, that the figure of Christ more thoroughly and completely conveys the idea of death on canvas than I conceived it possible for art to represent: the attitude of the head, body, and limbs tells the beholder more eloquently than words that the Saviour of the world has given up the ghost. It is said that this picture was given to the Guild of the Arquebusiers in exchange for the ground on which the house of Rubens was built. The order was for a picture representing St. Christopher (the patron saint of the Guild) bearing the infant Saviour in his arms. That subject is represented on the backs of the folding-doors or wings which, when closed, cover "The Descent from the Cross;" but Rubens, with his accustomed generosity, painted not only the picture which was ordered, but also the grand picture, and two others on the inner sides of the wing, one representing the salutation of Mary and Elizabeth, and the

other representing Simeon, holding the Infant in his arms in the temple. The idea intended to be conveyed in all the pictures is the *bearing* of Christ in the various stages of his life, from his conception to his crucifixion, in illustration of the name (*Christo-PHER*) of the patron saint.

In the north transept of the Cathedral there is another very remarkable picture of Rubens which represents the Elevation of the Cross. The centre figure is that of Christ nailed to the cross, surrounded by a number of other figures, all engaged in efforts to raise it. This and the "Descent" were executed in 1610.

Another of Rubens's most famous pictures hangs over the high altar and represents "The Assumption of the Virgin," surrounded by a choir of angels and other figures. It is said that this picture was painted in sixteen days. Besides the foregoing there are other works of Rubens in this cathedral.

The stalls in the choir are exquisitely and artistically carved in wood, and represent foliage and Gothic work interspersed with figures of angels, saints, apostles, and groups of other figures. The pulpit is also a very remarkable piece of carving, but I do not understand the design. The Confessionals are also very wonderful wood sculptures with figures as large as life.

September 17th.—Up at 5.30, as we leave after breakfast to go to Amsterdam. After breakfast drove to the station, left our luggage there and went to see the Zoölogical Gardens, which are very near. Our visit here was not satisfactory as our time was too short and the weather was not good, but we saw enough to show us that it is a very extensive collection of rare animals.

At 10.30 we started on our journey and reached Moerdigk at noon, where we took a steamer along the River Maas to the Dordsche Kill, and through that to the city of Rotterdam, a trip of about two and one half hours. On the way we landed at Dort, where the great assembly of Protestant theologians,

known as the Synod of Dort, met in 1618 to settle certain questions of faith. Here we saw the great old Gothic Cathedral and sundry other ancient structures.

At Rotterdam we took the train and arrived at Amsterdam at 5.45; drove to the "Brack's Doelen Hotel" and "The Old Bible Hotel," both full, and then to the "Pays Bas," where we were most uncomfortably lodged.

September 18th.—From what we have thus far seen of Holland it seems to be a country of canals and windmills. Instead of fences deep and wide ditches full of water divide one field from another, so that a farm is a complete network of canals or ditches. This arises from the flatness of the country, which was at one time nearly all submerged, and has been reclaimed by making water-courses in every direction. In order to prevent an inundation and to keep the water from stagnating, windmills are employed all over which pump the water and force it through the sluices. These mills have great power and are capable of emptying or filling large and deep canals and ditches in a short space of time. They are also used for grinding and a great variety of manufacturing purposes.

Thus far our experience does not confirm the accounts we have read of the scrupulous cleanliness of the people. The streets are by no means in good condition, and the "Hotel Pays Bas" is untidy. We drove to the "Amstel Hotel" to look for better accommodations and found them, and removed to our new quarters, and after that spent the afternoon till near dinner time in the Crystal Palace, where we saw very little that interested us. About midnight a terrible hurricane kept us awake till daylight. One of our windows was blown in and could only be kept closed by placing a heavy trunk against it.

September 19th (Sunday).—The storm is still raging and the rain falls in torrents, so that we are compelled to remain indoors.

The River Amstel flows under our windows, and from them we can see fourteen windmills, several bridges, the Industrial Palace, and a considerable part of the city.

September 20th.—Started in a carriage after breakfast and spent the day in "doing" Amsterdam. Visited the following: Palace of the King, a very extensive building of plain exterior, erected in 1648. The interior is very fine and is divided into a large number of grand rooms, the chief of which, in magnitude and splendor, is the ball-room, one hundred and twenty-five feet long, fifty-five wide, and one hundred high, built entirely of pure white Italian marble and ornamented with much fine statuary. I think this the grandest chamber I ever saw. The throne-room is also very fine and most sumptuously furnished and ornamented: the same may be said of the audience chamber, the great and small dining-rooms, the royal bed-chambers and other apartments. Before this building was used as a palace it was appropriated to other purposes. One of the chambers was the Bankrupt Court, over the entrances to which are placed marble basreliefs representing Dædalus and Icarus, appropriate emblems of the ruinous consequences of rash speculations and uncurbed ambition. Over the entrance to the room which was occupied by the cashier of the Bank of Amsterdam when that institution occupied part of the building, is another basrelief, representing a dog watching his dead master, and Silence with her finger on her lips, emblematic of fidelity and secrecy.

There are some grand paintings on the walls, of immense size and admirable execution; among them in the audience chamber is one by Wappers, representing Van Spyke blowing up his ship to save it from becoming a prize to the Belgians in the war of 1830. Here also is a large and fine painting representing the "Judgment of Solomon," and one still larger, of "Moses in the Desert," quelling a rebellion of the Israelites. The best examples of shading in painting that I ever saw

are two head-pieces over doors, by De Witt, which give the figures the appearance of bas-reliefs standing out boldly from the surface of the canvas. Since I have been in Europe I have seen several such pictures which I considered very wonderful, but these excel them all.

The Oude Kirk (Old Church) was built in the thirteenth century. It is a fine structure with a grand interior of great extent, but almost devoid of everything like decorations, except some fine painted glass of 1549, and the tombs of several Dutch admirals finely executed in marble. The organ is immense and said to be nearly equal to that at Haarlem. The centre of the interior is fitted up with blocks of high-backed pews, some of which are raised two or three steps from the stone floor. The women sit in pews appropriated exclusively for themselves, each having a foot stove at the chair of each person. The audience is seated around the pulpit, which is covered with a broad sounding-board or roof elevated not much above the preacher's head. The floor of this church is paved with flat tombstones, each bearing a device in bas-relief and an inscription.

The Nieuwe Kirk, so called, not because it is new, as it was built in 1408, is one of the finest churches in Holland, as I am told. Like the other it is almost devoid of ornament, but has a very spacious, grand, and most imposing interior. Here also there is a large and splendid organ, and, like the "Old Church," its pews are ranged around a pulpit and elevated above the stone pavement. The pulpit is a fine piece of carving and is covered with an extensive roof or sounding-board.

In this church there are several monuments, one to the great Admiral de Ruyter, another to Van Spyke and others, and one to Captain Bentinck, who was killed in the battle of Dogger-Bank in 1781.

The Museum of Paintings contains a large and fine collection of the Dutch school by the most eminent masters, but I confess a lack of appreciation of the merits of that style, and I was not much interested in them.

The Zoölogical Gardens are very fine indeed, and contain one of the largest and best collections in Europe.

The diamond mills were closed as this is a Jewish holiday, and so we did not see the process of cutting and polishing.

The docks and quays are truly wonderful,—all built of huge masses of stone to keep out the sea, which otherwise would overflow the city. The dykes are marvellous for grandeur and strength.

We also visited the Flower Market, which was not so attractive as we expected to find it.

The Bourse covers an immense area. I visited it during "High Change." It was filled to repletion, and a perfect babel of voices prevailed as in all other bourses.

September 21st.—The storm has ceased and the morning is fine but cool. We left Amsterdam at 9.45 and reached Haarlem at 10.06, our luggage going on to the Hague. Hired a carriage and drove to Bloomingdale. The fields which, earlier in the season, are covered with the tulip, the ranunculus, the hyacinth, and other flowers, for which Haarlem has been famous for centuries, are now bearing vegetables. Winter is approaching and the whole country shows it. Afterward we drove through the town and saw its few sights, got breakfast and went to the Cathedral at 1, where we heard the world-renowned organ. It is indeed a grand instrument, combining tremendous volume with great sweetness, but I must say that the vox humana disappointed me. I consider the Fribourg organs much superior in respect to that stop.

The interior of the Cathedral is very interesting; it is devoid of decorations of every kind, except the grand organ and a piece of beautiful statuary, a group under the organ representing Faith, Hope, and Charity, by an Italian artist. This building is four hundred and thirty-five feet long, three hundred and twenty broad, and one hundred and twenty-five

feet from the ceiling to the floor, presenting a grand interior, the view of which is uninterrupted by the multitude of objects which draw off the attention in other grand interiors. There is not even a single painted window; the walls are white and the ceiling of cedar. The organ is one hundred and eight feet high by eighty broad. After seeing all we could in Haarlem, we bought a few photographs, dismissed our carriage and valet de place, and took the 3 o'clock train for the Hague, where we arrived at 4 and put up at the "Hotel Belle Vue," the best we have found in Holland, and an excellent house. At dinner we met Mr. and Mrs. Samuel B. Ruggles, who were very courteous and entertaining.

The road runs over a flat, uninteresting country on which large herds of fine cattle were grazing; windmills and canals are seen on every hand.

The Hague being the capital of Holland, the King and all the foreign ministers reside there; it is a beautiful city, perfectly clean and has a population of nearly ninety thousand.

September 22d.—Started at 9 in a carriage to see the sights of the Hague. This is, indeed, a beautiful city, full of magnificent buildings, public and private, with fine wide, clean streets and squares. Our hotel faces the park, which is magnificently laid out in grand avenues with stately old trees and extensive lawns, on which flocks of deer are feeding. Around and through the park several canals of pure, clear water flow, duplicating each beautiful object on their margins by reflection.

Went to the Grand Bazaar, which is an immense collection of works of art of every description. Visited the private collection of paintings of Baron Steinkratz, which contains several exquisite pictures.

The Royal Palace is a grand building; directly in front of the main entrance is an equestrian statue of William the First ("The Silent"), in bronze, very fine and full of spirit.

The palace of the Prince of Orange (the Crown Prince of Holland) is a plain building at the extremity of a grand avenue of old trees. Like all the cities we have visited in Holland, the Hague is intersected in all directions by canals; but unlike the canals of other cities those of the Hague are kept fresh and clear, and are rather ornamental than otherwise.

The picture gallery and museum are contained in the palace built by Prince Meurice. The pictures are almost exclusively by Dutch artists; the most extraordinary are "Paul Potter's Bull" and "The Lecture on Anatomy," by Rembrandt. There are also some pictures here by Van Dyck, Poussin, Holbein, Rubens, Gerard Dow, Albert Dürer, Teniers, and others. "The Bull" is the most remarkable, and is strikingly true to nature.

The Royal Cabinet of Curiosities is a very interesting collection, and is made up chiefly of historical relics of distinguished persons, such as the armor of the great De Ruyter, also of Van Tromp, with bullet marks on the latter, the sword of Van Spyke, part of the bed of Peter the Great when he was learning the trade of ship-building, the dress of the Prince of Orange when he was murdered, and the pistol which was used for that purpose.

The palace of the Queen of Holland is situated in the heart of a forest of splendid old trees. Her majesty was at breakfast, and we were told to return in an hour to see the interior of the palace, which we could not do, as we leave at 4 P.M. for Rotterdam.

The Zoölogical and Botanical Gardens disappointed us. They are not to be compared in point of variety and numbers of subjects with any of those we have seen. From these gardens we drove to Scheveningen, three miles from the city on the sea-beach. The road is shaded by a fine avenue of old trees, and forms one of the most beautiful drives and walks in Holland. Scheveningen is a watering-place to which the

aristocracy resort; it has several fine hotels and villas, and the beach is peculiarly adapted to sea-bathing. A long line of carriages stands on it which are driven into the surf and from which the bathers descend into the water. Another part of the beach is occupied by numerous fishing vessels, which are left high and dry on the sands by the receding tide. The population numbers about eight thousand, chiefly fishermen. The women adhere to the ancient costumes; they wear immense straw hats, shaped like coal scuttles, and carry large baskets of fish on their heads. This was the place from which Charles the Second embarked for England at the Restoration.

After spending seven hours in sight-seeing we left the Hague and reached Rotterdam at 5 P.M., where we stopped at the "New Bath Hotel," the best in the city, as travellers and the books say, but we found it only a second-rate affair.

After dinner I went to the steamer and engaged a state-room to Harwich, thence by rail to London.

We leave Holland without regret, although there is much to interest the traveller and the lover of history. The discomforts of the hotels, with a single exception (the "Belle Vue at the Hague"), are very great and seriously mar the enjoyment of travelling.

Rotterdam is a great commercial city. The shipping in the fine harbor is very numerous, chiefly sailing vessels of the largest class from nearly all the ports in the world.

On the way from the Hague to Rotterdam we passed through Delft and Schiedam, both of them exceedingly quaint and ancient in their appearance.

I omitted to mention a curious and interesting custom which has prevailed at Haarlem since 1572. When the Duke of Alva took the city by siege, after a long and brave defence by its citizens which lasted nearly two years, he proclaimed that only such houses would be spared as contained women in child-bed, and gave orders that in such cases the

occupants should place a signal on the door to denote the fact of an early expected or recent birth. This custom is still kept up. In the case of boys the signal on the door is a piece of red lace; and in that of a girl, white lace. A few years ago three of these signals appeared on a door at the same time; two were red and one white. By law such houses are exempt from execution for six weeks.

Another curious custom prevails in the Dutch towns. A man dressed in black, with a black cocked hat and a long flowing crape band streaming over his shoulders, goes to the houses of the friends of deceased persons to announce their death, immediately after that event has occurred. We saw these messengers in several places.

One of the charms of the Dutch cities is the number of magnificent chimes, which are in almost every church-tower, and ring out the quarters and hours with tunes in beautiful harmony. The beef, butter, cheese, and milk of Holland are excellent, the best we have found on the Continent.

I omitted to mention in the proper place that we visited the prison at the Hague, a building seven hundred years old. but not now used as a prison. Here the Inquisition was set up by the infamous Duke of Alva. We were shown the horrible Torture Chamber, in which are still preserved the various instruments which were used, such as the rack, etc.; there is also a collection of Spanish halberds and other weapons here; also the headsman's axe, which has done its bloody work on many a poor victim. The Inquisitors' Judgment Hall is also shown; also the cells in which Protestants were kept before and after condemnation, and that in which they passed their last night. Here also are the dungeons of John and Cornelius De Witt, from which they were dragged by the populace, and brutally torn to pieces, on a false accusation of having conspired to assassinate the Prince of Orange in 1672.

September 23d.—Rotterdam is not behind the other cities

of Holland in canals which intersect the city in all directions, and are equal in number to the streets which run side by side with each other. There is nothing very remarkable to be seen here, and it is not a city to tempt travellers to linger in, on that account as well as for its want of a good hotel. We are stopping at what is called the best house in the city, and it is very dirty and badly managed, so we shall bid farewell to the Dutch Dominion without a tear.

After breakfast we started in a carriage to see the city and its sights, which are very few. The Cathedral, built early in the thirteenth century, is an immense pile of brick, with a huge square tower two hundred and ninety feet high, the top of which is reached by two hundred and nineteen steps. The interior is grand, spacious and imposing; it contains monuments to Admirals De Witt and Cortinaer, and Vice-Admiral Van Brakel; also a magnificent organ ninety feet high by sixty broad, with six thousand five hundred pipes and ninety stops! I ascended the tower, and had a most extensive view reaching nearly to Amsterdam. The church towers of Delft. Schiedam, Dort, Haarlem, the Hague, and several others were clearly visible. The country is perfectly flat, and seems to be nearly equally divided between land and water, intersected by canals all over, and indented by inlets and arms of the sea in every direction, with long avenues of trees running for miles, and crossing each other. The country had the appearance from the top of this tower of a great green map spread before me, and dotted all over with cities, towns, and villages.

September 24th.—After a very stormy passage across the German or North Sea in the good ship Zealous, we reached Harwich at 4 in the morning. It was a most tempestuous night. No one slept, and, with very few exceptions, all were sea-sick. My poor wife was worse than anybody else. On landing we went through the Custom-House formality and at 6 the train shot off for London, seventy miles, where we

arrived at 8. We found the great metropolis veiled in a "London fog," and the streets and walks were muddy and wet. The cabman, who was instructed to convey us to the Great Northern Railway Station, took us to another three or four miles off, so that we had the benefit of a drive over half the city ere we reached our destination, showing that poor coachee was in a fog too. The train started at 10 and wheeled us to York, two hundred miles, in four hours and forty minutes, where we put up at the hotel near the station, but found it by no means as good as when we were there in 1863. After an indifferent dinner, we visited the grand old Minster and found a service going on.

This grand edifice is five hundred and twenty-four feet long by two hundred and twenty-two feet wide and ninety-nine feet high in the interior; it was finished in 626 and has been preserved with great care.

Other objects of interest are the city walls and castle built by William the First; Clifford's Tower, a Roman structure now in ruins; St. Mary's Abbey, also in ruins; most beautiful Gothic remains; and some very ancient walls, the history of which seems to be in doubt.

September 25th.—At 9 A.M. we left York for Edinburgh, distant two hundred and twenty miles, over a region of great historic interest, and reached my native city at 3.15, where we put up at the "Douglass Hotel" in St. Andrew's Square.

September 26th (Sunday).—A cold and windy day. Went out to walk through my native city. I have seen most of the finest cities of the world, and do not hesitate to pronounce Edinburgh the most beautiful of them all. Heard the Rev. Dr. Thomson in the forenoon, afterward visited Mrs. Gibson, saw her and Miss Jessie, and spent a pleasant hour with them. At 2.30 I went to hear Dr. W. Lindsey Alexander, who preached a most able sermon on prayer, as illustrated in the case of the Syro-Phænician woman. I was delighted. I never heard finer congregational singing. All stand and all

sing in perfect harmony and unison. There is not a shop or place of business of any kind (not even a drug-shop) open to-day.

September 27th.—Dr. Bennet recommended the "Caledonian Hotel" as a comfortable residence during our stay in Edinburgh; went there with wife and selected rooms, into which we will remove to-morrow.

My admiration of my native city increases; it is one of the cleanest and I think decidedly the most beautiful city I have ever seen.

September 28th.—Another rainy day. It has stormed almost incessantly for three weeks. We both feel the effects of our tempestuous passage over the North Sea from Rotterdam to Harwich. Until then our health was excellent; since then I feel put back almost to where I was a year ago. The sea nauseated me for the first time.

September 29th.—A bright warm morning. I took a walk through the City Gardens and heard music by a Highland band; also by a band of nine bag-pipers; it was very stirring. Afterward I walked around the castle walls and through part of the Old Town; it was very interesting indeed. I have seen a good deal of the New Town to-day.

October 2d.—The sun is struggling through the clouds this morning, and we have an uncertain promise of a fair day. Took wife out in a carriage to the top of Calton Hill, Holyrood Palace, and the Queen's Drive, four miles around Arthur's Seat. We enjoyed it very much. My wife considers this the finest and most beautiful city she has ever seen. She would be willing to live here, if the children were with us. We think this would be an excellent place to educate our grandchildren.

After luncheon Miss Christina Gibson called, and we started off in a carriage in the direction of the Pentland Hills. The surroundings of Edinburgh are truly magnificent. We passed several of the great charitable institutions which

exist here in such numbers, among them Stuart's Hospital and Donaldson's Hospital, both of which are as spacious and splendid as any of the palaces we have seen. There are others, such as Herriot's Hospital, equal if not superior to these. All are the fruits of charitable bequests. The wealth of some of these has grown into such gigantic proportions as to call for special legislative enactments to save the State from being prejudiced or injured from its influence, as I was told by an old resident; but I incline to the opinion that the special laws referred to are designed to protect the property more effectually from the avarice of faithless managers and trustees.

October 3d (Sunday).—Another stormy day, still raining. About 10 it showed signs of clearing, and Miss Jessie Gibson called to invite us to go with her to hear her minister (Rev. Mr. Stuart), at St. Andrew's Church in George Street. We went and were delighted and highly edified; text, Luke xxi., 19: "In your patience possess ye your souls." I found in the preacher the rare union of a great head and heart; he is one of those who, unconsciously to himself, rises to flights of eloquence, riveting and keeping enchained the attention of his hearers. The old version of the Psalms is used in this church and the singing led by a choir under the pulpit.

In the afternoon we took a carriage, called for Miss Gibson, and drove to the Grange to hear Dr. Bonar, the author of many of the finest hymns. Dr. B. did not preach; in his place a young man officiated, who was led into the pulpit, being blind. He read the Psalms and Scriptures from memory without a fault, and preached from John vi., 26, 27; an earnest sermon.

October 4th.—A fine morning at last. The weather is clear and warm. After breakfast took a walk with wife through Princess Street, north and south bridges, to the Union Bank, where we got the Herald of September 17 and 18. On returning, met my cousins, the Misses Laidlaw, who

had been to call on us to invite us to dine with them. After lunch Miss Christina Gibson called, and we took a carriage and drove to "Morning-side," to return the calls of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lee Norris; they were not in, but we were very agreeably entertained by their eldest daughter. On leaving we drove over to the "Braid Hills," a most charming drive; saw the historic Castle of Craigmillar in the distance, and many other interesting sights. The suburbs of this magnificent city are very splendid; delightful and interesting views meet the eye at every turn.

October 5th.—Visited the University and other parts of the Old Town.

October 6th.—Miss Jessie called to go out with wife, and I visited the Libraries of the Advocates and Writers to the Signet; that of the latter is very extensive and occupies magnificent and spacious chambers. Saw the original manuscript of "Waverly" in Scott's handwriting. Visited the old hall in which the Scottish Parliament held its sessions; it is a fine large room ornamented with statues of several great men, and a grand painted window representing a court held by James Fifth; all the figures of life size. I think this the most beautiful glass picture I have yet seen. Went with wife to the Public Gardens and heard the fine band play; also a company of Scotch bag-pipers.

October 7th.—This is our fourth foggy day, but the air is mild and pleasant. At 10 we took a carriage and called for Jessie Gibson to go sight-seeing. Drove to and went through Holyrood Palace, and the ruined Royal Chapel adjoining. Although I had seen these places before, they were very interesting on this visit; we spent an hour and a half there and all were much gratified. Visited the grand old palace and gave it a thorough inspection; it is very interesting. Visited Queen Margaret's Chapel and Queen Mary's room where James Sixth was born, and let down from the window in a basket, to save him from being stolen by the Scottish

lords. Visited the room containing the regalia of Scotland, which consists of the following: The crown used in the coronation of all the Scottish kings and queens from Robert Bruce down; the sceptre, sword of state and mace. There are also the two decorations of the Orders of St. George and St. Andrew, and a ruby ring surrounded with diamonds which was worn by Charles the First. We were much gratified with our visit.

October oth.—Left Edinburgh at 9 A.M. by rail, and reached Carronbridge at 2, where we found our friend Rev. David Morrison, waiting for us with his dog-cart. Drove to Durisdier (two miles). Reached the manse at 2.30. We have travelled one hundred and twenty-seven miles to-day, over a country of great beauty and interest. Fifteen miles before reaching Carronbridge on the River "Nith." which is noted in history, the country increases in beauty, the hills rise to the dignity of mountains, and the valleys are full of sheep and cattle. We passed through many cities and towns, the principal of which are Linlithgow, Glasgow, Paisley, Kilmarnock, Newmilns, Cumnock, and Sanguhar. Great iron and other manufacturing establishments abound, and the whole country teems with an industrious and hard-working population. A peculiarity of the heights of this region is that they have no wood on them. They are clothed with heather (not in bloom at this season), which is of a light brown color. Here and there are patches of brilliant green, on which herds of sheep and cattle graze.

The manse of Durisdier (a Gaelic word, meaning the gate of the forest, which would indicate that the neighborhood must have been timbered in ancient times) is one of those lovely stone cottages of which we read in novels, half concealed by beautiful shade trees and surrounded by an extensive lawn, unbroken except by a little flower and vegetable garden adjoining. The approach to the manse from the road, which runs through the little village, is through an iron

swinging gate which opens into an avenue of trees ornamented with shrubbery intertwined with ivy. The entrance to the house bespeaks the neatness and thrift of the minister's housekeeper, and everything within confirms this impression. The dwelling is not lofty, but spacious, and is divided into a number of rooms, all of which are neatly and comfortably furnished. Our chamber is large and comfortable and heated by a soft coal fire.

Mr. Morrison's study is neatly furnished. In it there is a well-selected library, and the walls are hung with photographic views of Jerusalem and other places in the Holy Land. A high range of hills rises at the rear of the manse, divided by a beautiful glen, through which murmurs the "Kirkburn" over its rocky and pebbly bed in a crystal stream, until it is lost in the "Nith" three miles further on.

We walked up the glen, and Mr. Morrison pointed out the ruins of a Roman camp and the place where the Covenanters held their meetings to worship God, and where their descendants have, until lately, met in large congregations for open-air preaching on the "Braesides."

The hamlet of Durisdier is a little group of white-washed one-story stone cottages, inhabited chiefly by shepherds; in the centre stands a quaint-looking old stone church with a square tower, and around it a graveyard with many handsome monuments. The church is in the form of a cross, and is said to be nearly two hundred years old.

October 10th (Sunday).—Oh, what a holy quiet reigns here! The manse comes up to my preconceived notions of a minister's cottage. At 8 the old beadle rang the kirk bell to rouse the sleeping cotters of Durisdier from the sweetest of all the slumbers of all the week. The bell ceases and no sound is heard save of the distant cascade and the bleating of sheep.

What a picture was spread out before me when I raised the window curtain this morning! On the Braeside the two cows belonging to the manse were grazing, a flock of ducks were revelling in a pond, the minister's parrot was flying from tree to tree, and, in the distance, a large flock of sheep was feeding on a velvet-like lawn, forming at once a lovely and pastoral scene.

At 12 we walked to the Kirk with the minister, and found there an exceedingly orderly and respectful congregation assembled in the quaint old building to worship God. The subject of the lecture was Balaam's sin in yielding to temptation, as contained in Numbers xxii., 23. The whole service delighted us very much. We consider Mr. Morrison a very able and most interesting preacher. The attention of the congregation was fixed on the minister from beginning to end of the service.

We dined at 3, and at 4.30 went with our host to the cottage of a shepherd in the beautiful and historic "Pass of Dalveen," to baptize an infant. Before doing this Mr. Morrison proposed a visit to the upper end of the pass to visit Mrs. Wilson, the widow of a shepherd lately deceased. The cottage was in sight for about three-quarters of a mile further on, so we drove over the green lawn and across beautiful crystal brooks till we reached the door, where we were met by Mrs. Wilson and welcomed in. We were shown into the best room, which also served as a bedroom with two neatly-curtained beds in it and everything pertaining to it scrupulously clean and neat. Mrs. Wilson is perhaps sixty and upward, though the fresh complexion, bright black but mild eves and easy gait more properly belong to a woman of forty; with a singular and natural grace she showed us "ben" (into the next room) and invited us to be seated. After a little conversation she offered us milk and hurried off to get We tasted it and found it such as New Yorkers are not accustomed to. We were all delighted with the ease and natural refinement of this woman who had lived, as she said, thirty years in this secluded Pass. On leaving her house we

went to the place where the child was to be baptized, also a shepherd's cottage, the simple-hearted occupants of which invited us into a neat and clean room in which a little peat fire was burning on a hearth, kept white with constant care. From this room we were invited to "Come awa ben," and were soon seated in the "Best room," on the table in the centre of which was a soup-plate half full of water and a napkin for use in the administration of the ordinance; this occupied a short time and consisted of a prayer, an exhortation, the usual questions to the parents, and a benediction. After this a little tray with a single wine-glass, a small decanter of whiskey, and a plate with some biscuits were put on the table, the glass was filled and passed to each person present. who wet their lips and took a bit of biscuit, accompanying the ceremony with a kind wish for the health and happiness of the "ween" and its parents.

It was rapidly getting dark as we traversed the narrow Pass of Dalveen, in the deep, dark gorge of which the sun rises late and sets early. The whole scene was changed as we viewed it enveloped in a thin veil of mist, which gently and slowly rolled down the mountain sides until the rapidly gathering and deepening shades of evening. All was concealed from view and it was dark ere we reached the manse.

October 11th.—A sad day, raining incessantly, so that we all remained indoors and amused ourselves the best way we could. We found this a very easy matter, as Mr. Morrison's delightful and varied conversation made the time pass quickly and pleasantly.

October 12th.— The rain continued till near mid-day. When we felt sufficiently assured, "Charley" was harnessed to the dog-cart, and away we went to visit Thornhill, a village of some one thousand five hundred inhabitants, six miles distant over hill and dale. On the way we passed through the magnificent parks, lawns, and preserves of "Drumlanrig Castle," one of the seats of the Duke of

Buccleugh. This is an extraordinary pile, and was built it is said, in 1684. It covers an immense space, and the walls rise to a height of one hundred and forty-five feet all around. The windows are so numerous that there is a local proverb, that they equal the days of the year in number The grounds are almost boundless and are traversed in all directions by fine roads, which at every turn disclose new and impressive views of transcendent beauty. The distant views are very remarkable the ground is so rolling as to admit of the most striking and scenic effects, which art has done much to aid; for instance, at several turns of the road we were confronted (as if near at hand) by most beautiful landscapes on the slopes of far-distant hills looking like pictures. One of these was very striking, and I will attempt a brief description of it: We saw it from the elevated level on which the castle stands: it is not less than three and onehalf or four miles off, and consisted of a magnificent green hillside with a surface of perhaps one hundred acres, dotted with groups and groves of grand old trees, and here and there single trees of great size and beauty of shape; the margin was irregular and followed the line of a glen which skirted it nearly all around and served as a frame for one of the loveliest of nature's pictures. Flocks of white-fleeced sheep were feeding in various parts of this inimitable pasture field, and in spite of distance the contrast between these white fleeces and the brilliant green of the extensive sloping lawn was perfectly distinct. Between our point of observation and this lovely spot the River Nith flowed in a bright sparkling stream; while we gazed the sun broke through the clouds and added a brilliancy of lustre to this living pastoral which it made seem almost unreal.

The Great Park intervened between us and the Nith, ornamented with the same living green and animated with bright plumed pheasants, partridges, black cock, quails, hares, and rabbits in great numbers.

The Factor of the Duke lives in a splendid mansion at a distance from the castle, and many of his retainers and servants occupy beautiful stone cottages interspersed over the estate.

The "Home Farms" are perfect models of agriculture; two or three of these lie between the castle and Durisdier, and are distinguishable by the magnificence of their hedgerows, the multitude and beauty of the hay-ricks, and the air of perfect neatness and thrift which is visible in everything pertaining to them.

We drove to Thornhill, a sweet little village of one story stone cottages and containing about one thousand three hundred inhabitants. Afterward we turned and drove back to Durisdier through a country of great beauty. In the evening we had a tea-party, at which were present Mr. Ray and sister and the two Misses Mitchell. The former are the son and daughter of a wealthy farmer half a mile off, and the latter are from Edinburgh. After tea we had excellent vocal and instrumental music; two of the ladies are excellent singers and performers on Mr. Morrison's harmonium; the evening's entertainment was also enlivened with conversation, and "mountain dew" produced the effect of putting all at their ease and seeming like "auld" acquaintances, instead of new.

October 13th.—After breakfast Mr. Morrison and I walked to the Carronbridge station (ten miles) and took the train to Thornhill, six miles more, and after transacting a little business there we returned in a dog-cart. On the way we visited the ruins of Morton (Douglas) Castle, a fine relic supposed to be of the eleventh century; just as we arrived in sight of the grand old towering walls, which are draped with ivy, a magnificent rainbow appeared, spanning the castle and the moat (now full of water) and giving the scene a greatly heightened beauty, which might hardly be considered real if transferred to canvas. Both extremities of the bow rested

on the earth and the grand ruin was almost beneath the centre of the arch. This castle stands on a spur of the Lowther Hills, the view from which is most extensive and combines in a remarkable degree the beautiful and the majestic. The lower slopes are covered with the most brilliant green and clothed with flocks of snow-fleeced sheep. From the centre to the summit the whole range is carpeted with heather, which the chilling winds of October have robbed of its warm glow and turned to brown.

We called on Mr. Grierson, a wealthy farmer, whose domain embraces the ruined castle, and were agreeably entertained by him and his lady in the true Scottish style with a dram and cakes, or, as our host expressed it, "A wee drap and a fardle." We returned home by a new road which disclosed new and unceasing beauties of a description such as seemed to be peculiar to this region of bonny Scotland.

In the evening Rev. Mr. Hume arrived at the manse on a visit, and we sat till late recounting each other's "Uncos," and retired to sleep soundly under the soothing influences of moderate potations of "Glen Livit."

October 14th.—After an 8 o'clock breakfast (early for these parts) we left the manse, accompanied by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Hume, and went to the railway station and "booked" ourselves for Ayr. As the train started the rain fell in drizzling showers, leaving our warm-hearted friends to trudge home on foot, with no other shelter than their umbrellas, a distance of two miles over hill and dale. We insisted on their taking the carriage we had, but it was dismissed.

We arrived at Ayr about 12.30, and drove to the "King's Arms," where we were pleasantly lodged.

After luncheon we drove to see the sights of the place and its neighborhood through a pelting rain, our plan being to leave at noon to-morrow for Glasgow, and so we could not wait for the weather. We drove to Alloway (two miles from Ayr) and visited the cottage where Burns was born. This is

a lowly, humble, one-story white building of stone, with a thatched roof overgrown with moss; it is occupied by a family and kept very neat and clean. The room where the immortal bard first saw the light is preserved in its original condition; the well-whitened fireplace glowed with a bright sea coal fire ("The wee bit ingle blinkin bonnily"), and the old dresser is also kept white with a daily coat of lime, as it is too frail to admit of scrubbing. We bought a few mementos in wood and then went to the monument or cenotaph, where some interesting relics of the poet are carefully preserved, and where we saw a beautiful bust of him. From this place is seen the road and the "Auld Brig" (bridge) immortalized by the memorable ride of Tam O'Shanter in his flight when pursued by the witches, wizards, and warlocks o' the glen.

From the monument we drove to the Alloway Kirk, now a venerable ruin in the cemetery, surrounding which lie the remains of the Burns family. I have photographs of all these places, which describe them better than any language of mine.

The outskirts of Ayr are very beautiful, with many fine country residences. We returned to the town by another road, and visited Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gibson, and were warmly welcomed.

Friday was another rainy day. After breakfast we drove to Mr. and Mrs. Gibson's, who were to go with us through the town, but were prevented by the illness of Mrs. G. Made them a short visit, and drove to the Auld Kirk where my mother was baptized, and in which my parents were married by the late Rev. George Stevenson, D.D., who died in 1841. Called on Mr. Jamison, an elder, who sent for the keys, and let us into the quaint old church, in the midst of which I stood with emotions such as I cannot describe. There my mother was baptized! there she became a member of the Church on earth. I believe she is now a member of the Church in Heaven.

XIX.

Glasgow; Melrose; London; the Queen; Spurgeon; Paris again; Nice; Monaco; Genoa.

October 15th, 1869.—At 2 P.M. we left Ayr for Glasgow, in the midst of a driving rain, and reached our destination about 4.

I cannot help expressing the disgust we both felt on arriving at Glasgow. We left the train to find our way to a cab at the most loathsome station ever seen. There was no roof to protect from the storm; the long flight of wooden stairs leading to the street was in a most filthy condition, covered with dirt that had evidently been some time accumulating. At the foot of these stairs we had to pick our way to the street, through a wretched muddy alley or gangway littered with hand-carts and paupers, and on emerging to the street we found the most sickening and rickety lot of cabs from which to choose.

October 16th.—Still raining. After breakfast we took a cab and went sight-seeing; visited the ancient Cathedral, founded by David the First in the twelfth century. We went through the whole of the grand and extensive interior, including the crypts, and found it intensely interesting. The stained glass windows are the contributions of various donors; these windows are very numerous and the most of them are superior in execution and design. The clustered columns terminating in arches are vast and splendid. The length of the interior is three hundred and nineteen feet, width sixty-three, height one hundred and eighteen, spire two hundred and twenty-five.

The crypts contain many very ancient tombs. In these

regions of gloom rest the remains of vast multitudes; the renowned, the noble and the rich here sleep together; many lie here whose names and deeds are forgotten save from the tablets of stone or brass now so nearly obliterated as to be illegible except to the painstaking antiquary. Just beyond the country which surrounds the Cathedral, and separated from it by a wall, is the "Necropolis," a precipitous piece of ground which rises abruptly to the height of three hundred feet and is filled with the monuments of a multitude of worthies, prominent among which is that of John Knox the Reformer

The College of Glasgow is a group of large gloomy buildings, in the shape of a quadrangle or rather several quadrangles, the first of which is approached through an ancient arch from the street and the others open into each other in the same manner: it is decidedly the most repulsive pile externally that I have ever beheld, with nothing interesting or attractive in it except its being a venerable seat of learning chartered by James Second in 1443. Vastly different are the buildings of the new University now in process of erection, on an elevated and magnificent site opposite the famous "West End" of the city, and separated from it by the River Kelvin, a rapid stream which flows at the foot of the splendid terraces crowned by the finest residences of the merchant princes of Glasgow on the east, and by the grand and imposing buildings on the west of the new University. Almost in juxtaposition to the "West End Park" is Langside, where the unfortunate Queen Mary fought her last battle and was defeated by the Regent Murray. Near it is Cathcart Castle. where she witnessed the discomfiture of her army and fled to England never to return.

We drove to this part of the city and found it quite equal to Edinburgh and in many respects more beautiful.

Rain fell nearly all day, which prevented our seeing more of the city.

October 17th (Sunday).—A fine morning. Drove to the Old Tron Church, where we expected to hear Dr. Walter Smith, but were disappointed; Rev. Mr. Dunlop preached a very good sermon. The singing was very fine, the whole congregation uniting. In the afternoon we went to "The Barony Church" and heard the Rev. Dr. Norman McLeod; the sermon was only so so, on Genesis xxxii.—Jacob wrestling with the angel; singing by the choir.

October 18th.—The rain continues. We have determined not to go to Mount Stuart, the Castle of the Marquis of Bute. It is a day's journey down the Clyde and the weather is too bad for river travelling.

Took the train at 4.20 for Stirling, where we arrived at 5.30 and put up at the "Golden Lion," a good house. Made the acquaintance of Mr. Mitchell, editor of the Dumfries *Courier*, a capital fellow, intelligent, bright, and candid.

October 10th.—Clear and cold. After breakfast we took a carriage and drove to the castle, where we spent ninety minutes in viewing the magnificent panoramas which stretch on all sides, with the River Forth, which pursues its serpentine course through the scenes of many of the bloodiest battles in Scottish history, among which that of Bannockburn is one of the most prominent. Away to the north the Grampian Hills with snow-clad summits extend, and Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi rear their lofty heads high above all the rest. From the battlements of the castle is also to be seen Wallace's Monument towering in gloomy grandeur on the top of Abbey Craig. It is in the style of baronial tower and is two hundred and twenty feet in height, the craig itself being over three hundred feet above the plain. Beyond the craig the Ochiel Hills rise and stretch away on both sides as far as the eve can reach.

We also visited the "Douglas Room," where the earl of that name was treacherously murdered by King James the Second, while his guest in the castle. In the court of the castle a part of the Seventy-ninth Regiment of Highlanders with a fine band of music and bag-pipes, added much to the interest of our visit.

We were shown into the ancient chapel, now an armory, where we saw the pulpit of John Knox, and a communion table dated "A.D. 1500."

We drove to the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, of which scarcely any portion besides the tower remains. To the top of this (seventy feet) I ascended and had a view of the extent and form of the abbey when complete, also a most commanding view of the surrounding scenery, which is beautiful beyond description. Near the foot of the tower is the grave and monument of King James III. and his Queen.

We returned to the hotel and after lunch took the 3 o'clock train to Edinburgh, where we arrived at 4.30, passing over a magnificent country in the highest state of cultivation, and passing several points of great interest historically, especially the ruined palace of Linlithgow, the birthplace of the unfortunate Mary. The day has been clear, but intensely cold and penetrating. On arriving at the Caledonian Hotel we found our rooms ready, with cheerful coal fires in both.

October 20th.—Engaged until 2 P.M. in reading letters just received, after which, accompanied by my wife, called on Sir James Simpson to consult him, where we met Dr. Montgomery Bell, with whom we parted at Jerusalem in the Marquis of Bute's party.

October 21st.—Called on our friend Mr. William Nelson, the publisher, who gave us a warm reception and invited us to dine.

October 22d.—A tolerably good day; after breakfast wrote to Mr. Inman, care of Macquay, Packenham & Hooker, Rome, to secure good rooms, as we expect to be in Rome a little before Christmas, and to answer care of Munroe & Co., Paris; also wrote Munroe & Co. to send my letters and papers

after receiving this letter and until further notice to Alex. Cunliffe & Co., London.

October 24th (Sunday).—A beautiful morning, the first in seven weeks. Went to the opening of the new free St. George's Church (Dr. Candlish's), and found a great concourse of people pressing in. Our seats were rather too near the pulpit, which was occupied by Dr. Candlish. The minister read Nehemiah ix., and took Psalms cxxiv. and cxxvi. as the subject of a lecture, of which we heard but little, owing to the broad accent of the speaker and the indistinctness of his voice. The service began at 10.45 and ended at 1.15. The singing was led by a very fine choir with which the whole congregation joined at once. I could not detect a discordant note.

In the afternoon at 2 I went again and heard Mr. Dykes, the late colleague of Dr. Candlish, but now of London. He read II. Chronicles vi., and took as his text Matthew xviii., 10-14. The church was crowded in every part; its capacity is one thousand two hundred and fifty; there must have been at least one thousand five hundred present.

October 26th.—Prepared to leave at 1.45 p.m. for Melrose. At 1.45 started for Melrose (Cousin Maria Davidson accompanying us), where we arrived at 3.15, and put up at the George Hotel, our old home in 1863. Visited the magnificent ruins of Melrose Abbey, founded by David the First in 1136. Here sleeps the dust of many men of historic fame, and here also reposes the great heart of Robert Bruce, which was buried beneath the chancel of this splendid temple. The grotesque figures of various animals sculptured in stone and remarkably perfect, in many instances, look down upon the gazer like living things. Many of the grand clustered columns remain as witnesses of the exquisite skill of the architects, and the luxuriant ivy hangs in graceful festoons as if to conceal the ravages of time.

The spirit of the immortal bard of the "Lay of the Last

Minstrel" still hovers over these sacred shades, and the old clock which has marked the flight of two centuries still rings out the knell of the fleeting hours.

October 27th.—The morning is clear and very cold; thermometer twenty-four, a fall of as many degrees in ten hours. The host of the "George Hotel" gave us a comfortable "turnout," and we drove at 10 to Abbotsford (three miles), where we were shown through the chambers. I had visited them in 1863, but everything at that visit had a new and intensely interesting aspect. The study, library, and armory are just in the condition in which they were when Scott occupied them at his death in 1833.

We afterward wandered over the magnificent grounds, which their late proprietor laid out, and which he loved so well.

We drove to Dryburgh Abbey, a distance of seven miles, and here also we were delighted and greatly interested. This abbey was also founded by David the First, in 1143, and its ruins, though not so fine, are much more complete and extensive. Enough of the grand church edifice and of the monastery remains to give one an idea of the whole group of buildings when entire. Much of these grand ruins is also draped in luxuriant ivy, and there is a majesty, beauty, and solemn grandeur pervading the place which makes it more impressive than Melrose. Here rest the ashes of Walter Scott, and of several members of his family, in St. Mary's aisle. There is an ancient holly there near the monastery, which is said to be co-eval with the abbey, and though over seven hundred years old, is in a most flourishing condition.

We returned to the hotel, and lunched, and left by the 3.15 train for Jedburgh, where we arrived at 5, and found comfortable quarters at the "Spread Eagle." Before it was dark, Cousin Davidson and I went to see Jedburgh Abbey, finished in 1115, a description of which I defer till to-morrow, when I shall have seen it to better advantage.

October 28th.—After an early breakfast we started, accompanied by Cousin Davidson, to visit Mr. George Buckham, whom I visited in August, 1863, at Kerr's Mains, eight miles from Jedburgh. The day was very bright but cold; our carriage was a close one, and we had a delightful drive over a lovely country, diversified with hill, dale, and river scenery, and lying before us at every turn in picturesque landscapes of surpassing beauty.

We visited the ancient abbey and were shown through it. Portions of this fine ruin, which is in the mixed Norman and Gothic style, are very beautiful. We went through the old graveyard and searched in vain for the tombstone of my father's father, which is there among a great multitude of others. In the search I found the tomb of Robert Buckham and Mary Buckham.

Afterward we visited the house where Queen Mary was ill for six weeks, after her memorable ride of forty miles in one day in search of Bothwell; this house is over seven hundred years old and is one of the interesting relics of the old city.

At 4.40 P.M. we left for Carlisle, and Cousin Davidson went in the same train to Boswell's, where we changed, she returning to Edinburgh, we going on toward England. At parting she referred to Hebrews xiii., 20, 21.

On stopping at Longtown, which is near a great salmonfishing stream, a jolly fellow got into the carriage with his rod and tackle and entered at once into a lively chat with us on the sport, telling us of the great fun he had in hooking a thirty-pound fish, which he lost after a battle of an hour or more. In this way he entertained us till we reached Carlisle, where we put up at the "County Hotel" on his recommendation. Next morning I saw my jolly friend in the coffeeroom taking an early breakfast before starting on another day's fishing.

Said he, with profane prefix, "My work doesn't begin

till Sunday morning, and I may as well have another day of it." After some further talk, in which he told us some incidents of an election a few months ago when he was assailed at the polls because he was a "Liberal," he said, "A great brute of a fellow over six feet high stepped up to me and said, 'I've come to spit in your ugly face.' 'Do it,' was the prompt reply, at the same instant putting my fist within half an inch of his nose, which made him think he was struck and he fell flat on his back. There were three or four of them and they all pitched in. Although I'm in the Church, I was equal to the occasion. You see I was once in the army so I put myself in attitude "-suiting his actions to his words-" and I tumbled the fellow on my right in the mud, and on turning to the chap on the left, they took themselves off. Now." he continued, "let me recommend you to a good hotel in London." So, taking out a pencil, he wrote on a slip of paper the following: "Mr. Lowe; P. Hotel, 14 and 16 Surrey Street, Strand. Rev. Mr. Donaldson of Kirkwand sends his kind regards to Henry Lowe. Checkmate in seven moves."

I had often read and heard about sporting clergymen and doubted if they still existed, but here we had a capital example of the genus. "The Rev. Mr. Donaldson" was indeed a most amusing man, what, in common parlance, would be called a clever fellow.

October 29th.—Left Carlisle at 9 A.M. for London where we arrived at 6.30, over three hundred miles, passing over a perfectly lovely country.

We drove to the "St. James Hotel," our home in 1863. Mr. Francatelli, the manager, recognized me and gave us a parlor and a bedroom on the first floor.

October 30th.—While in Edinburgh we were recommended to go to the "Edwards Hotel," George Street, Hanover Square, so we concluded to do so, and moved there after luncheon and found the best, most comfortable, and homelike accommodations we have had since we left our own

house. The rooms we occupy are large, beautifully furnished, and well warmed with soft coal fires. The proprietors are three sisters, all unmarried. They sent us their house register, in which we found the names of many highly respectable Americans. I shall make it a point to recommend this house to all travellers.

In the evening, after dinner, one of the Misses Edwards visited our room and brought a remedy for my wife's cough; she gave us much information, and we found her very agreeable and intelligent. Just one year from home, sweet home!

October 31st (Sunday).—A London fog veils the city. After breakfast I took a cab and drove to Blackfriars to Surrey Chapel, once the church of the renowned "Rowland Hill." where I heard the almost equally renowned Newman Hall: text John iv., 42. To say that the sermon delighted me is faint praise. I cannot say which was the most admirable, the earnestness or the elegance of style of the preacher, and such chanting and singing by the great congregation! The most striking and effective feature of the whole sermon was a pause of about two minutes which occurred between the singing and the sermon. At the close of the hymn all knelt and total silence prevailed, which was broken by the preacher's voice uttering words of prayer in clear, low tones, then the "Amen" was chanted by the congregation and organ accompaniment, and the text was given out. Every place was occupied and the attention of every person was riveted on the speaker.

In the afternoon I went to Westminster Abbey, but it was crowded to excess and I did not get in.

November 1st.—Another damp, foggy morning. I have been lounging all day through this great babel, with the human streams pouring through every avenue and feeling on that account the more solitary. I have been in cab, hansom, and omnibus dashing along streets where it seems to me dangerous to drive faster than a walk, yet nobody is hurt.

This evening our friend Mr. Bacon, whom I met on foot in the valley of Bukaa returning from Baalbek, called and spent three hours with us; he is very entertaining and we rehearsed our travels to each other with great mutual pleasure.

November 3d.—Wife and I went to Regent Street and did some shopping, then took a cab to Paternoster Row to see the new Publication buildings just erected by the Messrs. Nelson; surveyed them from top to bottom and found them very extensive and very magnificent; they are perfectly fireproof, built of stone and iron, and cost about four hundred thousand dollars.

Lunched on "St. Paul's Churchyard" and went into the Grand Cathedral. Its dimensions and magnificence took my wife by surprise; she had never seen such a grand interior.

November 4th.—Called at Mr. J. S. Morgan's; said he had called at the "St. James" and the "Alexander" Hotels to see us and would call at the "Edwards Hotel," which he did in the evening.

At 5.30 Mr. and Mrs. Nelson dined with us and spent the evening until 10. We were most agreeably entertained by them.

November 5th.—The London Times of this morning announces the death of George Peabody. That event occurred last evening at the time Mr. J. S. Morgan, his old partner, was sitting in our room and talking about him.

November 6th.—Mr. and Mrs. Nelson invited us to go with them to see the Queen on the opening of the new Blackfriar's Bridge, her first appearance in public for eight years. My wife was too unwell to go and I went with our friends. Mr. N. had secured good places on a platform erected for the occasion near the foot of Ludgate Hill on the wide street leading from the bridge. We had to be early on the ground as the populace had turned out in immense numbers; it was, in fact, a general holiday in London; nearly all business was suspended and there was scarcely a shop or place of trade

open. We were seated at 10.30, and during the hour and a half that intervened until the procession passed, we were amused with the animated scenes around us. As 12 o'clock approached the great mass of people became more dense and almost immovable by the united efforts of a strong body of mounted police and of the Horse Guards. As the crowd swayed backward and forward, women and children screamed, as if they were being crushed to death.

At last the royal pageant made its appearance headed by a strong body of cavalry, which was succeeded by several fine coaches each drawn by four fine horses; these were occupied by the city officials, the sheriffs and Lord Mayor. Then came a body of the Horse Guards, preceding her Majesty's carriage drawn by four horses, in which were seated the Queen. Prince Leopold, and the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, her three youngest children. Her Majesty was dressed in a suit of mourning, and the Prince, a delicate-looking boy, in Highland costume of the Stuart clan tartan. I had an excellent and prolonged view of the Queen, who seemed much pleased with the enthusiastic reception given by her subjects, after keeping out of sight for so many years. She is older looking than I expected to find her. Her face wore a smile as she constantly bowed her acknowledgments to the people on both sides of the royal train. The procession paused a few moments within few feet of our stand, and I had a good view of Victoria's face and the play of its features, and I could discover an undercurrent of sadness in it. Behind the royal carriage sat John Brown, the Oueen's favorite servant, in a red coat. Horse Guards flanked it on both sides and brought up the rear, and thus it passed out of sight.

November 7th (Sunday).—After breakfast I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Nelson to the Elephant and Castle, near which is the great church of the great preacher Spurgeon. We were admitted by an order of the reverend gentleman, which was sent to Mr. Nelson, and were fortunate enough to

get seats near the centre of the church, directly in front of the preacher, who occupied an elevated platform with a railing in front. At 10.45 Mr. Spurgeon stepped forward, and in a clear voice of wonderful power called the vast assemblage of seven thousand to prayer, after which a hymn was sung, the leader standing near the preacher and in a voice of amazing sweetness and volume raised the tune, in which it. seemed that every person joined That was indeed grand congregational singing! Another prayer followed, then three verses of a hymn, after which the preacher announced as his text Proverbs xvii., 17: "A friend loveth at all times. and a brother is born for adversity." which he illustrated in a clear, pointed, and beautiful discourse of fifty minutes. without notes and without hesitation for an instant. Truly Spurgeon is a grand man. I heard him in 1863, but found him much changed in the six years in personal appearance, having grown more manly. He is now thirty-three years of age and has been preaching nineteen years, having commenced at the age of fourteen.

In the afternoon I went to St. James' Hall and heard the Rev. Newman Hall preach one of those simple but stirring sermons for which he is so remarkable, from the text in St. John xiv., 6: "I am the way."

November 9th.—In the evening at 7 we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. Messrs. Strahan & Trübner, the distinguished London publishers, were also guests, and the party broke up at 11, after a most agreeable entertainment.

This is "Lord Mayor's Day," and also the birthday of the Prince of Wales, and it is celebrated on both accounts with considerable enthusiasm, but the weather is very bad and interferes with the great pageant usually gotten up on this occasion. The houses are dressed with flags, and great preparations have been made for illuminations in various parts of the city. This is done chiefly by tradesmen, who light up the fronts of their shops and houses with gas jets in

various beautiful designs and forms, the most common of which is a group of prince's feathers, some of them eight or ten feet high. The *Times* of this morning announced that Mr. Peabody's funeral services will be solemnized on Friday next.

November 11th.—Left the hotel at 9.30 for Paris, via Folkestone and Boulogne. Our good friends the Nelsons saw us off and insisted on our going directly to their house in Salsbury Green, on returning to Edinburgh. At Folkestone we took a small steamer about equal to our most inferior ferryboats in New York, and soon found ourselves pitching and rocking at a sea-sickening rate. Poor wife had to lie flat down on the deck and be covered with shawls and a tarpaulin, which one of the sailors kindly offered. In two and a quarter hours we reached Boulogne, landed, and took the train for Paris, where we arrived at 9 P.M. At the station we were put in a pen and locked up for half an hour, and then released and invited into a room where our baggage was arranged by the Custom-House officers. I got along with this as easily as usual by offering my keys to the officer, who declined the tender and passed my luggage very politely. We drove to the "Hotel de l'Athènes," and found but a single vacant room in the third story, which we took till other rooms were vacated

November 21st.—The papers announce that Queen Victoria has ordered the Monarch, one of the finest ships of the finest navy in the world, to convey the remains of that great philanthropist, George Peabody, to their native soil, and that the President of the United States has ordered one of the finest ships of the United States Navy to act as a convoy. What poet will undertake to write a description of this grand ocean funeral procession!

November 22d.—After breakfast called on the Comte de Cleremont; not in; also on Dr. Louis Menard; found him in and had a most interesting visit. My attention was at-

tracted to a copy of Rembrandt's "Descent from the Cross." and a copy of one of Raphael's pictures, which started a conversation on the comparative merits of those great masters. Menard said that Rembrandt was a Christian painter and Raphael a pagan painter: the former painted objects as they appeared in their true life; the latter made objects more beautiful than they really were and imitated the Grecian style of art. Rembrandt's Christ represented him as bearing the sins of the world, while Raphael's Christ was very beautiful and of an entirely different type. He continued this conversation and ran the parallel out to a great extent, much to my delight and edification. On leaving the study of this son of genius, who lives in the fifth story of a house in a rather obscure part of Paris, he presented me with a volume entitled "De la Morale avant les Philosophes, par Louis Menard, Docteur en Lettres," saying it was the thesis which gave him his degree.

November 25th.—I have seen a new thing under the sun this morning. A cart was driven in front of the window where I was breakfasting; it contained two goats; the driver went into the house and brought out a small pitcher which he filled with milk from one of the goats and returned to the house with it.

Visited the Church of St. Augustin in the Boulevard Malesherbes. This is a splendid structure; the interior is immense and magnificent, and being free from columns its dimensions are more easily estimated.

Strolled to the Arc de Triomphe, and ascended to the roof by two hundred and seventy-one steps, from which I had a magnificent view of Paris, with its twelve Boulevards converging at the point on which I stood, and radiating in a circle on every side of the arch. Until I ascended to the roof of this grand monument, which stands on one of the most commanding summits, I had no adequate idea of the beauty and extent of this great capital. Directly in front, and extending in a straight line, is the Avenue des Champs Elysées, stretching to the Palace of the Tuileries, margined on both sides with rows of stately mansions, and intersected by the Place de la Concorde, in the centre of which stands the Luxor monument; on the right is the Palais de Justice, and on the left, at the head of the Rue Royale, the splendid Madeleine, with its fifty-two Corinthian columns.

In the rear of the arch the grand Boulevard stretches as far as the eye can reach, till it is lost in the Bois de Boulogne. This avenue is known by the name of the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The height beyond the Bois to the right is crowned with the magnificent Palace of St. Cloud, so celebrated for the beauty and splendor of its surroundings. I spent a long time on the roof of this great monument, which was erected in honor of Napoleon the First, and on descending walked down the Grand Boulevard of the Champs Elysées to the Panorama of the Battle of Solferino, where I spent the remainder of the afternoon with great pleasure, studying one of the finest battle scenes I ever gazed upon.

December 1st.—Another very stormy day; it snows heavily. On inquiring found that the Mont Cenis Railroad is blocked up with snow, and determined to abandon that route and go by the Corniche Road.

December 3d.—At 12 M. went to the new Impériale Opera House on a permit obtained for me by Harry Stone, accompanied by General Reade, our Consul-General at Paris, and Mr. Hamilton. The inspection occupied nearly two hours; went all over the building and to the top of it. No description can give any idea of this new wonder of the world. The Treasury of France must have almost emptied itself in the construction and beautifying of this Temple of the Muses. The length of the building is five hundred and eleven feet. The grand salon in front is two hundred and eleven feet long, forty-eight wide, and sixty high. The great balcony in front is a perfect marvel of art. The ceilings are in Byzan-

tine mosaics, and the columns, window-frames, and facings are of the richest and most magnificent marbles of every color and shade. Our conductor assured us that it could not be opened to the public for three or four years, whereas the Government announces its opening in August, 1870. The external approaches to the Emperor's entrances are by means of a gentle ascent over a superb carriage-way of marble in circular form. The door is flanked on each side by colossal marble figures with extended arms holding branches and chaplets of laurel which unite at the top, and over all a magnificent bronze eagle with extended wings ready for flight. There is a corresponding exit on the opposite side, the whole forming a circle.

The imperial equipage will enter one of these grand doors and pass out of the other. His Majesty will ascend by a grand flight of marble steps to one of the most gorgeous salons in the world. It is circular and lined with columns of various marbles with golden capitals and bases, and otherwise ornamented in a style which surpasses all attempts at description. On opposite points doors lead to retiring rooms and a grand banqueting hall and smoking chamber. Contiguous are grand chambers for the ladies and gentlemen of the imperial household, and a magnificent hall for receptions lies beyond. The imperial box has a full view of the great auditorium, the stage and behind the scenes.

The public will be admitted by several grand entrances, through which carriages will pass to a great chamber beneath the auditorium and let out the visitors at the foot of the grandest marble staircase (as it is said) in the world, the balustrade of which will be of Algerian onyx. Each of the boxes will have a splendid parlor and refreshment room attached to it where the occupants can entertain their friends, and outside of each range or tier of boxes there is a grand promenade of great width, ornamented with countless columns of fine marbles and lighted by jets of various shapes

and sizes, and issuing from figures of various forms and designs.

I could not learn the dimensions of the stage, but it will be very spacious and of great depth for scenic effects, and in the extreme rear there will be a mirror which will cover the whole space and be the largest plate of glass in the world. The stage perspective will exceed in grandeur that of all others now in existence. On either side of the stage and on the same level will be very spacious green-rooms and grand halls or saloons for the performers to promenade in and refresh when not on the stage.

Above this floor there are many others which will be occupied by the dressing-rooms and by the wardrobes of the artists. The upper floor over all will be occupied by the scenery and the machinery for moving it. The dressing-rooms are very numerous. I noticed "No. 180," and was told that the numbers ran far beyond that figure.

We were invited by the conductor to the roof of the building, which we reached by many flights of stairs until we stood on the leads on the ridge. Here we saw some enormous groups of bronze statuary, one of which we were told weighed eighteen tons. The figures are gigantic; the foot of one was as long as my umbrella (nearly thirty-six inches), and the body in proportion. One of these colossal groups consisted of a Pegasus with outstretched wings, held in by a human figure which is keeping him down by main force. These groups have not yet been unveiled. The effect will be very grand when viewed from the ground level. We had a most extensive and beautiful view of Paris, far finer than that which is afforded from the Arc de Triomphe.

This grand building is surrounded by groups and single figures in marble and bronze, and by the busts of all the great composers and masters. I repeat that no attempt to describe this stupendous and magnificent pile can give an adequate idea of its transcendent beauty and greatness.

December 8th.—Getting ready for a start. At 5.30 we left the "Hotel de l'Athènes" with our servant to take the 7.15 train for Nice. We started punctually, and until we reached Lyons at 4.30 A.M. were very comfortable in an apartment by ourselves. We arrived at Marseilles at 11.45, and off again at 12.30 for Nice, where we arrived at 6.30, after a long but not unpleasant journey. The distance run in twenty-three and three-quarter hours was six hundred and seventy-seven and one-half miles. During the journey there was no time to get anything to eat at the buffets, in consequence of the train being much behind time at the eating places.

December 9th.—On our journey the whole of this day from Paris to Nice. At the early dawn this morning I found a heavy fog with cold and penetrating air on opening the window; in an hour after, during which we had passed a chain of high hills, we found the temperature much changed, several degrees warmer and the air was soft and genial; we had, in fact, passed rapidly from winter to summer; the grass was green and the olive trees in full foliage. A little further on the orange trees were full of fruit. It was wonderful to observe the difference in the travellers. All looked grave and stern and pinched, muffled in warm wrappers until we reached this point; now all were gay and smiling as they dismounted from the train at the station and stripped off their mufflers.

The most interesting place on the way is Avignon, once the seat of the Popes, still surrounded with its quaint and ancient walls and turrets, and dotted all over with its huge stone church towers; above all and most prominent the ancient Papal Palace rises, a huge, massive stone building, gray with the age of centuries.

The road from Marseilles to Nice lies along the shore of the Mediterranean for a long part of the distance, and the country begins to look more like Italy than France, in the style of the houses, the dress of the peasants and the natural productions, such as the cactus, aloe, orange and lemon, which begin to be seen; also the palm with its graceful branches.

We were here last on the 22d, 23d, and 24th of November, 1868, and put up at the "Hotel de France;" this time we went to the "Hotel Chauvain," and were accommodated with a room on the first étage in front; Mr. Thomson was so kind as to secure it for us on learning we were going to Nice. This is a very large and very fine hotel so far as appearances go, quite as handsome as any hotel in Paris.

December 10th.—The day is fine, air soft and pleasant; lounged most of the day. Engaged with young Mr. Thomson in arranging for our journey to Genoa; by advice of Mr. T. concluded to go in the coupé of the diligence, dividing the journey at Oneglia so as to travel only by daylight. Could not get the coupé except for the 15th, so took places in the "interior" for the 14th, and we got the coupé for the next day to Savona, thence by rail to Genoa.

Walked out with wife on the beautiful "Promenade Anglaise," which skirts the seashore, then through the town looking into the shop windows, but as we have been so long in Europe we are not easily tempted to buy.

December 11th.—Started by rail at 10.20 to spend the day at Monaco, an hour's ride from here. The weather is magnificent, sun warm, and sea calm; everything is green. The orange groves are full of fruit, and roses and other flowers delight the eye and fill the air with fragrance. Now the stately palm is more frequent, and the olive attains a larger and more luxuriant growth. What a magnificent country and climate for the invalid! The middle of December without an overcoat! We reached Monaco at 11 A.M. Hired a carriage and drove through the narrow winding streets and lanes of the quaint old place, until we arrived at a square in the centre of which was a triumphal arch covered with evergreens, and decked with flags and ribbons in gaudy colors,

in honor of the Prince and Princess who returned home the other day, after an absence of some time in Paris. On one side of the public square stands a palace, a large building more interesting for its age than its beauty, strongly fortified on three sides, and guarded in front by sentinels. The Cathedral is a very ancient structure, totally devoid of architectural merit, and filled with wretched paintings, artificial flowers, and scores of candles. Half an hour sufficed to see the whole capital of this little principality, and then we drove off in the direction of the Kursaal or great gambling house. which lies a short distance from the old town, and around which a new town is rapidly being built. The Kursaal is a magnificent building, and surrounded with beautiful grounds and other buildings, with beautiful terraces, winding paths. and flights of grand stone stairways, lighted in the evening by long rows of bronze lamps, and completely encircled by a splendid gilded railing. We entered the grand salons about 12 M., and found four gambling tables, at each of which were seated the croupiers, seemingly impatient for the arrival of victims. We walked through three spacious and gorgeous chambers, and went to the "Hotel de Paris," where we got an excellent breakfast, and returned in about an hour and a half to the gaming tables, to find them occupied as before. We walked through the grounds and again returned to the salons. where we found that business had begun at two of the tables. at each of which in succession we took our stand to watch the players, a wretched-looking lot, without a good face among them, male or female. Fortune smiled on one, and frowned on another, and so it went till after half an hour we took our departure, more convinced than ever of the folly of gambling. At 4 P.M. we took the train and reached our hotel in time for dinner.

December 13th.—What a glorious sunrise we had this morning! After breakfast walked out; found the sun too hot for comfort and the shade too cool for health.

Every day convinces me of the insincerity of the French trades-people; they consider it perfectly fair to extort from strangers, while they are assuring them with words, bows, and smiles which cannot be excelled for suavity and politeness out of France, that their charges are reasonable and just. I have met with two cases of candor, when remonstrating against prices demanded, and saying I knew they were much larger than when dealing among themselves; the answer was, "If we go to America, you will do so with us,"—you will make us pay much more than you charge your own people. I find this is a very prevalent notion in this country, and no doubt Americans especially suffer from it.

The best hotels in France, and I may say in every part of Europe I have been in, are poor enough as regards eating, and the exactions in hotel accounts are so numerous that it is quite impossible to examine and correct them before the traveller is hurried off, and if he has courage enough to inspect them after departure he is sure to find he has been victimized. Demand and supply are so closely wedded that there is no reliance to be placed on the tariff of prices in guide-books.

If you arrive at a place of resort during "the season," you find "Bradshaw" and "Murray" entirely wrong in their quotations of charges for everything. To a traveller who is ignorant of the language of the country this is vexatious in the last degree, as he seeks in vain for explanations and satisfaction through his courier or interpreter.

December 14th.—At 10.20 A.M. left Nice by rail and reached Mentone at 11.30. At 12.30 took the diligence with Paul, our servant, to go to Genoa over the Corniche Road. We were advised to take the diligence instead of (as last year) going by vetturino, and we soon had reason to regret it, as we were much crowded all day, having four places in the interior with two other persons who were by no means agreeable companions.

The day was perfectly charming, and the far-famed Corniche Road has lost none of its attractiveness since we passed over it in 1868. Along the whole road to Oneglia, where we stopped for the night, it was a constantly changing panorama of beauty diversified by orange groves, palm, olive and fig trees, and bright flower gardens filling the air with perfumes of sweetest odors. The road is an excellent one, perfectly smooth, and skirts the shore of the Mediterranean all the way. There was a heavy swell rolling in from the sea and breaking in huge waves on the beach, with the music of which the ear never grows weary. We passed through many towns and villages on the way and several places of resort for invalids, in all of which there are many splendid hotels. Altogether the scene was a most animated one and of unceasing interest. We arrived at Oneglia at 8 P.M. and put up at the "Hotel Victoria," where we found a well-heated room in readiness for us in accordance with my telegram of vesterday.

December 15th.—Up at 5 after a short but good night's rest. Breakfasted at 6 and at 6.30 started in the coupé of the diligence for Savona. The morning was bright and the air soft and mild. The eastern horizon had a delicate thread of light which soon increased to dawn. Our road lay along the shore of the sea, sometimes on great heights and then near the water level. All the way we could see the rolling waves as they dashed in spray upon the rocks or spent themselves along the sandy beach.

Although we had been over this far-famed road a year ago we found it had lost none of its interest. The whole region is picturesque in the highest degree. The traveller passes through numerous towns and villages inhabited mostly by fishermen. In many of these places are to be seen numerous ancient Roman remains of great interest. The people are apparently very poor and many of them very indolent, lounging in groups on the wayside, or looking listlessly at the diligence as it passes.

This morning we witnessed a never-to-be-forgotten sunrise. The Mediterranean was calm except on the shore, and the early dawn lighted up its surface, giving it a mirror-like appearance. In the far-distant horizon toward the African coast the deep red edge of the sun emerged from the sea, and gradually increased until it looked like a huge globe of fire. What a glorious sight indeed is a sunrise on the Corniche! I had often seen it rise at sea and from mountain heights, but none were comparable to this sight.

As we passed on we saw long lines of men and women drawing nets, others making and mending nets, while others again were gathering and spreading sardines they had just caught and preparing them for market.

In no part of the journey from Nice to Genoa is the sight of the sea or the murmur of its waves shut out from the traveller, except when he is turning a sharp corner round a precipitous rock. Ruined castles, fortresses, and half-ruined palaces are constantly seen in the towns or on the hillsides or summits. The walls of many of these ancient towns remain, and several ancient bridges and aqueducts of Roman origin are still visible in several places on the way, making the whole journey interesting.

December 16th.—On reaching Genoa last evening at 7 we put up at the "Hotel de Génes," where we found a room ready for us with a good fire. This hotel was formerly one of the grand palaces of Genoa, and its rooms and halls are on a scale of proportionate grandeur, the stairs and floors being of marble, and the ceilings so lofty as to make it a real labor to mount to the second floor, particularly after a long journey. The ceiling of our chamber is not less than twenty-five feet high and the room is in proportion.

There is no coal for heating in Italy, and the wood fires are insufficient to warm chambers of such vast dimensions, so that our wrappings were found of great use on the beds. This once superb city (for it was once distinguished as

"Genoa Superba") is now only the shadow of its ancient self, situated at the head of the gulf of the same name, and is built on several hills running down to the seashore, and sheltered in the rear by much higher hills from the cold winds which pass over the snow-capped Apennines. The streets are very crooked, narrow, and precipitous, and nearly every house in the old quarter of the city has the appearance of a prison with heavily grated and barred windows from the lower to the upper story; many of these buildings were formerly the palaces of royalty and nobility, and still retain evidences of their grandeur and sumptuousness.

There are cathedrals and churches of exceedingly plain exterior but great splendor of interior; some of these are of the tenth and eleventh centuries, and the chief aim of their architects seems to have been the lavishing of countless treasures in their construction, as the costly marbles and exquisite sculptures, bronzes, and paintings attest.

The ancient walls of Genoa are very interesting. The city was closely surrounded by high and strong walls of stone, between which and the outer walls—of which there are, I think, two distinct—lines—there are very deep moats crossed by heavy drawbridges and gates of immense strength. The hills around the city are crowned with forts of greater or less magnitude and strength, and indeed everything shows the struggles the city went through in ancient times to maintain itself against invading enemies.

We strolled through some of the business streets, especially those occupied by the dealers in velvets and filigree jewelry, both of which are specialties in Genoa.

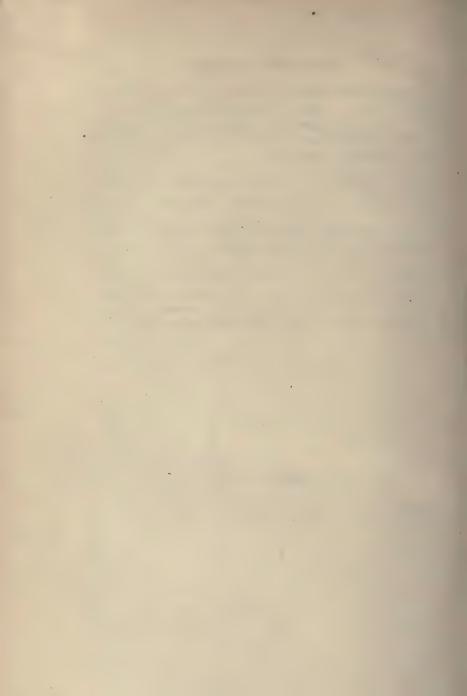
Received a letter from a friend enclosing a free pass through the Roman Custom House; answered saying that we would arrive in Rome on the evening of the 20th.

Went to the diligence office and engaged the coupé for Saturday morning from Chiavari to Spezzia; did so on the advice of Mr. Spencer, the United States Consul.

December 17th.—Another fine day; went to the diligence office to pay our fare, and finding that the coupé is not as comfortable as we expected, we abandoned it and engaged a vetturino from Chiavari to Spezzia for Saturday, agreeing to pay one hundred francs for it.

Took a carriage and drove to the Campo Santo, where we spent a couple of hours. This cemetery is rich in magnificent sculptures in the best styles of Italian art. The great galleries for the burial of the dead are very extensive and occupy vast spaces; they are, in fact, immense dormitories constructed on the sides of grand halls, six or seven tiers from the floors to the ceilings in spaces of equal size, and when occupied are closed up in front by marble slabs or bronzes with devices and inscriptions. These galleries will contain many thousands. The interior of this cemetery is for the interment of such as prefer being buried in the earth.

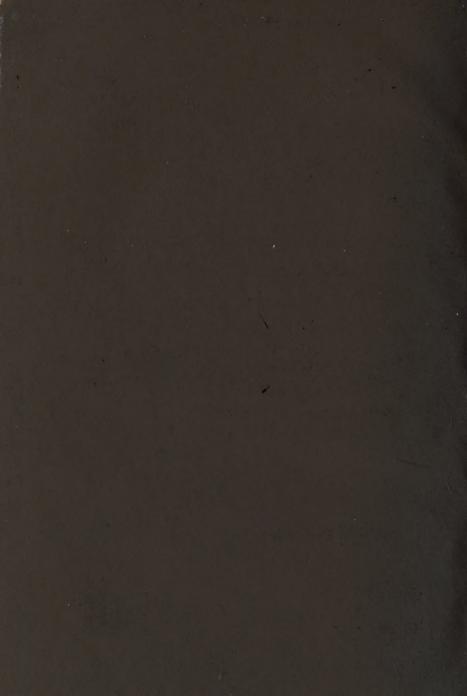
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